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THE FUTURE POLICY OF THE WHIGS.

IF it were necessary to choose between a party well led but without principles, and a party well principled but without leaders, we should not be slow in the decision; for it is not the men, however admirable, but the principles they represent, that give dignity and interest to a war of opinion.

A party without principles is no party, but a combination of interested office-seekers, enticing the weak and ignorant to vote for them. It is a body without a soul, an organization without laws, and must always vacillate in a contemptible medium. It cannot change its policy with a just regard to circumstances, without suffering by the charge of inconsistency; all its measures are selfish, and all its admissions are compromises; it is disreputable and without force.

It becomes then a part of self-respect as well as of prudence in the Whig party, to let it always be distinctly known, why, and on what suggestion, they advocate particular men, and particular policies. They may advocate a tariff, or a tax, suited to the year or to the age; but if, with the change of circumstance, they think it best to dispense with these, they have not therefore ceased to be Whigs.

The difference between the parties lies  
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deeper than the reasons of a temporary policy. At different times parties will change their ground, and even alternate opinions, because the necessity of the times demands it. It would not be any subject of wonder, if, at some future day, hypothetical pedants should be heard crying up free trade principles, on the side of the present opposition, and the good sense and prudence of the party permit them to do so. A regular army may allow ancient Pistol and the blackguards to follow the camp. Ancient Pistol, that battered hypothesis of valor, may help to terrify the weak among the enemy.

But, as we now stand, and for this century at least, free trade is not a Whig measure. The labor of the freeman, be it in the shop, the mine, or the field, continues to require protection.

We repeat it, the differences of party are not mere temporary differences of policy; they arise rather from general views of human nature, and its necessities. The better to explain our meaning, let us endeavor to characterize the opposite parties, as they are actuated by adverse motives, and mark the contrast. This contrast is in nothing more marked than in the doctrine concerning liberty:—

For, your Whig refers all rights and liberties back to their original source in the individual, and holds that society is established for the protection of those rights and liberties. Whereas, your ultra Democrat believes, or affects to believe, that each person gives up or resigns his free mind, on entering into the social compact, to the decision of caucusses and majorities.

The one side holds, that this very decision by majorities is not established by any merely natural law, but by a constitutional regulation; while the other side contends, that the majority, assembling when and where they please, can assume power over individuals—to govern the few by the many—to keep each one in fear of a multitude, and to make right and wrong by acclamation. That way tends ultra Democracy.

Hence, too, arises the extreme doctrine of instructions: for, while your Whig distinguishes in his national legislator a two-fold relation, one to the people he represents, and one to the nation as a whole; holding also, that he is a lawful legislator, not only for those who voted for him, but for those, also, who voted against him, and in brief, for every man, woman, and child in his district; and that, notwithstanding this, he is also a law-maker for the nation at large, and bound to protect and foster it;—your ultra Democrat, deriving all the power of the legislator from the voices that chose him, and not from the Constitution, requires that he shall not dare expand his thought, so as to become a protector of the nation, but shape every opinion by the narrow interest of his Constituents. They make no distinction between the honor of the man who has tacitly pledged himself, by his election, to certain principles, and the duty of the national legislator who is bound by the superior law of conscience and the Constitution, to promote the honor and prosperity of his nation.

From the beginning, the one party has been characterized by a constant endeavor to identify the interests of the people with those of the government; while the other has as clearly opposed every national measure, which should call the creative and protective functions of the government into action.

More remarkable still does this differ-

ence between the two parties appear, in popular judgments on the conduct of the Executive; for, while your ultra Democrat approves of every step of his Executive, no matter how unconstitutional, while he is supported and encouraged by the opinion of his party, your Whig looks to the Constitution, and expects the Executive to keep within the letter and within the spirit of that instrument. This difference, it is evident, proceeds directly from the different ideas of liberty entertained by the two parties; one regarding the government as unchangeable except by a solemn decision of the nation in convention, the other treating it as inferior in authority to the public opinion of a day. From these last, therefore, it meets with little favor and less respect; and they are rather gratified than otherwise, by the encroachments of a popular President. They do not make that distinction between the private honor of the President, which binds him, by the pledge of election, to the opinions and measures of his party, and that superior relation which he holds to the nation, without distinction of party, as its executive head, under the laws.

The doctrine of the one party, that the whole people, as sole and sovereign source of power, established the Constitution for a guarantee of individual freedom, and a source of all authority, is the doctrine of liberty; it places each citizen in a free relation to his neighbor, and affords a rule for public opinion to judge by, in weighing men and measures. Ultra Democratic doctrine, on the contrary, indulges men in a perpetual revolution, cutting off the past from the present, and the present from the future; making its own decrees utterly forceless and contemptible, by deriving their authority from acclamation, instead of placing it where it belongs, under the Constitution of the whole people.

It is the desire of the Whig party to establish an accurate though not an illiberal Construction of the laws; and that every public act shall be done under the spirit of the Constitution. Their maxim is, that the laws cannot be too much improved, and cannot be too well observed; they would have no man or body of men, majorities or minorities, exert a shadow of real power over their neighbors; and they refer all power and authority

whatsoever back to its original source, the will of the nation as a whole, expressed in the Constitution. This is the real sovereignty of the people.

These principles, drawn out into various conclusions, create a body of opinion and policy:—the right or rather the duty of internal improvement, which obliges the government to facilitate internal and external commerce, by sufficient roads, harbors, and means of intercommunication; the support of credit by such an employment of the public funds as shall equalize and regulate exchanges—a measure suggested by the pure spirit of nationality, and defended on the ground that it is the duty of the nation to regulate and facilitate all transactions not of a merely local character; the protection of every species of industry by such a discrimination in duties as shall sustain a competition of domestic with foreign products; the maintenance of a high rate of wages for every species of labor, that the free laborer may feel the superior advantages of free government, and not find himself depressed by the unrestrained competition of the capital and labor of foreigners. In a word, legislating for no part as a part, but for all parts as members of the whole, the party of the Union and the Constitution judge every measure by its bearings upon the common good, viewing all propositions in the spirit of a liberal legislation, as far as possible removed from that of a tyrannous and usurping many. It seems unnecessary to urge, that such opinions and policy would flow from none but the most elevated views of humanity, such as reject all sectional and private arguments.

Are there any weak enough to think, that a party to which the Union owes its existence and safety, and from which have constantly flowed all measures for the benefit of the whole, can cease, or lose its *unity* for an instant? No! a consciousness of a common purpose, and a steady adherence to the form and spirit of a government which took its birth from the bosom of the nation, renders their dissolution impossible. They began with the Union; they go along with it, and gather strength with it, contending successfully, though not without reverses, against the most formidable enemy that can threaten a State, namely, a false social philosophy, set up to hide the true sources and purposes of

government, and confounding the sovereign will of a great nation, expressed in its laws and forms of power, with a sudden decision of a jealous crowd, whose ears tingle with the lies and flatteries of wily politicians.

Since the adoption of the Constitution, no crisis has occurred so important, or which has developed so clearly the real principles of the opposition, as the war with Mexico. Begun with deliberation and carried on with ardor by the leaders of the party in power, it was checked and denounced by their opposers, because it seemed to be a departure from that just and equitable line in which we had been moving. The collected arguments against the war establish the surprising fact, that we enjoy a form of government whose fundamental maxims differ in no particular from those of the law of nations, or, as it has been styled, the law of conscience—and that to sin against *our* law is to sin against humanity; that it is impossible to step beyond its limits, without trespassing upon some natural right, either of men or nations; and that we shall seek in vain for better principles than those imbodyed in our fundamental laws.

It is not now to be settled by a controversy between Pacificus and Helvidius, whether "the powers of declaring war and making treaties are, *in their nature*, executive powers." Those powers are well understood and established in their proper place: had the deliberative *reason* of the nation been in a badly ascertained opinion of a majority, or in an Executive able to construct at pleasure the opinion of such a false majority, this government could not boast itself a popular government, nor claim to be settled upon any undisputable maxims. The Executive stands, in a true theory of the Republic, as the agent of the naked *will*, and Congress as the instigating heart and guiding *reason*, of the nation; a division invented to escape from despotism, and of a nature so profound and real, the disposition to neglect or disregard it, betrays at once an ignorance of the necessities, or a contempt for the character of the government. A tainted school of Federalism formerly wished to confound these powers: time and circumstance have established the absolute necessity of making the separation as distinct and clear in practice as in theory. If the naked will of

the Executive moves one step of itself, in national enterprises, either with or without the aid of public opinion, it violates the right of Congress, to whom the people have committed the consulting and pre-determining power. Should the Executive employ the army in making harbors or canals, without consent of Congress, the cry of usurpation would have come from those very men, who now contend that the President did right when he sent an army into Mexico, in time of peace: had he sent the same troops to Lake Ontario, to build a harbor there for the aid of commerce, would any have been found so bold as to excuse him? And is the will of the Executive freer in the perilous enterprises of war, than in the harmless works of peace? It will never satisfy or save this people, to commit such questions to a few learned lawyers, to try if they can find a precedent for this or that usurpation in the books: Whig principles, *party* principles, familiar to the people, must determine them; we must resolve that our State shall not split upon *that* rock; we will have no usurpers, at least; we will have a President who knows how to keep within bounds. To decide and to act, are things different in nature; and usurpation is merely assuming to decide and act together, where it is only given to us to act. Our Executive must not plan enterprises for the nation; the people have conferred that power upon Congress—upon their deliberative assemblies; the Executive cannot, without usurpation, do more than execute, or refuse to execute, what is proposed by the council of the whole.

Are we wrong, therefore, in saying of the FUTURE POLICY OF THE WHIGS, that this point, of Executive usurpation, is one of the most important issues? What next to this, and perhaps of equal importance, have they to keep in view?

Next to suppression of present evils, is the adoption of plans for future good. The party in opposition have raised up every obstacle before the mad ambition of the war party, to compel them, if possible, to bring hostilities to a close. So far, only, they were successful, as to rouse the better spirit of the nation against the spirit of aggression and conquest. The mere drain and exhaustion of life and treasure, have done as much to end the war as all other causes. The evil of a public debt, was one

which might be cast upon posterity, or which, at worst, was not difficult to bear; the loss of valuable lives in battle, was not an argument of much weight with a people notoriously careless of their lives; the supply of the treasury by foreign funds, prevents any serious drain upon the moveable capital of the cities; the gains of the great harvest and the famine are not yet exhausted or forgotten; it is hard to show the people that disasters lie in wait for them; their ears are occupied with philanthropical discourses and all the pathos of successful war; they dare not believe that their rulers are doing wrong: it is a thought too painful and troublesome to be entertained by a prosperous people. We must be made miserable before we can begin to be wise.

The policy of the party in power appears first in the getting up and management of the war; second, but not less marked, in the management and collection of the revenue. To defend the first, they advance certain doctrines of "right of conquest," "progress of the species," "Anglo-Saxon destinies," and the like, veiling their designs with these philanthropical pretences. A philanthropical hypothesis seems to be the ace card in the modern game of politics, and the player has one ready in his sleeve, to whip out upon occasion. If you argue with a becoming spirit against killing and robbing, your ears are deafened with a ranting discourse on your destinies, as if there were any comfort to be derived from that. Destiny! my friend—do you say it is my destiny to be a thief? Perhaps it may be with you to lead; but the path is one in which it fits not my disposition to follow you.

If you contend, with a becoming directness and warmth, for the protection of free labor, and of the interests of the country, you are interrupted, and talked down, by a genius with long hair, who politely assures you that you mean well, but err through simplicity: the philanthropists to whom all human affairs have been intrusted by a special decree of Providence, have resolved that all nations ought to be treated as one nation, and no regard be had to petty differences of race, climate, manners, morals, industry, or liberty. The occupations of life are to be divided up amongst them; England is to make all the wearing apparel, machinery, and movea-



ble conveniences, while America attends only to commerce and agriculture. France will make our shoes, Italy our religion and our summer hats, Germany supply our thoughts, and Africa furnish out our sympathies. Thus will this jolly round ball of earth be no longer several ant-hills, but rather one vast fornicary. This is all the purpose we have been able to discover in a free trade argument, that occupations should be restricted to particular nations. What benefit is to come from the arrangement it requires the mind of a mystic to perceive.

But if the fancied advantages of free trade are hypothetical and hard to be appreciated, the arguments against its contrary are no less so: While England is raising a hundred, and this nation twenty-five millions of dollars through tariffs laid on by free trade theorists, we are entertained by our long-haired philosopher with the following thesis: "That a tariff is unjust, because it taxes one class to enrich another." These two hypotheses, first, that each nation should produce some one commodity, or set of commodities, proper to itself; and the other, that a protective tariff is unjust "because it taxes one man to enrich another," include the whole free trade argument;—they are at once, theory, arguments and premises.

If it were true, that a tariff affording protection, enriches one man to the loss of another, then would those free trade legislators who proceed to raise half the revenue of England, and the whole of that of America by tariffs, be proved guilty of inflicting a great wrong upon their respective countries; but as matters now stand with them, they are charged, not with the error of imposing tariffs, but with having imposed them in such a manner and in such a form as to do with them the greatest possible amount of injury. Thus, while they cry out against discriminating duties, and argue for the *ad valorem*, they discriminate in favor of particular articles, such as tea and coffee, and bread stuffs, in the very teeth of that favorite maxim of free trade, that "if a tariff is laid it must be for revenue." In times of scarcity, an *ad valorem* duty upon articles of food, yields a better revenue, the duty rising with the price, but no sooner was there a scarcity of food in England, the duty was lowered to a rate merely nominal. The policy was advocated

as a just and necessary policy, and the ministry were praised for it, but it threw down and forever annihilated the doctrine, that "revenue alone is to be regarded, in the adjustment of duties;" it proved that if tariffs are used at all, it is necessary to discriminate, lest in raising revenue, we depress and injure the people.

The English ministry were bound by a maxim of free trade, as their economists teach it to our democracy, to have kept on the duties, and to have realized all the revenue possible from the rise of the prices of bread stuffs, and the consequent increase of *ad valorem* duties.

Though this single instance is an effectual demolition of the maxim of which our free trade speculators make such an efficient use, it may not be a waste of time to add another for the sake of clinching the nail. Revenue, then, is the sole thing to be thought of when we are laying duties: admit it, and your *ad valorem*—your duty measured by the price—becomes absurd. Suppose a certain class of imported articles—coarse woollen cloths, for example—are in common use by all the people, and are counted among the necessities of life, as they would be were there no manufactures of them in the country. Through excessive importation the price has fallen and the duty with it; the market is supplied and all the people are using the goods. The state wants revenue: by doubling, or trebling, or quadrupling the duty on these cloths, it will raise additional revenue; the people must have the cloths, and will pay double for them; the additional duty *must*, therefore, be laid, for "revenue alone is the thing to be considered in laying duties." Thus it appears from both instances, not only that your *ad valorem* principle is an absurdity, for to raise a proper revenue you must neglect it, but that the "largest revenue principle" is inhumane, and takes advantage of the hunger and nakedness of the poor. So it appears that these two maxims stand in a ridiculous opposition to each other, and are equally contemptible, the "*ad valorem*" for its having no meaning at all, and the "largest revenue" principle, for its being both weak and wicked.

Once more, let us admit the maxim, that revenue alone is to be regarded in laying duties, why then are they not laid upon exports as well as upon imports? Free

trade economists tell us that the *consumers* of imported articles pay the duties, and not the producers, or the wholesale purchasers. If this be true, what more necessary or proper than duties upon exports also, and so double your revenue? If you laid export duties upon Ohio corn, not the farmer, nor the corn dealer, would pay them—say you—but the consumers in other parts of the world. Is it then your excessive tenderness for consumers in other parts of the world, that keeps you so silent on the policy of export duties? “O no! we know very well that it is not possible for us to regulate the price of corn in the European markets, and if the price were raised artificially by imposts here, the producers would suffer.” What of that? what of that, my sage economist? your duty is to raise the revenue by the most efficient and convenient means, and you are not to go about protecting—odious word!—these Ohio farmers, by laying all your duties on imports, and allowing them to go scot free, paying not a dollar of revenue! It is an outrage on humanity, when you know that Ohio farmers wear homespun and pay no revenue, to discriminate for them, and lay your duties upon other men. This is taking money out of his pocket who wears English broadcloth, to put it into the Ohio farmer’s, who is content with homespun—a discrimination quite intolerable and oppressive: the Democracy should look to it.

But no, we have not seen the picture in all lights yet, for now it grins a fool, and now stares a knave; in a third view it will perhaps show a mixture of both.

“In laying duties,” say our economists, “we are to discriminate, not for protection, but for revenue.” Instance that an ad valorem duty is laid upon foreign manufactured cloths, and all articles of wear, be they light summer fabrics or heavy and costly broadcloths; nothing of the kind shall escape, for now we are broaching a new war and must raise a great revenue. Discriminate, however, we must, for our object is revenue and nothing else. Here, on our list, is the article of foreign silk fabrics: a vast quantity is yearly imported; they are evidently a necessary of life, and will bear an enormous duty; for the people are attached to their use, and will pay double rather than give them up; and if we find them dis-

posed to give up the silks, and substitute linen and cotton because the duty is high, then up with duties on linen and cotton, and so force the people to buy. All goes on well for a year or so, and we are raising a large revenue, with duties carried to the top of endurance, when suddenly, to our amazement and sorrow, the goods cease to be bought, and the revenue falls off. Certain traitorous capitalists, conspiring against the revenue, and thus rendering aid and comfort to the enemy, have erected mills, and manufactured articles of silk, cotton and linen to undersell the imported. The country is all at once supplied with silk manufactures of admirable quality—but the revenue! the revenue! what are we to do? The process is easy: lower your duties suddenly, ruin all the manufactures, and when they are well out of the way, and their mills converted to other uses, raise the duties again as soon as you please, and I will insure you as large a revenue as ever. You may repeat this process as often as you choose, and realize a great deal of revenue by it. The whole art is to find out the commodities which are most necessary to the people, and lay on heavy duties; your principle is to discriminate for revenue, and not for protection. When you saw that high duties on certain articles, which your discrimination marked for revenue, operated to protect them, you were astonished to find that there *was* no discrimination for revenue which was not also one for protection. If you taxed one import heavily, you were obliged to tax all others which could be substituted for it, else it was of no avail. Your ad valorem principle made high prices advantageous, and, as the goods rose, your profits rose in proportion, notwithstanding the falling off of buyers; till, on a sudden, the whole vanishes, and while you were thinking to discriminate for revenue only, you protected manufactures, and so far, were guilty of the sin of protecting the industry of your countrymen. You knew of no better way to mend this error than by ruining those whom your protection had enriched, and then starting anew with your ad valorem and discriminating duties.

Unfortunate economists! compelled, as it were, by the very laws of nature, to violate your own maxims!—for, if you taxed the farmer’s grain, then that wrathful and intelligent person would eject you

from office ; and, if you use high tariffs, so graduated as to raise a great and constant revenue, then you protect not only the pernicious manufacturer, but the farmer too, allowing his produce to go free ; when you were striving, with a laudable zeal, to avoid protection of all kinds, as a policy hateful to you, you are compelled to create a host of enemies by breaking down all the manufactories, and are thus again in danger of ejection !

But the economist is not so easily balked. His forgetive brain teems with expedients. He invents a new phrase—Incidental Protection.

The economist, laying down his maxim, that the revenue should be so raised that no one class or body of men should be enriched at the expense of the rest, advanced, in the same breath, this other, that duties should be collected with a view to revenue only, and not to protection. The first required him to regard, and the second not to regard, the effects of different modes of taxation. The first was universally a protective, the second a universally indifferent and selfish maxim. To reconcile these two incompatibles, he forges a new phrase, "incidental protection." He told the people that he was for *incidental protection*. He was for protection, but it must be incidental. He would raise the revenue as he best could, and if any protection followed he had no objection—this was incidental protection. Some persons, not of the wisest, mistook this for a patriotic testimony ; others said, that there could be no such thing—that a tariff for revenue was directly opposite to a tariff for protection ; for, after the first treasury harvest from a high tariff on imports, manufactures would spring up, and the duties fall off. That then, to raise any revenue, it would be necessary to lower the duties so as to break down the home manufactures again, and reap another harvest on imports. That a protective was therefore the opposite of a revenue policy ; that the protection which was incidental to high and profitable duties was the plague of the treasury, and continually lessened its receipts ; and that, if revenue was the sole purpose of a tariff, and of its discriminations, it was the mortal enemy of protection. These arguments, however, had but little weight, so

euphonious and pleasing were the words "incidental protection."

When this became stale, our economist took a new start. It had not yet occurred to him, that every profitable duty on imports, however small, is protective to an extent proportioned to its weight ; because it causes in some degree the substitution of home-made articles if low, and of home manufactured, or of other articles, if high. The economist conceived in his imagination a certain happy medium of duties which should not be quite sufficient to create home manufactures, and should yet yield a good revenue ; which should not be so heavy as to stop importation, nor so light as to yield less than might be got from them. Now, having attained this point, (for the experiment was tried,) he observed that it coincided most unluckily with the point at which manufactures began to spring up. If the duties were raised to this point of greatest yield, then manufactures began ; for this point was found to be itself determined by the beginning of manufactures ; and it would soon become necessary to lower the duty. In short, the point itself was one at which in the nature of things you could not remain. It was found that it would be necessary to keep the duties just below the point where protection would begin, and so the tariff, with its *ad valorem* affix, could never be made to yield as much as it was desired and ought, without giving a protection which undermined it.

A word now upon *ad valorem*, an adjustment of duties according to the value of the commodity imported. This is an application of a very necessary rule of taxation to the collection of tariffs : lands, houses, valuable furniture, slaves, cattle, in brief, all kinds of real estate and chattels, must in general be taxed according to their appraisement, or their market value at the time ; it would be gross injustice to tax a house just so much, because it was a house, or a clock because it was a clock. But in the case of duties this *ad valorem* principle (admired by the ignorant for its Latin name) often works great injustice. In times of scarcity, when there are large importations of food into a country, it is an inhumanity to suffer duties to rise with prices ; this is to aggravate the public distress, and voluntarily to assume the office



of an avenging angel. In all such instances it should be a rule of political economy to keep the duties at a moderate rate, and lay them by the quantity, and not by prices. But the *ad valorem* works equal injustice when prices fall, as in the case of railroad iron at this moment: as the English economists were obliged to lower the duty on bread stuffs, to save the operatives from ruin, it is equally the duty of Congress to raise the duty on railroad iron to save the industrious Germans in the iron factories of Pennsylvania from ruin. By the operation of the *ad valorem* duty, the price of iron has been unnaturally lowered of late, and our valuable factories of iron are failing under the influx of English iron, thrown into this market at unnaturally low prices, through the distresses of the railroad companies in England. To be sure, we mean not to compare the distresses of our own operatives thrown out of employment, with those of the English, at the point of starvation; but if an action of government was right to prevent a great injustice in the one case, it was equally so to prevent a less one in the other: right and wrong are not measured by less and more; he is as truly an oppressor who does a little wrong, as he who does a great one; as our ancestors well knew when they refused to concede Great Britain the right to tax us even in the value of a sixpence. The justice lies in doing all for the good of the nation, with an eye to its present necessities; and he is but a pedant who mistakes adherence to a maxim through thick and thin for a mark of virtue. The *ad valorem* applied to tariffs, works injustice in every way; not only when prices fall, but when they are excessive; in the one case diminishing the duty absurdly, and in the other increasing it absurdly. But it not only does evil to producers, but also impairs the revenue. For when there is a great importation and prices fall, the treasury, by keeping its duties at a medium, would reap a good harvest and the people be never the worse for it. And when the prices of imports rise, the duties rise with them, and so force the people to manufacture for themselves. In the one case the revenue is impaired, in the other there is an unnatural stimulus upon production, which the fall of prices will soon abate and bring ruin upon the new manufactories. In fine the *ad valorem* applied to imports, is in theory an ab-

surdity, and in its effects a gross oppression.

There was a time when legislators regarded the wealth and happiness of the people, but now their whole attention is directed upon increasing the revenue: to get money is all their thought; their understandings are corrupted, and emit only contradictions and absurdities. To be good economists for a nation it is necessary for legislators to be just men; without a good conscience and a good heart, the greatest ingenuity produces nothing of permanent value to mankind.

In this cultivated and reasoning age the great qualities of the soul are skillfully imitated by the moral theorist; instead of patriotism we have a grand philanthropy embracing the whole human race;—persons infected with this bloating of the heart, lose all the pith and power of affection; their own family, city, or country is too small for them; they must be citizens of the universe, and fraternize with the Calmucks, the Lunary people, and the devil himself. All things must be free—not only trade but the nether limbs of women; and in one breath they propose one universal peace and a masculine costume for ladies. Observe the dullness of these metaphysical sots, who propose a policy for all the world in regard of the condition of men in general, and apply the same to their own nation without regard to its condition in particular. The greatest mark of folly in a man, is to engage in any business on an hypothesis without an eye to conditions. None but madmen will try experiments in business affairs. He who wishes to benefit himself inquires first into all matters concerning himself, and then proceeds by his knowledge of them, and not by any theory of free trade between John and Thomas. On the contrary, John will take good care to give Thomas no advantages; he will have all fair, and make as few affectionate proposals as possible, lest Thomas judge him to be a cheat.

Nothing could better exemplify the necessity of a strict regard to circumstances in a business transaction, or a policy, than the policy of the present Administration in adopting the free trade maxims put forth by British economists. Without entering now upon the question whether the private motives of those English statesmen who have carried the late policy of the English gov-



ernment into effect—for, if it were possible to discover those motives, the knowledge of them would not help us in deciding whether the measures which they advocate will or will not benefit the nation—we may at least inquire into the present condition of England and of the interests which predominate there, in order to find some practical reasons, such as men of business will appreciate, for the adoption of the so-called free trade policy in that country.

England has usually taken care that every great interest shall be protected and flourish in her dominions; her commerce by navigation laws—her agriculture by corn laws, and by scientific cultivation—her manufactures, by the strictest protective policy, have grown up to their present perfection and importance, under the care of government. She is the great example of the fruits of protection; the strongest, richest, wisest, and just at this time, the most powerful monarchy on the globe. Whatever be her errors, her defects or her miseries, there she stands, a witness to the world and to all time, of the fruits of foresight and wisdom. More than that,—England by her example, and by cherishing the seeds of liberty, protecting and encouraging all rightful industry, whether of the hand or of the head, has made herself the patroness and protector of human liberty; and sending colonies into remote regions, carrying with them her laws and principles, has made herself the mother of future empires. And what is this policy that has made England so great? what has it always been, and what will it constantly be? To feed her children from their own soil—to clothe them with their own hands—to hold for them the freedom of their own commerce—to educate them in their own language, literature and religion—protect them with their own proper laws and customs, and govern them by their own free opinions. Such has been the policy of England, always protective, always patriotic.

We are not writing a history of her errors, to enter here upon those exceptions to her general policy, which have impeded, though they could not hinder, her greatness: it is enough for present purposes that we know the course which she has commonly pursued.

Coming now to the example so much

quoted by our new philanthropists, as an instance of departure from her general system, namely, the so-called Peel policy, alluded to at first; it is well understood that the manufacturing interest in England, through causes which need not now be dwelt upon, has come to predominate over the commercial and agricultural in a very great degree.

Of the great interests of a nation, namely, the manufactures, the commerce, the agriculture, and the mines, the first named is dependent upon the others, for it is always important to manufacturers, that the products of mines and farms should be rendered to them as cheaply as possible, not only that they may be able to procure the raw products of mines, forests and farms at the least price, to be worked up into articles of trade and of use, but that the workmen, procuring bread, clothing and lodging at an easy rate, may find their wages more than sufficient for maintenance. And let theories of political economy be invented never so refined and unanswerable, it is as certain as the sunrise, that manufacturers will aim at producing such a condition of things as will bring down the price of bread stuffs and raw materials of manufacture to the lowest rates. They will not only buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest market, but they will, if possible, use such an influence with government as to cheapen the commodities which they wish to buy. They, therefore, desire a free navigation; for by the competition of foreign vessels with those of one's own country, the rates of transportation are brought down to the lowest possible. Should it happen at any time, that the manufacturing interests of a nation which depends in great part upon a foreign market for its products, should predominate in the national councils, either through want of talent and foresight, or want of capital and energy in the other great interests, doctrines of free trade will naturally spring up and be cherished, just so far as they favor the manufacturing interest, *and no farther*. The duty on bread stuffs will be lowered to content the operatives with less wages; the duty on raw materials for manufacture, to content the owners of the mills, and foreign shipping be admitted to competition with one's own, to lower the rates of transportation. Hence the present Peel

and Cobden policy, so philanthropic to appearance, and so politic and partial in the fact.

The total value of articles manufactured in the United Kingdom in 1838, is estimated by McCulloch at about £117,000,000 sterling, of which at least fifty millions were *exported*; producing, at 10 per cent. profit, an income of five millions sterling to the capitalists, which gives an average of £1000 each, to five thousand families among the educated classes. Here we have an immense body of influential persons enjoying an income by the export of manufactured goods, many of them too, like Peel and Cobden, possessed of vast wealth, accumulated, principally, by the employment of capital in manufactures.

It is surely unnecessary to attribute the motives of a mere agitator, or of a closet theorist, to the leaders of the English free trade party, compelled as they are by the rivalry of our own manufactures in the foreign markets, to furnish everything at the lowest possible rate. It is unnecessary, at least, to attribute any theoretical motives to them, and when the common causes of political movements are considered, it is absurd. There are reasons *enough* to be found, why they should lighten the duties on imported bread stuffs and on certain raw materials of manufacture, without even the arguments of a famine, much less the idle declamations of a few enthusiasts, as ineffectual to change the course of English legislators as would be a mesmeric spell to draw the gold out of their purses. They are not of that persuadable stuff to be led away from their interests by a free trade hypothesis.

The policy of the Peel party has been to lighten the duties on imported articles and supply the consequent deficiency of revenue by taxes on incomes.

A tax upon the incomes of the rich is democratic, and popular, beyond a doubt; and it has the advantage of drawing back into the treasury a part of the interest of the national debt; it is a quiet way of equalizing the burthen of the debt: the nation at large is taxed twenty-seven millions for that debt, which is paid by the Treasury to the stockholders. Now if a good part of this tax is levied upon the rich, by a graduated income tax, it is but making a number of rich men pay the interest of the debt—a very popular kind

of taxation; and should the democratic spirit gain ground in England, we may live to see the whole interest of the debt paid in this way by the rich, instead of being paid as now by rich and poor alike.

The income tax yields, at present, about five and a half millions; that it might easily be increased to twenty-seven, may be guessed from the fact, that the total income of capital in railways, funds, banks, manufactures and commerce in the United Kingdom, is reckoned (at 3 per cent.) at about forty-five millions. Now as far as funded property is concerned, a well distributed income tax is but a cancelling of so much of the national debt; and this policy seems likely to gain ground.

To pursue the illustration: in the days when the landed proprietors, the merchants, and the manufacturers, bore an equal sway in the councils of the nation, before the rise and predominance of the manufacturing interest, none of the great businesses of the nation failed of their due protection. But now a new power has arisen, a new manufacturing power, and the vast body of rich manufacturers who command the markets of the world, are in danger of losing those markets, by competition with ourselves—could we by a protective policy, so far encourage our miners and manufacturers as to undersell them at home and abroad. They command and can use the great body of the movable capital of the United Kingdom; they employ millions of pauper operatives, in constant danger of starvation; they are in a situation which compels them to strain every nerve, and exert every influence to save themselves from ruin; they will stick at nothing to accomplish their purposes. They cannot go to war, for that would spoil all; they cannot beat down the wages of their workmen, for these are already at the lowest; they have but two means left, and these are to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market; to feed their operatives, and supply their mills *duty free*, and to sell their products in America and elsewhere *duty free*: they are, therefore, free traders on instinct, and having the instinct, they pass, by a natural effect, to the theory. In a word, the great object of English manufacturers, just at this crisis, is to persuade the world that free trade is a capital thing.

The loss to the revenue, through the diminution of duties on imports, amounting, it is said, to some eleven millions sterling, had to be made up by the imposition of additional taxes. Thus, the manufacturers were relieved to the amount of eleven millions, all clear gain to them, and loss to those who bore the compensatory burthen. To say, then, that England has made the experiment of free trade, is merely false; for the principle of the free trade economists is, that the nation shall not be taxed to sustain a particular interest. England has taxed her incomes and other sources eleven millions, to support the manufacturers. Not questioning the wisdom of this policy, or denying that it is a vital point with England to sustain her manufacturers, since by them chiefly she has become the richest nation in the world; admitting, too, that this policy will accomplish its end, and save the British manufacturers from ruin; let us now inquire what policy these free trade leaders would pursue, acting on their present principles, and instigated by the same motives, were they Americans, with a large capital, invested in manufactures in New England.

First, then, at all risks they would sustain the country, labor to preserve its acquisitions, and open for it new sources of wealth. Observing that the States of New England are composed chiefly of a rocky and unfruitful soil, they would not entertain the hope of sustaining a dense population there by agriculture. Seeing, too, the rapid impoverishment of the towns and villages, by the removal of able-bodied men, and of capital, to the new lands of the West, and the ruin of the small farmers, by the influx of cheap provision from the western lands, they would cast about for some means of filling up the loss occasioned by that emigration, and of providing new means of subsistence for those who were thrown out of employment by the stagnation of agriculture. Every part of this new continent, they would say, ought to support an active and wealthy population; but how shall we make New England, or the barren regions of the Southern and Middle States, do this? At present, all these regions lie waste, or are thinly and poorly inhabited; the people have neither means nor leisure, and must soon become miserable and unimportant. The great West grows

rich, and fattens by its corn fields; why should we, then, live poor and wretched? is there no way in which we too may prosper? Our commerce is great, but it is a commerce carried on between foreign countries and the great West; we benefit but little by it; it rather impoverishes than helps our country people, for they buy foreign goods with money, and not with produce, making nothing by the exchange; the West is always too strong for them in trade; the cities grow rich by commerce, but the country people grow poorer every day.

It is, therefore, necessary for us to sustain our manufactures, to erect new mills, and make goods to exchange with these southern planters and western farmers, and so reap the grain ourselves that goes else to enrich foreigners. To bring these French and English goods across the ocean costs much, and involves many risks and losses; we will save the country this loss, and by competition we will break down the foreigner in his prices, and make him give more of his own in exchange for western products; by and by we will supply our countrymen of the South and West with all that they now get from foreigners, and that at a less price, exchanging with them for their corn and raw products; our wealth will then begin to overflow, and we will send our products to foreign nations, and bring home riches, and every luxury for ourselves and our countrymen; and thus our nation will be made complete and independent, with a rich interior, producing all the fruits of the earth, a barren region near the sea devoted to manufactures, and a coast adorned with commercial cities.

Are not these reasonings identical in principle with those which actuate the free-traders of England? Their position compels them to sustain their manufactures, for by these they draw to themselves a great part of the wealth which makes them powerful, and defends them against the encroachments and the bad influences of neighboring nations. Human liberty has been upheld and defended by the industry, as much as by the courage of England; but that industry is drawn out by capital, and capital is created by manufactures. It would be impossible for England or for any nation to acquire great power and wealth by agriculture alone; for of all industrial pursuits agriculture is that which



yields the least surplus of profit to the producer. Commerce and exchange may be reckoned the most profitable of all; but manufactures, much more than agriculture, furnish the material and the occasion for commercial enterprise. They create merchandise of a character like specie, exchangeable and easily transportable. Countries, therefore, like England, and the barren regions of our Eastern and Middle States, if they mean to prosper and sustain a thriving population, must engage in manufactures.

Mentally revolving the course that events have taken in the political world, we seem to discover, indeed, no issue towards which they tend more remarkable or more alarming than the establishment of new and unconstitutional powers in the Executive—the powers of creating war, of withholding information, of taxing, and despotically governing, conquered territory; add to these the creation of armies for the sake, if not of patronage, then of new wars and of new unlooked-for uses of power; the formation of a false public opinion, the turning of the powers of the general government upon enterprises confessedly calculated for the aid of an exorbitant ambition. These things, indeed, excite an alarm most reasonable, and that should lead to the most decisive action among conscientious men. It is discovered that the limitation of the Presidential term to a short period, is not a sufficient safeguard to liberty; erroneous precedents, party precedents, grow gradually into law, and the accumulated mass of them are handed from one term to another, like the traditional usurpations of a hierarchy, until in a course of ages, every feature of the original Constitution is buried and forgotten. Though these just fears may, indeed, image forth the *head* of our FUTURE POLICY, we are not, therefore, to forget other things,—to be so occupied with the head and front of the offence as to forget the vile and corrupting body. It is a matter of some importance to the nation that its sources of wealth and power should be kept open, and that the chinks and scuttles, through which its riches are flowing away like water, should be stopped; in a word, that it should not be left a prey to foreign enterprise, and have one great third of its productive power sacrificed to the united selfishness of the remaining two-thirds.

This word “selfishness,” so easily and idly employed, does not, it must be confessed, assist the argument; but it may serve here to suggest a reflection not inapt for the conclusion of this article. The wealth of a nation, meaning by its wealth, that moderate surplus of means which is necessary to its freedom and power, is created by at least three distinct and contrasted kinds of industry: indeed, so very distinct and contrasted, they breed opposite habits and permanent differences of character, in those who use them. These are, the production from mines, or from the soil, of the raw material of industry; the manufacture of these materials into commodities; and the transportation and exchange of commodities in trade and commerce. The hamlets, villages and open spaces of the country are occupied by those who produce the crude material; the towns near rivers, canals, and at the meeting of great roads, are chiefly occupied by manufacturers; while cities by the sea, and on great streams, bays and lakes, are the head-quarters of trade, and owe their riches to commerce. We need no argument to show that a nation without commerce can never rise to the first importance, and in all ages statesmen and rulers have become celebrated and respected more by their encouragement of roads, canals, shipping, and all the enterprise of commerce, from the protection of caravans to the founding of commercial cities, than for their successful wars.

Nor is a nation capable of sustaining itself long without a constant attention to agriculture. Egypt, Grece, Rome, China, India, interior Germany, and above all, England, have made agriculture the right arm of the public industry. But what great nation, that has a sufficient respect for itself, does not desire to complete the circle of its industry, and add manufactures to agriculture and commerce? Why should we stupidly insist upon producing and transporting our raw material to other more cunning and ingenious nations? Why must a bale of flax grown in Ohio, be lugged across the scornful billows of the Atlantic, to be worked up in England? Why should not our faithful brothers and countrymen do that for us at home? Patience is exhausted in such an argument; the good sense of the nation is insulted by it.



## MONALDI.\*

THE memory of Allston, which time is year by year ripening into the immortal fame of a great and good artist, must be a sufficient warrant for recalling the attention of the public to a story by him, already several years before it. Or, if it is necessary to apologize for making a book, published seven years ago, the subject of an article, we may acknowledge a higher motive than reverence for its author—a desire to turn the eyes of readers to what they ought not willingly to let die.

It is as much the duty of criticism in literature and art to teach the pure faith directly, as well as indirectly, by pointing out and inveighing against heresies. Not only must we pluck up and lop off the noxious weeds and unhealthy shoots in the garden where we are called to labor, but we must water the flowering shrubs and young fruit trees; we must dig about them repeatedly, at such time as the dew of heaven shall fall most genially upon the upturned clods; yea, we must fertilize the soil wherein they are set, even with such harmless composition as forms the substance of articles and essays. In fine, it is our vocation to call attention to what is to be admired as well as what is to be avoided, to analyze merit as well as demerit, to keep good books alive as well as to put bad ones out of their pain.

Some books come into life stout and vigorous; they make a general acquaintance all at once, and, to hear how they are spoken of, one would suppose that they were going to live forever, and be known all over the world; yet it is marvellous how many of these die off in a short time, and are never thought of afterward. Others there are of a more delicate constitution, and of extremely retired habits, who hardly venture beyond the bookshelves and centre-tables of a few choice friends, but in time come to be revered and respected for their learning, or their

interesting conversation, and refined manners.

Of this sort is Monaldi. Though it appeared long ago, and came from the pen of our first artist, it scarcely attracted a passing attention; in a few months it was unwritten of and unspoken of; we doubt if many of our distant readers do not here see the very name for the first time, out of the poems of Rogers. Yet this is not because the book deserves, or is destined, to slip away thus quietly into oblivion; but simply, as we shall endeavor to show, because it is one of those exquisite works of art which never make an extensive acquaintance with the world, and only become known even to the refined and discriminating, by slow degrees during the lapse of years.

It was ready for the press, the author informs us, as long ago as 1822, and was finally given to the public in a thin volume of two hundred and fifty pages, "not," he says, "with the pretensions of a Novel, but simply as a Tale." How much thought, and study, and artistic skill he felt it becoming to speak thus modestly of, we shall discover in tracing the course of the story.

A delightful old novel feeling is inspired by the opening paragraph of the introduction:—

"There is sometimes so striking a resemblance between the autumnal sky of Italy and that of New England at the same season, that when the peculiar features of the scenery are obscured by twilight, it needs but little aid of the imagination in the American traveller to fancy himself in his own country: the bright orange of the horizon, fading into a low yellow, and here and there broken by a slender bar of molten gold, with the broad mass of pale apple-green blending above, and the sheet of deep azure over these, gradually darkening to the zenith—all carry him back to his dearer home. It was at such a time as this, and beneath such a sky, that (in the year 17—) while

my vettura was slowly toiling up one of the mountains of the Abruzzo, I had thrown myself back in the carriage, to enjoy one of those mental illusions which the resemblance between past and present objects is wont to call forth. Italy seemed for the time forgotten; I was journeying homeward, and a vision of beaming, affectionate faces passed before me; I crossed the threshold, and heard—oh, how touching is that soundless voice of welcoming in a day-dream of home—I heard the joyful cry of recognition, and a painful fullness in my throat made me struggle for words—when, at a sudden turn of the road, my carriage was brought to the ground.”

This is not an imitation, but a condensation, and reproduction, of the tone and coloring of an old novel—we say old, in the sense that the stories read, and the impressions produced in childhood, bear an air of antiquity—we mean that it takes hold of the fancy like a story read in youth; while, at the same time, the mature artist is apparent in the delicate purity of the style, and in the beauty of the sentiment. We may be misled by the impression of the whole work, yet it seems that this single paragraph exhibits very plainly these characteristics. It recalls the feelings of boyhood, while, at the same time, it gives promise that we are about to enter on no meagre child-tale, but one of character, thought and passion.

The breaking of the carriage, and the manner of the driver, induce the traveller to suspect him of being leagued with banditti: presently a whistle is heard below which confirms the suspicion, and he compels the fellow to go before him up the mountain. After some time they come to a small plain, or heath, where there is a hovel, before which sits a wretched object, a miserable maniac, worn almost to death; an old woman then comes from the hovel, who directs the traveller to a convent hard by, where he is received and hospitably entertained by a venerable prior. Next morning, the prior shows him the pictures in the chapel, and is about to show him *one*, which he says is worth all the rest, when he is called out, and the traveller, opening a wrong door, comes unawares into the apartment where it is placed.

“ I put up my hand to shade my eyes, when

—the fearful vision is even now before me—I seemed to be standing before an abyss in space, boundless and black. In the midst of this permeable pitch stood a colossal mass of gold, in shape like an altar, and girdled about by a huge serpent, gorgeous and terrible; his body flecked with diamonds, and his head, an enormous carbuncle, floating like a meteor in the air above. Such was the throne. But no words can describe the gigantic being that sat thereon—the grace, the majesty, its transcendent form; and yet I shuddered as I looked, for its superhuman countenance seemed, as it were, to radiate falsehood; every feature was in contradiction—the eye, the mouth, even to the nostril—whilst the expression of the whole was of that unnatural softness which can only be conceived of malignant blandishment. It was the appalling beauty of the King of Hell. The frightful discord vibrated through my whole frame, and I turned for relief to the figure below; for at his feet knelt one who appeared to belong to our race of earth. But I had turned from the first only to witness in this second object its withering fascination. It was a man apparently in the prime of life, but pale and emaciated, as if prematurely wasted by his unholy devotion, yet still devoted, with outstretched hands, and eyes upraised to their idol, fixed with a vehemence that seemed almost to start them from their sockets. The agony of his eye, contrasting with the prostrate, reckless worship of his attitude, but too well told his tale: I beheld the mortal conflict between the conscience and the will—the visible struggle of a soul in the toils of sin. I could look no longer.”

He naturally wishes to know the history of this extraordinary picture, and its author; and the prior accordingly gives him a manuscript which, he says, will gratify his curiosity. This is the story.

The opening chapter then introduces two principal personages of the tale, Monaldi and Maldura, young students and intimate friends at a seminary at Bologna. We wish a few sentences could give an idea of the depth of reflection, the philosophy, the exquisite discrimination in the drawing of character, and the pure, simple elegance of the style. There is a greatness of thought and an elevation in tone which takes the imagination far into the poetic region, and yet the art is so thoroughly hidden that superficial readers, who are accustomed to see the artist through a coarser veil or not at all, must of course skim it over easily and fancy it cold and common.

"The character of Maldura, the eldest, was bold, grasping, and ostentatious; while that of Monaldi, timid and gentle, seemed to shrink from observation. The one, proud and impatient, was ever laboring for distinction; the world, palpable, visible, audible, was his idol; he lived only in externals, and could neither act nor feel but for effect; even his secret reveries having an outward direction, as if he could not think without a view to praise, and anxiously referring to the opinion of others; in short, his nightly and daily dreams had but one subject—the talk and eye of the crowd. The other, silent and meditative, seldom looked out of himself, either for applause or enjoyment; if he ever did so, it was only that he might add to, or sympathize in the triumph of another: this done, he retired again, as it were, to a world of his own, where thoughts and feelings, filling the place of men and things, could always supply him with occupation and amusement.

—"But the honors of a school are for things and purposes far different from those demanded and looked for by the world. Maldura unfortunately did not make the distinction. His various knowledge, though ingeniously brought together, and skilfully set anew, was still the knowledge of other men; it did not come forth as in a new birth, from the modifying influence of his own nature. His mind was hence like a thing of many parts, yet wanting a whole—that realizing quality which the world must feel before it will reverence.

—"The powers of Monaldi, however, were yet to be called forth. And it was not surprising that to his youthful companions, he should then have appeared inefficient, there being a singular kind of passiveness about him easily mistaken for vacancy. But his was like the passiveness of some uncultured spot lying unnoticed within its nook of rocks, and silently drinking in the light, and the heat, and the showers of heaven, that nourish the seeds of a thousand nameless flowers, destined one day to bloom and to mingle their fragrance with the breath of nature."

These two friends, the one taking a generous pride in the successes of the other, and the other proud to be admired by him, leave the seminary and pass into the world. Monaldi chooses painting for his profession, and after a few years of persevering study is universally acknowledged to be the first painter in Italy. One of his pictures is thus described at length:—

"The subject of the picture was the first sacrifice of Noah after the subsiding of the waters; a subject of little promise from an ordinary hand, but of all others, perhaps, the best suited to exhibit that rare union of intense

feeling and lofty imagination which characterized Monaldi. The composition consisted of the patriarch and his family, at the altar, which occupied the foreground; a distant view of Mount Ararat, with the ark resting on its peak; and the intermediate vale. These were scanty materials for a picture; but the fullness with which they seemed to distend the spectator's mind, left no room for this thought. There was no dramatic variety in the kneeling father and his kneeling children; they expressed but one sentiment—adoration; and it seemed to go up as with a single voice. This gave the soul which the spectator felt; but it was one that could not have gone forth under common daylight, nor ever have pervaded with such emphatic life, other than the shadowy valley, the misty mountain, the mysterious ark, again floating, as it were, on a sea of clouds, and the lurid, deep-toned sky, dark yet bright, which spoke to the imagination of a lost and recovered world—once dead, now alive, and pouring out her first song of praise even from under the pall of death."

Monaldi was fortunate, on the first exhibition of this picture, in having for his leading critic the cavalier S—, a philosopher and a poet, "though he had never written a line as either."

"I want no surer evidence of genius than this," said he, addressing Monaldi: "you are master of the *chiar' oscuro* and color, two of the most powerful instruments, I will not say of Art, but of Nature, for they were hers from birth, though few of our painters since the time of the Caracci appear to have known it. If I do not place your form and expression first, 'tis not that I undervalue them; they are both true and elevated; yet with all their grandeur and power, I should still hold you wanting in one essential, had you not thus infused the human emotion into the surrounding elements. This is the poetry of the art; the highest nature. There are hours when Nature may be said to hold intercourse with man, modifying his thoughts and feelings: when man re-acts, and in his turn bends her to his will, whether by words or colors, he becomes a poet. A vulgar painter may perhaps think your work unnatural; and it must be so to him who *sees only with his eyes*. But another kind of critic is required to understand our rapt Correggio, or even, in spite of his abortive forms, the Dutch Rembrandt."

The cavalier assists Monaldi with that

sort of aid which is no less necessary than criticism to success in art; he thus soon gains fortune and distinction, and is finally honored with a commission from the Pope.

Maldura, on leaving the seminary, goes to Florence, and, his patrimony being sufficient for his subsistence, he determines to win fame as a poet. Unlike his friend, however, he does not love his art for its own sake, but only for the sake of applause. He is well received among the literati, and elected very early a member of the Della Crusca Academy. All goes smoothly with him, till the production of his first long poem, to which he has devoted all his skill, and of the entire success of which he entertains no doubt. At last it is published; he waits, day after day, expecting to hear it praised, till at length, the Count Piccini, "a kind of talking gazette," details to him the manner of its reception at the conversazione. All had ridiculed it except Alfieri; he had said "nothing." Stung to the quick, but full of self-confidence, Maldura determines to have vengeance; and for that purpose he is now bent on gaining not only fame but literary power. He accordingly goes to Rome, and sets to work at a satire and a tragedy. The satire he sends to Florence under a feigned name; it is completely successful, and he regards its triumph as an earnest of the success of his tragedy. He now again mixes in society, which he had for a while abandoned. His manners and reputation for learning, procure him easy admittance to the best circles. Among other friendships, he acquires that of a distinguished advocate, Landi, with whose beautiful daughter, Rosalia, he falls in love. She rejects him, and soon after comes a death-blow to his ambition, from the manager at Florence, to whom he had sent his tragedy.

These double disappointments quench all his hopes and leave only his pride; he turns world-hater, retires to an unfrequented part of the city, and is soon forgotten.

About two years afterwards, Monaldi, being in Rome, accidentally meets his old friend, who reluctantly recognizes him, and, it being near his house, invites him in. Sitting at an upper window, overlooking the Campo Vaccino, they have a long conversation, from which Monaldi at length retires with the melancholy impression that

Maldura's brain is unsettled. The view from the window in this splendid chapter, though not above the general tone of the description, may be quoted as complete in itself:—

"The air was hot and close, and there was a thin yellow haze over the distance like that which precedes the sirocco; but the nearer objects were clear and distinct, and so bright that the eye could hardly rest on them without quivering, especially on the modern buildings, with their huge sweep of whited walls, and their red-tiled roofs, that lay burning in the sun, while the sharp, black shadows, which here and there seemed to indent the dazzling masses, might almost have been fancied the cinder-tracks of his fire. The streets of Rome, at no time very noisy, are for nothing more remarkable than, during the summer months, for their noontide stillness, the meridian heat being frequently so intense as to stop all business, driving everything within doors, with the proverbial exception of dogs and strangers. But even these might scarcely have withstood the present scorching atmosphere. It was now high noon, and the few straggling vine-dressers that were wont to stir in this secluded quarter, had already been driven under shelter; not a vestige of life was to be seen, not a bird on the wing, and so deep was the stillness that a solitary foot-fall might have filled the whole air. Neither was this stillness lessened by the presence of the two friends—for nothing so deepens silence as man at rest; they had both sat mutely gazing from the window, and apparently unconscious of the lapse of time, till the bell of a neighboring church warned them of it."

Monaldi had come to Rome to fulfil a commission from the Pope, who had ordered of him a companion picture to a Madonna of Rafaelle. He goes to see the Madonna, which is in a splendid private gallery of the best works of Roman and Venetian art. Here, although almost bewildered with delight, yet in passing a door at the end of the gallery, his eyes fall on an object to which every other immediately gives place.

"It was the form of a young female who was leaning, or rather bending, over the back of a chair, and reading. At first he saw only its general loveliness, and he gazed on it as on a more beautiful picture, till a slight movement suddenly gave it a new character—it was the quickening grace that gives life to symmetry. There is a charm in life which no pencil can reach—it thrilled him. But when he caught a glimpse of the half-averted face, the pearly



forehead, gleaming through clusters of black, glossy hair—the lustrous, intellectual line beneath, just seen through the half-closed eyelids—the tremulously-parted lips, and the almost visible soul that seemed to rush from them upon the page before her—even the wonders of his art appeared like idle mockeries.”

This is the same Rosalia Landi who had refused the addresses of Maldura. Her father, who is the owner of the collection, comes in just in time to relieve his daughter and the young artist from embarrassment. The conversation which ensues must not be wholly omitted.

“‘Nay,’ said Monaldi, ‘Rafaele is one whom criticism can affect but little either way. He speaks to the heart, a part of us that never mistakes a meaning; and they who have one to understand should ask nothing in liking him but the pleasure of sympathy.’”

“‘And yet there are many technical beauties,’ said the Advocate, ‘which an unpracticed eye needs to have pointed out.’”

“‘Yes—and faults, too,’ answered Monaldi; ‘but his execution makes only a small part of that by which he affects us. But had he even the color of Titian, or the magic chiar’ oscuro of Correggio, they would scarcely add to that sentient spirit with which our own communes. I have certainly seen more beautiful faces; we sometimes meet them in nature—faces to look at, and with pleasure—but not to think of like this. Besides, Rafaele does more than make us think of him; he makes us forget his deficiencies—or, rather, supply them.’”

“‘I think I understand you: when the heart is touched, but a hint is enough,’ said Rosalia.

“‘Aye,’ said the Advocate, smiling, ‘tis with pictures as with life; only bribe that invisible *finisher*, and we are sure to reach perfection. However, since there is no other human way to perfection of any kind, I do not see that it is unwise to allow the illusion—which certainly elevates us while it lasts; for we cannot have a sense of the perfect, though imaginary, while we admit ignoble thoughts.’”

“‘This is a great admission for you, sir,’ said Rosalia; ‘tis the best apology for romance I have heard.’”

“‘Is it? Well, child, then I have been romantic myself without knowing it.—But the picture before us—’”

“‘I could not forget it if I would,’ interrupted Monaldi, with excitement—‘that single-hearted, that ineffable look of love! yet so pure and passionless—so like what we may believe of the love of angels. It seems as if I had never before known the power of my art.’”

“As he spoke, his eyes unconsciously wandered to Rosalia. The charm was there; and his art was now as much indebted to the living

presence as a little before it had suffered from it.

“‘If one may judge from his works,’ said Rosalia, ‘Rafaele must have been a very amiable man.’”

“‘We have no reason to think otherwise,’ answered Monaldi. ‘He at least *knew how* to be so; if he was not, his self-reproach must have been no small punishment, if at all proportioned to his exquisite perception of moral beauty. But he was all you believe, according to the testimony of his cotemporaries, by whom he appears to have been as much beloved as admired.’”

“‘I could wish,’ said Rosalia, ‘that tradition had spared us either more or less of the great author of that Prophet;’—they had turned to a cartoon by Michael Angelo. ‘They say he was morose; and many affect to find in that the reason why he does not touch their hearts. Yet, I know not how it is, whether he stirs the heart or not, there is a *something* in his works that so lifts one above our present world, or at least, which so raises one above all ordinary emotions, that I never quit the Sistine Chapel without feeling it impossible to believe any charge to his discredit.’”

“‘Never believe it!’ said Monaldi, with energy. ‘He had too great a soul—too rapt for an unkind feeling. If he did not often sympathize with those about him, it was because he had but little in common with them. Not that he had less of passion, but more of the intellectual. His heart seems to have been so sublimated by his imagination that his too refined affections—I can almost believe—sought a higher sphere—even *that* in which the forms of his pencil seem to have had their birth; for they are neither men nor women—at least like us that walk the earth—but rather of a race which minds of a high order might call up when they think of the inhabitants of the planet Saturn. To some, perhaps, this may be jargon—but not *here*, I venture to hope.’ Rosalia bowed. ‘Nay, the eloquent confession I have just heard could not have been made had not the spell of Michael Angelo been understood as well as felt.’”

“‘You have assisted me to understand him better,’ said Rosalia, ‘and if I do, perhaps I might say, that he makes me think instead of feel. In other words, the effect is not mere sensation.’”

“Monaldi answered her only by a look, but one of such unmingled pleasure, as would have called up a blush, had not a similar feeling prevented her observing it. He felt as if he had been listening to the echoes of his own mind.

“‘Upon my word, Rosalia,’ said her father, ‘I did not know you were so much of a connoisseur; ’tis quite new to me, I assure you.’”

“Rosalia now blushed, for the compliment made her sensible of her enthusiasm, which now surprised herself: she could not recol-

lect that she had ever before felt so much excited.

"Nay, my dear, I am serious—and I need not say how pleased. How you have escaped the cant of the day I can't guess. 'Tis now the fashion to talk of Michael Angelo's extravagance, of his want of truth, and *what not*—as if truth were only in what we have *seen*! This matter-of-fact philosophy has infected the age. Let the artists look to it! They have already begun to quarrel with the Apollo—because the skin wants suppleness! But what is that? A mere technical defect. Then they cavil at the form—those exquisite proportions; and where would be his celestial lightness, his preternatural majesty without them? Signor Monaldi will forgive this strain: perhaps I should not hold it before an artist."

Monaldi presently retires, leaving the Advocate delighted with his visitor.

"——I can almost fancy that we have been talking with Rafaele. He has not disappointed you, I am sure."

"No," replied Rosalia, "on the contrary——" She felt provoked with herself that she could say nothing more."

After this interview, and a few subsequent visits at Landi's house, Monaldi thinks of nothing but Rosalia. He becomes nervous in her presence, and she is no less so in his. One evening they attempt to play a duet before the old upright piano, which has a mirror in the back; he lets fall his violin, and, with a stammered apology, something about indisposition, rushes out of the house. When he is gone, Landi asks for his favorite air, but Rosalia is unable to play aught that he recognizes. The next interview leads to a declaration, and, in short, it is not long before Monaldi and Rosalia are man and wife; and he now only desires to find his friend, as he feels assured that no melancholy could long withstand Rosalia's sympathy.

Maldura has gone to Sienna, to take possession of a large estate, left him by a rich relative; but this sudden accession of fortune works no change in his embittered heart. One evening, in a coffee-house, he overhears some one tell of the marriage of Monaldi, the great painter, to Rosalia Landi, daughter of the rich advocate.

From that moment his only purpose is *revenge*: to think that one whom he had always looked down upon, should be rich, honored, and above all, the husband of

her who had rejected himself, is inspiration to him. He rushes from the coffee-house, and though it is almost dark, mounts his horse and sets off, unattended, for Rome. Somewhat after nightfall, going up the mountains beyond Radicofani, he is stopped by a robber, in whom he recognizes the famous Count Fialto, the most notorious outlaw and libertine in Italy—infamous particularly for his power over the sex, and his numberless seductions. This man was sometimes tolerated by the gay cavaliers at Rome for his brilliant conversation and it was there Maldura had seen him. The story was, that he had even seduced a nun.

Maldura now tells him that he has need of his services, and money to pay for them. Fialto leads the way to a concealed cavern among the rocks, where they are met and waited on by a haggard and wasted woman whom the robber calls Marcellina, and who obeys him like a slave. Here Maldura unfolds his unholy scheme, which is to employ Fialto to make Monaldi jealous of his beautiful wife. But to secure himself, he ascertains, by suddenly mentioning the Inquisition, that Marcellina is the stolen nun: the life of each thus becomes the pledge of good faith.

They travel together towards Rome, always separating when they come to towns. At Viterbo Fialto sees Monaldi in the inn yard, and learns that he is on his way to Florence to attend to the putting up of a picture in some church; he will be away from home a fortnight at least, and his wife is not with him. That will give them time, and they therefore push on eagerly to take advantage of it.

Arrived in Rome, Maldura takes lodgings in a distant part of the city, while Fialto establishes himself near the painter's house, which he begins to seem to haunt—passing slowly up and down a dozen times a day, stealing glances at the windows, caracoling before it on a restiff horse, affecting to throw something from his pocket into the court-yard, and the like; all to excite the suspicions of the neighbors, so that when Monaldi returns, his arrival is noted among them with shrugs and winks, and one, Romero, a poor mosaic worker, whose shop is opposite, and who dislikes Monaldi, for not, as he thought, praising him enough, now vents

his spleen in dark inuendos. One day Monaldi going out, sees a man at his gateway, who draws down his hat and retreats; the next day he observes from a window the same person standing over by Romero's door, and conversing, apparently, by signs, with some one in his house. Who can he be? He rushes down to the street, but before he reaches it the man is gone. He observes him, also, many times after, always hanging about and avoiding him.

One evening, Landi and he go alone to the opera, Rosalia having declined on account of a headache. They are scarce seated when Landi points out a handsome cavalier in an opposite box. Monaldi looks and sees the *stranger*. "Who is he?" he inquires quickly.

"'Tis the notorious Count Fialto."

"Fialto!" repeated Monaldi.

"What makes you start so?" said Landi.

"N—nothing."

"But you are ill?"

"No, not at all," answered Monaldi, endeavoring to assume a cheerful look; "quite well, I assure you."

"I fear you labor too much," said Landi.

"Perhaps so. But go on; you were speaking of this Count."

Landi then enlarges upon the striking contrast of his noble countenance and his innumerable crimes, especially his sins against women. In the middle of the act, Monaldi observes a person bring him a letter, upon glancing at which, he hastily withdraws. But all is presently forgotten in the delightful music, till, on returning home alone, he perceives a man at his gateway; he steps under a lamp—the man passes quickly, and he sees that it is—Fialto. His heart sinks within him, and he stands in a bewildered revery, till suddenly the closing of a window above arouses him. He looks up and sees a light in his wife's chamber, and a female figure passing from the window.

For the first time, the poison takes deep hold. But his nature does not readily yield; it cannot be—his wife had merely retired early on account of her being unwell—that was all. He enters his house, and finds her sitting in the very room where he had left her.

"You are home early," observed Rosalia; "I hope you have been entertained."

"Perhaps too early," replied Monaldi, hesitating, and almost shuddering at the strangeness of his own voice. "You seem surprised. What if I should be so at finding you *here*?"

"Me? why so? Oh, I suppose you thought my headache would have sent me to bed. But it is quite gone off."

"Indeed! and pray—who has cured it?"

"The question seemed forced from him by torture, and his utterance was so thick that Rosalia asked what he said.

"Your headache. I asked who has cured it."

"Oh, my old doctor—nature."

"Rosalia!" said Monaldi.

"What? but what disturbs you?"

"Nay, what *should*?"

"I am sure I know not."

"If you know not—but I'm afraid you have passed but a dull evening *alone*."

"Oh, no, I have been amusing myself—if it may be called amusement to have one's flesh creep—with Dante. I had just finished the *Inferno* as you came in."

"As I came in? The *Inferno*, I must own, seems hardly a book of entertainment for a lady's bed-chamber."

"I don't understand you."

"Or will not."

"Dear husband!" said Rosalia, looking up with surprise, and a feeling as yet new to her, "you talk in riddles."

"Is it a riddle to ask why you should choose to read in your chamber? For *there you were* when I entered."

"Who, I? No, I have not been up stairs this evening."

"A lie!" groaned Monaldi, turning from her with an agony that would not be suppressed. "Oh, misery! 'tis then too—too—"

"A maid servant, at that instant, came in to tell her mistress, that as the night was damp, she had shut her chamber windows, though without orders.

"You have done well," said Rosalia.

"Thank God!" said Monaldi, as he heard this explanation. "Away—away, forever, infernal thoughts!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Oh, Monaldi, I am blessed above women!"

"And dost thou think so?"

"At least I know not how I could be happier. For what more could I ask, with such a husband?"

"Or I with such a wife? Amen! with my whole soul."

A few days after, Romero sends for Monaldi to give his opinion upon a miniature copy of a Magdalen by Guido, telling him it is ordered by his friend, the Count Fialto. Monaldi, surprised, denies that he has any acquaintance with the man. The

mosaic worker apologizes, saying that he took him to be his friend from seeing him come so frequently out of his dwelling—adding that he came to his shop oftener than *he* should relish, had he a pretty daughter, or—*wife*. Monaldi is almost stunned by this news, and has barely strength to reach his gateway, where, leaning against a pillar, he hears his wife singing a new polacca, the only air upon which their tastes disagreed; another time he would not have noticed it, but now—

“He turned for a moment towards the court of his house, then pressing his hand to his brain rushed from the gate. Whither he was going he knew not; yet it seemed as if motion gave him the power of enduring what he could not bear at rest; and he continued to traverse street after street, till, quitting the city, he had reached Ponte Molle, where, exhausted by heat and fatigue, he was at length compelled to stop.

“It was one of those evenings never to be forgotten by a painter—but one, too, which must come upon him in misery as a gorgeous mockery. The sun was yet up, and resting on the highest peak of a ridge of mountain-shaped clouds, that seemed to make a part of the distance; suddenly he disappeared, and the landscape was overspread with a cold, lurid hue; then, as if molten in a furnace, the fictitious mountains began to glow; in a moment more they tumbled asunder; in another he was seen again piercing their fragments, and darting his shafts to the remotest east, till, reaching the horizon, he appeared to recall them, and with a parting flash to wrap the whole heavens in flame.

“Monaldi groaned aloud. ‘No, thou art nothing to me now, thou glorious sun—nothing. To me thou art dead, buried—and forever,—in *her* darkness; *hers* whose own glory once made me to love thee.’—

—“A desolate vacancy now spread over him, and leaning over the bridge, he seemed to lose himself in the deepening gloom of the scene, till the black river that moved beneath him appeared almost a part of his mind, and its imageless waters but the visible current of his own dark thoughts.

—“The very sense of pain will soon force the faculties to return to their wonted action, to pursue again their plans of peace and hope. \* \* \* The intense longing for relief brought on a re-action. ‘No,’ said he, starting up, ‘some fiend has tempted me, and I have mocked myself with monsters only in my brain—she is pure—*she must be!*’”

He returns homeward, but as he crosses his threshold, and pauses for an instant to

collect his thoughts, with his hand upon the latch of the door of the ante-room, his wife, from within, mistaking him for a servant, bids him come in, and starts back with an exclamation of surprise when she sees it is he. This awakens his former despair; he thinks she has mistaken him for her gallant. His manner fills her with alarm.

“‘Dearest husband, oh, speak to me!’ said Rosalia, as soon as she could find words; ‘are you ill?’

“‘No.’

“‘Then why do you look so? Has anything happened?’

“‘Nothing.’

“‘Oh, do not say so; something must, or you would not be thus.’

“‘How thus?’

“‘As you never were before.’

“‘True, I never—pshaw—there’s nothing the matter; and I have told you I am very well.’

“‘Nothing!’—This was the first instance of reserve since their marriage. Rosalia felt its chill as from an actual blast, and her arms mechanically dropped by her side. ‘Ah, Monaldi! you have yet to know your wife. And yet I ought—I do honor your motive; you would spare her pain. But if you knew her heart, you would feel that your unkindest act would be to deny her the privilege of sharing your sufferings.’ \* \* \*

—“There is a certain tone—if once heard, and heard in the hour of love—which even the tongue that uttered it can never repeat, should its purpose be false. Monaldi heard it now; there was no resisting that breath from the heart; he felt its truth as it were vibrating through him, and he continued gazing on her till a sense of his injustice flushed him with shame. For a moment he covered his face; then turning gently towards her, ‘Rosalia,’ said he, in a softened accent—but his emotion prevented his proceeding.

“‘Speak, my dear husband, and tell me that you think me not unworthy to be *one* with you in sorrow.’

—“‘My wife! thou art indeed my own!’ said Monaldi, clasping her to his bosom. ‘Oh, what a face is this! How poor a veil would it be to anything evil. Falsehood could not hide there.’ Then quitting her for a moment, he walked up the room. ‘I have read her every thought,’ said he to himself; ‘had they been pebbles at the bottom of a clear stream, they could not have been more distinct. With such a face she cannot be false.’ As he said this, an expression of joy lighted up his features, and he turned again to his wife. There needed not a word to interpret his look;—she sprang forward, and his arms again opened to receive her.



" 'My own Monaldi!' said the happy Rosalia."

She still presses him to unfold the cause of his agitation, and finally he begins to say that it was owing to something he had learnt respecting the baseness of a person in whom he had once felt an interest, but she interrupts him:—

" 'No more,' she said; 'tis enough for me to know that calamity has spared you. Besides, I have no woman's curiosity; or if I have, a friend's misdeed is best buried in silence; 'tis a cause of sorrow into which a wife even may not with delicacy pry.'

"He took her hand without making any answer.

"One day back this sentiment would hardly have struck him; it would have entered his mind only as a part of the harmonious whole which made her character; now it came contrasted with his own dissimulation, and he thought, as he looked on her, that he had never before felt the full majesty of her soul.

"The meaning of his eyes was felt at her heart, and the blushing wife hid her face in his bosom; for, whether maid or wife, a blush is the last grace that forsakes a pure woman; 'tis the abiding hue with her nature; and never is it seen so truly feminine as when, like hers, it reveals the consciousness of merited praise."

But in the midst of this a loud ringing is heard at the door, and presently a servant comes in to say that a person had inquired for Monaldi, but on being told he was at home, had said it was no matter, and went away. This raises again the devil in the husband's breast that his wife's unconscious innocence had just laid. He becomes half frantic, and, in spite of her utmost tenderness, he puts her to the test by naming Fialto, and fiercely recounting a story of a wrong, similar to what he fancies is his own, committed by this man—how he had fixed his eye on a painter's wife—how she would not go to the theatre one evening—"perhaps she pleaded a *headache*,"—how the painter saw Fialto leave the box, and so on—looking into her eyes at every particular as though he would read her soul. Poor Rosalia at first thinks he is crazy, but as he approaches the end of the tale, a light breaks upon her, and she confounds him utterly by saying she understands it all, and no longer wonders at his emotion—the unfortunate husband must be his *friend*.

" 'Ah,' said Rosalia, with a melancholy smile, 'that same imagination would be a fearful master over such a heart as yours!'

" 'Never can it become so,' said Monaldi, kissing her forehead; 'never while my heart clings to such a reality. Look on me, Rosalia. Oh, how beautiful is Truth when it looks out from the eyes of a pure woman! Such, if ever visible, should be its image—the present shadowing of that hallowed harmony which the soul shall hereafter know in substance.'

" 'My husband!' Rosalia could say no more.

"The night now closed upon them, and they sunk to sleep with hearts too full for another wish."

After this Monaldi is master of his suspicions for nearly a month, during which time nothing occurs to excite them afresh. But at length, the evening before he intends to visit Genezzano on business, and be away a day and night from home, Fialto suddenly meets him under his gateway, and thrusts a letter and money into his hand, addressing him as Giuseppe, his servant. The letter is addressed to Rosalia, and purports to be in answer to one from her; it alludes to a meeting while her husband was at the theatre, and agrees to another at twelve the next night. This was Fialto's plan: having corrupted Antonio, one of Monaldi's household, he learns that he was expected to be away that night; by delivering such a letter in such a way, he knows very well that jealousy will bring him home at the hour of the assignation; meantime, through Antonio, he will himself contrive to be caught in Rosalia's bed-chamber, whence he can easily escape, by having a rope ladder ready from the window, and a spy in the street who shall whistle a certain air when Monaldi enters the house.

And so it falls out. The letter convinces Monaldi of his wife's perfidy; yet he will not act without the very last proof of guilt. He dissembles and pretends to leave for Genezzano, but returns at twelve. Fialto, warned of his approach, roughly wakens Rosalia, whose beauty as she lay sleeping almost turns him from his purpose, and leaps from the window just as Monaldi bursts into the room. The frightened Rosalia, supposing her husband to be a robber, throws herself at his feet crying mercy, and is met by his dagger in her bosom.

In the terrible scene which follows, she begs to know why he has done this, till she faints—he urging her to confess, stanches the wound to give her time to repent—she revives—he shows her the letter—she reads it, and prays Heaven to spare him when he shall know the truth—alas! her love manifests it already, and he rushes forth distracted, even while her eyes are closing.

We will hasten rapidly to the end of the tale, for there is no greater injustice to an author than to present extracts from the most passionate parts of his story, or dull the edge of the reader's curiosity by a dry and minute skeleton of his plot.

Fialto meets Maldura that very night, and receives the reward of his villany. Maldura too begins to taste the wages of sin in an overwhelming sense of self-condemnation. Rosalia is soon discovered by the frightened servants; the old house-keeper finding her still warm, sends for a surgeon, who pronounces the wound not mortal; she is enjoined not to speak—not even to inquire for her husband; days and weeks pass by, and she slowly recovers. When Maldura hears of her recovery, it takes somewhat from his great agony of remorse. But he had still blasted Monaldi's peace—perhaps his life—for Monaldi has been searched for in vain ever since the dreadful night. Hence he is still loaded with guilt, and can only avoid himself by mixing in the world and travelling from city to city.

At length, losing his way in the country near Naples, he spies a hut among the ruins of an ancient tomb: there he finds Monaldi, a wretched maniac. He causes him to be conveyed to the nearest village and procures aid, and himself attends him till at length he is restored and hears that Rosalia lives. (Rosalia and Landi had been sent for meanwhile, and await the physician's permission to see him.) But in the same conversation that Maldura, whom he still looks upon as his old friend, tells him of his wife's recovery, he manifests so much gratitude that Maldura is overpowered by the might of conscience, that will not be relieved till he has confessed all his guilt; and this he does with such an impetuous torrent of self-reproach that it kindles again the fire in Monaldi's brain, so that when Rosalia and her father

are brought in expecting to find him sane, they behold only a shrieking madman.

From this time he becomes incurably insane, generally sitting motionless with his eyes riveted to one spot for days together, except when he hears the voice of his wife, which always throws him into a paroxysm of raving. It is after one of these paroxysms that, without speaking to any one, he is seen to go into his painting room; he continues to do so month after month, till he finishes the picture described in the introduction. He then disappears for more than a year, and is finally found in the cottage where the traveller has seen him, whence no entreaty will induce him to depart. Rosalia, to be near him, becomes a boarder at a neighboring convent.

Maldura's repentance is sincere; he becomes a brother of this convent, and dies there two years before the traveller's visit, having procured the picture to be near him, that he might be always reminded what a mind he had blasted.

This is the sum of the manuscript given by the Prior to the traveller. Two days after the venerable father calls him to attend the death-bed of Monaldi, to whose closing hours Heaven has mercifully granted an interval of reason. He there sees Rosalia kneeling by her husband's bedside, and the solemn scene which follows finishes, as with a sublime hymn, the tragic drama of their love and sorrow.

We would not have the reader suppose that such a synopsis, and the scattered extracts it contains, can convey a true idea of this affecting story; but this may nevertheless serve to enable us to interest him in a few observations naturally suggested by it; and, which will be much better, they may excite his curiosity to read it. Indeed, if we were certain it would produce the latter effect, we had rather quit the subject here, and leave the book to the opinions of ladies and scholars; for it is not easy to analyze beauties and point out particular excellencies in works which we love as wholes. Just as lovers are unable to tell what separate feature or attribute of form or motion, most warms their hearts in gazing on their mistresses, whether it be the jetty ringlet, the ruby lip, the sparkling eye, the rosy smile, the graceful gesture, or the silvery voice; so it is with books which touch the same 'invisible fin-

isher : it is not the style alone, the language, the thought, the fancy, or the passion, but the general character, compounded of all these and speaking through them, as the soul of the lover's mistress speaks to him through her charms, that reaches the depth of sympathy. Monaldi is to be loved, in brief, it may be said, because it is a delightful old-fashioned tale, full of reflection, observation, philosophy, character, pictures, true affection—all excellent qualities ; because it charms the reader and draws him onward, so that when it is begun it presses to be gone through with ; because it takes him into a new and beautiful region, a modification of one that was already familiar, a peculiar Italy, wherein the real and the romantic are brought into actual harmonious contact ; because it is told in a pure simple style, that often rises to the most passionate eloquence ; because Rosalia is so lovely and so truly intellectual a lady ; or to sum up all in one, as Beatrix does her love to Benedict, "for all these bad parts together," or simply because not to like it is impossible.

It may readily be conceived why such a tale should be neglected by the novel-readers of to-day, who only read Mr. Bulwer for excitement, Mr. James out of habit, and Madame Sand for reasons not to be understood : for all such readers, Monaldi is too broadly based on common sense and right thinking ; its passion is too lofty and real ; it is altogether too quietly wrought, the coloring is too rich and delicate, the tone too deep. It is like a fine old painting, that might hang for years in a row of French daubs and attract no eye-glasses, tin-tubes, or parvenu ecstasies.

But there must be many readers who are better capable of understanding and relishing what is good in novels and tales, and who will be glad to discover one that has food in it. There must be many who were great lovers of good stories in early youth, but have long since, they fancy, exhausted that department so as to be unable to find anything they can read. Some remember Godwin, others Scott, and they have a few old favorites among these, and one or two others, which, for want of newer, they content themselves with re-reading at long intervals. To such as these, our article is especially addressed ; and to them we would commend Monaldi

as an *unique* in our literature—a short story of love, ambition, revenge, and jealousy, highly dramatic and picturesque, yet embodying thought enough to give it rank with *Rasselas* or any similar production in the language. Though written in the form of a tale, it has all the condensation of a tragedy ; every page hurries along the action, and every page teems also with suggestive reflection. Its style is pure, and finished with the most extreme care ; yet it is also perfectly natural and easy.

There is never a word out of place, or a word too much, and yet it flows with a delicious music, that changes with the passion, as it could only have changed under the guidance of natural emotion. It has a peculiar rhythm, and though it is so admirably sustained that the ear soon becomes quite unconscious it is following aught but the accent of the simplest prose which could be written, yet any judge of style will see that this needs more care to restrain it within its required limits than the poetry of such a writer as Tennyson for example, or any who pitch their work upon a level admitting the most astonishing incongruities of expression. Refinement shows itself no less in style than in thought and mode of treatment ; the soul of a true artist manifests itself in all that it does ; and its sensitive discrimination is as evident in its manner of expression as in its course of thought and fancy. Some writers at the present time, in despair seemingly of expressing themselves in a style sufficiently nice for their over-nice conceits, abandon the attempt, and put on the mask of some strange affectation. Carlyle formerly, in the *Life of Schiller*, and other things, wrote in a very careful rhetorical style ; but it was a cold one, and finding that he had not the time to be so elaborate, and not having the manliness to be natural, he determined, in the true spirit of a wrong-headed misanthrope, to attempt to please the world no more, but thenceforth to defy custom and be independent. Among our writers of less strength of intellect than he, how many we have who have followed the same course ! In poetry, we have abundant examples among our transcendental minnows on both sides the water. In prose, we have our Jerrolds, and nearer home,

our regular manufacturers of base coin, who make a trade of passing counterfeit good writing.

Indeed, we have so many such, and the general vice of carelessness in style so affects our hasty-writing age, that the very purity and neatness of the style of Monaldi will at first appear so striking as to seem strained and obtrusive. Yet if we turn suddenly from several weeks of the ordinary current of newspapers and other such writing of the hour, which every one reads, (except those whose necessities oblige them to write it,) to the pages of any of our prose classics, Addison or Goldsmith for example, the same effect will be perceived. The first impression of a pure style is therefore, under such circumstances, no sure test. We must go on at first with an effort, till we become lost in the author; and if we can become so lost, and at the same time still have the consciousness of a pure and graceful flow of expression ever present with us, harmonizing with, not obstructing, the growth of emotion, is not this a higher enjoyment than to lose all consciousness of style whatever? It of course must be; for it is bringing into play another faculty of our nature; pleasing, not lulling, the critical discernment, while the imagination pursues her lofty flight; it is directing our air voyage over a diversified champaign, rather than over a desolate sea, or a region of shapeless clouds.

But the style of Monaldi, though pure, is not rigid; it bends to the story, and this shows how naturally it must have been written. In the opening chapters, it is quiet and reflective, suited to the tone of the thoughtful character-drawing with which the piece commences; as it goes on, we have a vivid epigrammatic dialogue; then the most passionate scenes, all built upon the original reflective back-ground, which is ever coming in, like a prevailing harmony, to sustain the unity of the tone. Finally, nothing can be finer for harmony of style with the thought and with its previous level, than the conclusion. There, where there was so much temptation to be falsely eloquent, the author has so resolutely preserved the dominant tone, that the very melody of the sentences almost gives an effect that we are approaching a concluding harmony; the end begins to

be felt a long way off, and at last it dies away with the lofty grandeur of an old Handelian cadence. How far this effect is to be attributed to the pure style, as apart from thought, it is not necessary to ask ourselves, since if the style had not much to do with it, and did not much assist the other, the effect could not be so complete. This conclusion is certainly one of the finest instances of the power of natural reserve in the language.

How admirably suited is this simple, pure, and elevated style, to the tone and passion! We can fancy that a superficial reader of trash should take up the book, and after running over a page or two, throw it, with a flippant sneer at its "purism;" there is a great variety of readers among the educated as well as uneducated, who are not at all *up* to the appreciation of such writing and such thinking, not from any fault of theirs, but because the providence of Heaven did not furnish them with the requisite susceptibility. For all such, Monaldi will be too "*slow*" a book; they will want something more dashy and steaming; they will require stories where the passion overpowers the judgment, and sometimes runs riot with the intellect, in order to be stirred up thoroughly; they cannot conceive a mind so constituted that it shall take on, in the production of a work of art, a higher life *through its whole substance*—in its reason, its apprehension, its invention, its emotion, its consciousness.

But there is a smaller class who can relish all forms of art, from simple fairy stories, where the eye only is amused with pictures, to lofty tragedies, like Hamlet or Macbeth, where the whole soul is brought into activity, and made to experience, as Coleridge says, "a sense of its possible greatness."

These will not fail to be delighted with the beautiful *consentaneousness* of the style and thought, particularly in the opening chapters of Monaldi. The extracts we have given may be sufficient to make this excellence somewhat apparent; but in the entire book it is one of the most striking qualities, and shows how perfectly natural is the purity and restrained elegance of diction which the lovers of a showy rhetoric will be ready to cavil at. For, as the style is elevated, pure, and simple, so is



the thought; we refer to the abstract, dry light, the naked offspring of the intellect. There is not a page that is not laden with observations which seem to be the last fruit of experience. Observe the introduction of the two characters in the opening chapter: there is more genuine truth evolved in those few paragraphs, than would furnish forth a whole swarm of our modern waterflies, "spacious in the possession of dirt"—our transcendental literary Osrics, who only "get the tune of the time, and the outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through the most fanned and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out." Yet there is no affectation of profundity in Monaldi; not a thought which does not strike the mind as so simple and obvious, it seems wonderful that it should not have been so expressed before. We read with a constant assent, ever unconsciously murmuring, "How true!" When we bring the crude and formless metaphysics of such writers as George Sand and Bulwer upon the retina of the fancy, at the same moment with this true philosophy, their impression is so faint and evanescent, it does not in the least affect its previous image; they do not obstruct the radiance of such thinking any more than the substance of a comet hides the light of the sun. For here we see that the purpose is not display, but an earnest impulse to know the truth and hold it fast. This quality of character, joined to a sensitive organization, leads its possessor, through observation and reflection, to great ultimate truths, which are real discoveries. And these discoveries, when they are original, are expressed in such a way as they never can be when they are acquired; the writer speaks with a guardedness of phraseology and a positive assurance of tone which shows that he has thought the matter over and over, held it in his mind, carefully considered it, applied it in practice, and watched its operation; in short, that it is a *part of himself* and not a mere excursion of his thinking faculty, or a flow of conventional ideas. This is the individualization of thinking. This is original thought. This is the fruit of life treasured and given to the world.

And the result of all such thinking is,

that we come back to old, common, and universal views of human nature, with refreshed and clearer insight. Hence all the great artists and thinkers dwell forever among great solemn truths, the same that were known ages ago, but which they, each one, discern afresh, with a vision so keen that they cause others to fancy they see them also, and thus hold them forever in the world's eye. The superficial artists and thinkers fly off into unclassified species and singularities, and cannot dilate themselves to a comprehension of what is grand and eternal—their little optics will not contain so wide a field of vision.

Hence there are many well-disposed persons and very fair judges of every-day books, who will not be able to discover the excellence of the thought in Monaldi. Just as the style will seem to some too still and careful, so to these, the reflections will appear too obvious and not sufficiently fine. They will stumble upon ideas that never entered their minds before, but which come in so naturally that they will fancy them to be familiar visitors; others which they may see are new, will yet appear so easy that they will not deem them worthy of respect; in a word, they will not be able to appreciate the thinking they will meet with here, because they will not be able to lift themselves up to it. As when among a party of grasping and cajoling speculators, comes in a gentleman of refinement and reserve, they fancy he is afraid of them—and even the women often thus despise one who could devour forty thousand of their husbands and brothers while waiting for his breakfast—so when the thoughts of such an one are spread on paper, there are coarse, vain, weak heads enough to smile and say to themselves, "This is harmless stuff!"

The truth is, there is a great majority of minds in the world who never can understand anything but hard knocks; that is the reason we are obliged to take so much pains with our laws, and our constitutions, to keep them in order. All these cannot appreciate any kind of art, let them try ever so much; they can only know what is told them: they have not the *art sense*. How many such can any artist call before his mind's eye! The conceited newspaper critic, who treats you as an inferior all the while you are making a butt

of him ; the solemn doctor of divinity, who sits at a concert and nods approval, while the artists are whispering what hollow brass he is, under his very nose ! Society is full of such examples ; and a sensitive man who has the humble soul of a true artist must be prepared to meet "the spurs that patient merit of the unworthy takes," with a cheerful fortitude that looks within for its reward. A great, pure soul, that was born a worshipper of truth, is as much alone in the moiled rabble of the common world, as if it had dropped from some planet nearer the sun.

We have often fancied that if the whole range of thought were gone over, of which the mind is capable, and all thoughts considered with reference to their origin—that then we might arrive at some simple originals, fewer in number than the material elements, which should contain the germs and roots of them all. Thus the plain view of human character and motive set forth in the Holy Scriptures might be seen to be not only true, but the most profound that can be taken ; and those torsos of ancient ballads, which abound in all literatures, might be seen to have survived the wrack of time, not by the result of accident, but from their originating in greatness and being thence adapted to the highest as well as lowest conditions of being. For it is as much as the most honest and earnest seeker after truth can do, to conquer the downward inclination to profundity, and when we consider how many there are who have no scruples, but are ever anxiously endeavoring to astonish their fellows in this wise, what wonder is it that generation after generation should be kept wandering in dark mazes and crooked ways, when, if they would but look upward, they might walk in the direct beams of the eternal sun ! If one could experience *all*, could go through all the joys, sorrows, love, hope, grief—all that ever was, or can be suffered, and come out of it with a still unblenched resolution, what ideas, what forms of thought and expression, may we suppose such an one would use in addressing his race—supposing his memory perfect and his mind capable of grasping and rending asunder the veil of his spirit ? What could he say more than, "I have lived ; I have lain down and gat me up day by day ; I have eaten and drank ; I have loved and

been beloved, have hated and taken revenge ; hope deserted me, then came resolution ; stung by the world's injustice, I turned at bay, and made me a name among men ; now I have found no rest, and I am willing to give up my life, for I believe in the mercy of Heaven." But each particular of his experience he would communicate in a large, simple, comprehensive way, that would include all varieties of its kind, and hence would be intelligible to every living being. This would certainly be as great thinking as can be conceived. And still if such an individual were to arise and address the world in that manner, we cannot suppose that he would be understood and revered as a teacher. No—not for years. The crowd would still move on, amusing itself with metaphysical bubbles, while the prophet would only have credit for attempting to teach it what it knew already.

We have quoted largely from those parts of Monaldi which contain criticism of painting, not only because anything on that subject from its author must be read with interest, but more for their evident intrinsic merit. The criticism is of that sort which sinks into the mind and is never forgotten. There is hardly a technical word in it, but yet it goes at once to the very root of the matter. It deserves to be treasured along with Mozart's humorous oracular decisions in music.\* Still there is nothing in it hard to be understood, and any reader who does not comprehend its main purport at a glance, may rest assured he never will ; he may feel its truth in a higher and wider sense as he lives on and grows in experience, but the essence of the distinctions is as manifest in a moment as they ever can be. For they are great simple truths, as obvious as the pres-

\* For example :—"Your symphony is too much crowded, and to hear it partially or piecemeal, would be, by your permission, like beholding an ant hill. I mean to say as if Eppe, the devil, were in it. Some compose fairly enough with other people's ideas, not possessing any themselves ; others, who have ideas of their own, do not understand how to treat and master them. The last is your case ; only do not be angry, pray ! But your song has a beautiful cantabile and your dear Fraenzl ought to sing it very often to you, which I should like as much to see as to hear. The coda of the minuet may well clatter or tinkle, but it will never produce music ; *sapienti sat*. I am not very expert at writing on such subjects ; I rather show at once how it ought to be done." *Letter to the Baron V—*.

ence of matter, and at the same time as little considered. Superficial thinkers who read them will say to themselves, "It needed no ghost to tell us that!" but the truly discerning will value them as the exponents of the artist's character and purposes. Those who have hearts themselves will need no panegyrist to point to the greatness or the value to art, of those few sentences about the divine Rafaele; but there are a sort who will prefer to fancy themselves wiser by reading long pages of technicalities, that never come to the purpose. Mr. Jenkinson, in the Vicar of Wakefield, instructs George how to make a figure among connoisseurs of this calibre: "You will do very well if you observe two rules: always remark that the picture would have been better if the artist had taken more pains, and secondly, always praise the works of Pietro Perugino."

Had only the principles which might be deduced from the few passages respecting painting, in the opening chapters of this story, (we have not quoted half of them,) been brought out, illustrated, *invested*, with the care a person would have used toward them to whom they were his whole stock in trade, we should have had volumes instead of paragraphs. But the author of Monaldi was too rich in ideas of his art, and its works, to care to husband his thoughts; neither could he be profuse or ostentatious in the display of them. He simply introduces them because they are essential to the development of his ideal character, whom he, naturally enough, made a painter. And the result is, that they are in reality far more effective than they could have been in the garb of formal criticism.

For they come to us under the modifying influences of the author's imaginative power. That is to say, the tone and keeping of the tale, the expression which seems to clothe the face of him who is all through talking with us, his character as here written down, gives a force and meaning to his words which otherwise they could not have. We know better how Rafaele must have appeared to him, from the manifestation he has given of himself. We learn to see with his eyes. Hence this tale is fuller of instruction for artists than a cold, ill-natured, or low-minded book could possibly be, though it were stuffed

with acuteness and technical learning. The lustre of the painter's radiant soul shines over it; the silent power of his imagination bears us along with him through a more noble and refined life, than we could venture to image to ourselves in this dusty road of ordinary existence. We rise from reading him with a feeling that the old boyish notion of a *gentleman* was not so wholly absurd as the bad world would make us believe. We feel our confidence refreshed, the manly pride invigorated, the resolution established. Come not near us now, thou dark phantom of Care, nor you, ye bitter mockeries of the Past! For here is a charm, that is proof against your most deadly influences—the impierceable armor of the spirit of youth. We feel as we read, that the glory and the dream *shall not* pass away; and that, though we have fallen, yet will we not be utterly cast down, for underneath this gloomy, actual day, there is a greener earth and a serener heaven, where souls who have tasted the fern seed of high conceits, may walk invisible, apart from their muddy vesture of decay!

And what is most excellent in the imagined phase in which this work is conceived and wrought, is that it is not a condition put on, or with difficulty assumed, and widely differing from the writer's actual state, but it seems a part of his *real life*. He must have passed his days in the habit of thinking and feeling he here exhibits as author. For so, and not otherwise, could he have attained this peculiar, marked, simple elegance of style, thought, and tone, upon which we have been commenting. His daily walk and conversation could not have been far below the level of this volume—lofty and pure as it is. Had it been so, we should have had a greater impetuosity and less certainty; we should not have had more of a tendency to fine bursts and relapses, and less perfection in every part. The fire of genius, instead of burning with a steady glow, would have now flamed up, now died away into a fitful glimmer.

But there are many observers who cannot see any fire except that which is wrathfully blazing. They judge of genius by the immediate difficulties it overcomes, and think that alone powerful which bears up its possessors for short periods with

violent throes. Now we should remember that it is not the birds who fly highest that make the most flapping. The bird of our country, whom our poets and artists ought to imitate, measures whole territories without stirring a pinion. His home is in the upper region, and frequently he sails supreme so near the sun that our dull eyes can no more behold him.

Is not this rather the most powerful genius, that can bear up its possessor so that his ideal shall pervade his whole being, and he thus shall come to be the actual embodiment of his own high fancies, and shall address us with the simple humility of one who has unconsciously taken on refinement till it has become a part of his very self? Milton evidently thought so, when he says that for one to write a great epic, his life ought also to be a true poem. And that this is so with all great poets and artists, the meagre accounts we get of them out of their works very plainly show. They are men translated, and speak to us out of the heaven to which their high imagination has raised them. The smaller ones, with whom the vulgar have more sympathy, inasmuch as they think they could easily imitate them, do but flutter up a little to hear the cackling beneath them, and soon cease to be remembered as phenomena.

The same mental constitution, or genius, which guided the author in his taste, and gave him the power of combining so great a carefulness in style and thought, and raised his whole being into a life so fraught with delicacy, tenderness and elegance, as well as abounding in strength, impelled him also in his choice of characters, and in the manner of their development. Never were ideal personages more vividly set before us; and yet their qualities are brought out in such a way that it is a philosophical study to examine the drawings. The author is so constantly pointing out the secret springs of their actions, that we are made acquainted, not with the surface merely, their obvious purposes and doings, but with the motives which lie concealed from their own consciousness, so that we read them inside and out; and as a nice observer may see a little of the Hamlet in all of Shakspeare's high characters, in Prospero, Richard the Third, Macbeth, Henry the Fifth, etc., so

here we may see that the principal persons all bear the reflective tinge—enough to place them far above melodrama, and give them no mean position among the best productions of the highest and most rarely successful style of character-painting.

The same characteristics of the artist appear also in the characters themselves, considered as living beings. Love and gentleness shed a benign influence over all of them. Even the wretch Fialto shows pangs of remorse enough to make us pity him, (as Burns pities the "deil;") Maldura repents—indeed, he is in many respects so large-minded and noble, that, bad as he is, we never quite lose a respect for him; Landi is a kind father; Monaldi, though overflowing with impulse, and sensitive to the very motion of the air, bears up for a long while against proofs to which a small soul would have yielded at once, and commands our sympathy longer than Othello does in reading the play, or seeing it with the part of Desdemona a little brought forward, in the hands of a good actress. But what shall be said of Rosalia? Truly, she is "blest above women,"—in fiction at least—for never was there brought before the vision a more perfect picture of a loving wife; never were the girl and the matron so harmoniously combined; never was there created in all the pages of novels and poems, a more charming lady. And yet she is not like any other in the glorious sisterhood. She is an individual, as much as though she had actual being. In brief, she is so truly present to the fancy, and inspires such a feeling, that (all epithets being too poor) it seems most decorous to "let expressive silence muse her praise." She was a most dear lady, but now she is a saint in heaven!

We suspect it was originally intended by the author that her husband should kill her, but that when he came to that place he had not the heart to let him do it, though, perhaps, it had been happier for her, in the end, had they done so. He tries in vain to bring them together after the murderous attempt; but with such natures, could Monaldi's reason have been spared, a re-union could hardly have been happy; there would always be the terrible recollection, and of two such hearts, each would always be borrowing sorrow on ac-



count of the other. The tale ends, therefore, in the only way it could have ended, as pure tragedy; but yet in that lofty walk of tragedy where a faith in Christianity supplies the place of poetic justice—where the characters do not lie down in death under a pall of unmingled woe, but ascend to the skies, and are seen beyond the dark river, passing upward to the gates of paradise.

So concludes this beautiful story, of which we have here spoken in the fullness of affection, partly to introduce to our readers a work which (if it be in print) many of them will read with great delight, and no less to do some reverence to a book which every American lover of good literature may justly refer to with peculiar pride.

G. W. P.

## F A M E.

SHADE of a sound, of nothing bred,  
In tongues of fools and weakling brains,  
For thee seek we a gory bed,—  
Endure for thee a martyr's pains,—  
For thee, peace, freedom, life, resign?—  
What price, O Fame, for these is thine?

Envy; the soul's advantage lost;  
Drear nights, and over-wearied days;  
Invention in long torment tost;  
False blame, and undeserved praise;  
Hate, from the bad, and, from the good,  
The doom—to be misunderstood.

Then why this restless, ceaseless toil?  
Since well the vain effect appears!  
Why gifts abuse, and pleasures spoil,  
To reap but anguish, darkness, tears?  
'Tis Fame deludes; her subtle fire  
Fills all the breast with false desire.

Just as, for torments long endured,  
The wooer wins but bitter sweet,  
And hates the hour his frenzy cured,  
When all his dreams fruition meet;—  
So hates my soul her long-sought praise;  
Her saddest times are harvest days.

## LAMARTINE'S GIRONDINS.\*

THE work, the title of which is prefixed to this article, has attracted much notice in Europe, as embodying the opinions of a man of acknowledged genius, on a subject of great and lasting interest. M. De Lamartine offers his book to the public, not as a complete history of the events he relates, but as a sketch in which some of the causes and effects of the French Revolution are rapidly developed; and the particular agency of a small, but powerful party, in the struggle of a nation for its rights, forms the chief subject of investigation. "This recital," says the author, "has none of the pretensions of history, and should not affect its gravity." We own we do not see much reason for this disclaimer: M. De Lamartine's work, as far as it extends, is a *history* in the fullest sense of the word; men and events are drawn, not with the indistinctness of outline and expression which marks a mere sketch, but with the lights and shadows of a finished picture. Every material circumstance, from the flight of the King to the fall of Robespierre, finds its place in this record; and each prominent individual, from Mirabeau to Marat, is portrayed with vigor and seeming truth. The style, though brilliant, is occasionally clouded by metaphysical subtleties; it partakes, too, of that *dramatic* character, which may sometimes lead to the substitution of fiction for fact, but has always the merit of keeping the reader's attention alive, and of imparting to the narrative an interest that seldom flags.

Though M. De Lamartine disclaims for his work the dignity of historical character, it is certainly not with the view of escaping the responsibility of the historian. He has not burthened his work with references to authorities; neither appendix, nor notes, reveal the sources of his information; but he pledges his word, that he has

put nothing on record for which he cannot quote both chapter and verse, and if the *truth* of his statements be assailed, professes his willingness to defend it. It would have been better, wherever he differs from his predecessors in matters of fact, to have assigned at once the grounds of that difference. The instances cannot be so numerous or important, as to have much impeded the march of the narrative. Another error which, with due respect be it written, he seems to us to have committed, is the introduction in his book of matter which, though not adventitious, yet might better have been reserved for utterance on another occasion. He is now engaged in the history of the Constituent Assembly, a work in which his just and philosophic view of the influence of Voltaire and Rousseau on the spirit of their age, would appear, certainly, with more propriety.

The death of Mirabeau has been selected by the author, as the starting point of his story. This extraordinary man, notwithstanding his private vices, had in public life an integrity of purpose, which, united with his genius, might have enabled him to secure two objects apparently incompatible—the freedom of the people, and the authority of the crown. The correspondence found in the iron chest at the Tuilleries, proves, that he had pledged himself to the King, so to direct the current of revolutionary opinion, as to preserve to the throne its due share of political influence; but by what means he would have executed this purpose, must be left to conjecture. Mirabeau was not likely to miscalculate his strength: no man of his time possessed in an equal degree the faculty of lifting the veil from the face of the future, nor was there one among the statesmen of that age, who, like him, could mould circumstances to his will, and "pluck safety out of dan-

\* *Histoire des Girondins.* Par A. DE LAMARTINE. Paris, 1847.

*History of the Girondins, or Personal Memoirs of the Patriots of the French Revolution.* From unpublished sources. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. Translated by H. J. Hyde. 3 vols. 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1847.

ger." His last words prove that he distinctly foresaw, that at his death, France would become the prey of factious fury, and firmly believed, that had his life been spared he could have averted the evil. On this subject, M. De Lamartine is a skeptic, and his doubts rest on the fact, that as far as they are known, the means relied on by Mirabeau seem disproportioned to the end proposed. This may be,—yet the whole current of the world's story shows, that great effects arise from trifling causes; and we learn from the very narrative before us, that on more than one occasion, the Revolution might have been essentially modified by the action of a single determined will.

It was a part of Mirabeau's project, that the King should leave Paris secretly, join De Bouillé's army, and put himself in a position to negotiate on equal terms with his refractory subjects, while the orator himself should remain in the capital, and so operate on the fears and hopes of the National Assembly, as to promote a re-establishment of law and order on a basis too solid to be afterwards shaken. The plan was feasible, yet before it could be executed, he who gave it was carried to the grave, and the King forced to seek counsel and assistance from men who could bring nought to his service, save personal courage and devotion. The project of a flight was, however, adhered to; and on the 20th of June, 1791, the royal family, eluding the guards at the palace, set forth on its adventurous journey. Ill-combined movements on the part of the Marquis De Bouillé, together with the concurrence of fortuitous events, led to the failure of this attempt. Louis was arrested at Varrennes, and carried back to Paris—a sovereign, yet a prisoner. It was then, that for the first time, the word "Republic" was spoken—not by the National Assembly, for a majority of its members still clung to the constitution they had created—but by the Cordeliers and Jacobins, two political clubs, which, even at this date, may be said to have governed France, since in their bosom were engendered those doctrines which, through the medium of affiliated societies, were soon spread and adopted in every quarter of the kingdom.

The National Assembly was, at this period, divided into three parties: the *Monarchists*, who blindly clung to old abuses,

and thoroughly detested the Revolution and its works; the *Constitutionalists*, who, full of faith in the newly formed government, wished for this thing of their making a length of life proportioned to its supposed excellence; and the *Republicans*, few in number, but ardent in temper, who saw in what had been done only a ground-work for further change, and looked to time and exertion for the realization of their hopes. The first party was led by Maury, Montlozier, Montesquieu and De Pradt; the second by Barnave, the Lameths and Dupont; and the third recognized among its chiefs, one whose name was destined to obtain a terrible celebrity,—MAXIMILIAN ROBESPIERRE.

Indignant at the King's captivity, (and there were circumstances attending the arrest of Louis, calculated to rouse indignation,) the Monarchists determined to remain in the Assembly silent witnesses of what was to ensue, and show their disapprobation only by a refusal to speak or vote. This was abandoning the field to the enemy; and the first effect of this ill-advised measure was, to encourage the Republicans to try how far the maxims prevalent in the clubs would find countenance and support in the National Assembly. On this occasion, Robespierre was the mouth-piece of his party, and was answered by Barnave, who, as leader of the Constitutionalists, held the doctrine, that the King's person was inviolable, and that his temporary absence could not justify, on the part of the Assembly, a measure so violent as that of deposition. This speech, the ablest that Barnave ever made, and which alone is sufficient to fix his reputation as a great orator, carried with it a large majority of votes, and for a time, all danger was averted of witnessing the death of a constitution which had just been called into life.

The Republicans were not dispirited by this check. The Press, that mighty engine of mischief as of good, enabled them to fill the public mind with angry suspicions. The King, the Queen, the most eminent members of the constitutional party, became objects of reiterated attack. The sarcastic wit of Des Moulins, the subtle sophistry of Brissot, the crazy denunciations of Marat, found daily employment; and the result of these labors was soon visible in tumultuary meetings of the people, and

in petitions to the Assembly, demanding the forfeiture of the crown, and the proclamation of the Republic. But the "pear was not yet ripe,"—the meetings were dispersed—the petitions read with indifference—and the Assembly continued its revision of the constitution, regardless of popular clamor.

We have named three men whose writings were of much influence over the mutable people of Paris. Brissot, eminent as a journalist, soon rose to higher distinction, and became in after years the acknowledged head of the Girondists. "He was," says M. De Lamartine, "at the outset, a Constitutionalist, and by turns the friend of Necker and of Mirabeau; a hireling before he became a statesman, he saw in the people only a sovereign about beginning its reign. The Republic was his rising sun. He hailed its approach as the source of his fortune, but he hailed it with prudence, looking often around to see if public opinion justified his adoration." Camille Des Moulins was a man of different stamp, with more talent, and less ambition, venality, or calculation. The following portrait of him bears the impress of truth:—

"This young student, who became a politician by mounting a chair in the Palais Royal on the first outbreak of the people in July, 1789, preserved in his brilliant style something of his early character. His was the sarcastic genius of Voltaire sunk from the saloon to the mountebank's bench. No man was ever in himself a more striking personification of the people than Camille Des Moulins. He was the mob with its tumultuous, unexpected movements, its mutability, its want of connected thought, its rage interrupted by laughter, or suddenly changed to sympathy and pity for the very victims it immolated. A man so ardent and yet so trifling, so common-place and yet so inspired, so undecided between blood or tears, so ready to drag in the dust what in his hour of enthusiasm he had raised to heaven, must have had over a revolted people an authority proportioned to the resemblance which he bore to them. The part which he played was in conformity with his nature. He did not ape the people—he was the people. His journal, distributed by night in public places, or cried by day with coarse commentaries, has not been swept away with the filth of the time. It remains, and will remain, a Menippean satire steeped in blood."

The character of Marat is not less impressive:—

"Marat was born in Switzerland. A writer without talent, a man of learning without reputation, ardently loving glory, without having received from nature or society the means of becoming illustrious; he avenged himself on all that is great in society or in nature. To him genius was not less odious than aristocracy. He pursued it like an enemy wherever it appeared. He would have levelled creation itself. Equality was his passion, because superiority caused his martyrdom. He loved the Revolution, since it brought all to his level. He loved it even unto blood, because blood washed out the stain of his long obscurity. He was the people's informer; he knew that denunciation was flattery to all that tremble, and that the people trembled. A prophet of demagogism, inspired by insanity, he uttered his night-dreams as the revelations of day-conspiracies. The Seid of the people, he gained its favor by devotion to its interests. Like all oracles, he affected mystery. He lived in seclusion, and never went forth but by night. His communications with his fellow-men were guarded with sinister precautions. A cellar was his home and refuge against poison or the dagger."

Such were the apostles of the new faith, who found eager listeners among a people prepared by centuries of oppression to regard revolt as a duty, and vengeance as a right.

On the 17th of May, 1792, a general meeting of the citizens of Paris was held in the Champ de Mars; to give to it increased solemnity, an altar to Liberty had been erected, and it was proposed, that on that altar a last petition, similar in character to those which before had been presented in vain, should receive the signatures of citizens, and from thence be forwarded to the provinces for approval and concurrence. Such was the ostensible purpose of the meeting, but those who had been most active in promoting it—Danton, Des Moulins, Robespierre, and others—expected from it a course of action far more vigorous. The experiment was to be tried, how far the firmness of the National Assembly would be found available against the force of a mob. On the morning of that day, however, an event sufficiently deplorable in itself, was followed by effects for which the demagogues were unprepared. Two invalid soldiers were discovered concealed under the frame-work of the newly built altar: a rumor ran through the crowd, that they were emissaries of



the King, and placed there for a mischievous purpose. According to mob-law, execution preceded trial, and the truth of the charge was not investigated till the unhappy veterans had been torn to pieces. The news of this outrage reached the ears of Bailly, then Mayor of Paris. He was a just man, and firm as he was just. Summoning the military force with Lafayette at its head, he set forth to arrest and punish the guilty. His advance was resisted,—the troops assailed with clubs, stones and pistol-shots; nor was it till the red flag was unfurled, and the soldiers made their charge, that the dense mass melted away, leaving several hundred dead upon the field. For a time, the triumph of law and order seemed to be complete. The clubs were closed; the instigators of the mob, Danton, Des Moulins, Fréron and others, fled from offended justice, and sought seclusion and safety in the obscurest recesses of Paris; and had as much energy been manifested in the pursuit, as was shown in the conflict, Jacobinism would have ceased to exist. Had Mirabeau been then alive and present to direct the public councils, how many crimes would have been spared! how much misery averted! But Lafayette and Bailly hesitated in the hour of success, and this hesitation ruined all. After an interval of a few days, the agitators crept from their hiding-places—the clubs were re-opened—the press again teemed with denunciations—the dispersion of a lawless mob was represented as a cruel slaughter of unarmed men—the number of sufferers was swelled from hundreds to thousands—and such is the effect on the public mind, of a constant repetition of falsehood, that the lawful action of the force raised for the protection of Paris, and led by two of the purest men of their time, is spoken of to this day as the "*Massacre of the 17th of May!*"

But the hour was approaching, when the Assembly, having completed its labors, was to disappear from the scene, leaving the future operations of government to be carried on according to the forms of the new constitution. The King, liberated from imprisonment, was brought forward to swear to the maintenance of the compact between him and his people. The ceremony adopted on the occasion was imposing. "Military music and repeated salvos

of artillery told France that the King and the nation, the throne and liberty, were reconciled in the constitution, and that after three years of strife and agitation, the day of peace had arrived." The King and even the Queen, against whom the hatred of the populace had been especially directed, were received by the fickle multitude with shouts of applause; but this ebullition of French sentiment proved short-lived—the *Vive le Roi* came from the lips, but had no echo in the hearts of the people. The outrages to which Louis had been so long subjected robbed him of all majesty, and notwithstanding the seeming enthusiasm with which he was greeted, after taking the oath of office, his position remained essentially false. "He had consented to accept the forgiveness of his people. He had sworn to carry into effect a constitution from which he had fled. He was a *pardoned* King. Europe saw in him only a monarch escaped from a throne, and brought back to his punishment, the nation a traitor, and the Revolution a play-thing."

It now remained for the National Assembly to take leave of the public; but ere it separated, a motion was made by Robespierre, and carried by a large majority of votes, that no member should be eligible to the new Assembly for the space of four years. The object of the motion is thus explained by M. De Lamartine:—

"Robespierre, knowing his weakness in an Assembly composed of its present elements, wished to exclude these elements from the new legislative body. The law to which he subjected his colleagues, bore equally on himself, but the source of his power was the Jacobin club, and there he had no rival. Instinct or calculation had taught him that the action of a legislature new, inexperienced, and composed of obscure men, would necessarily be controlled by the clubs. It was enough for his purpose that faction should reign; his great popularity made it certain, that sooner or later, he would reign over faction."

When the Assembly met, men were struck by the fact, that among its members few of mature age were seen. It seemed as if young and needy adventurers had been specially chosen with the view of excluding the possibility of sober deliberation, and wise conclusions. Such were the unhappy auspices under which the complicated machinery of an untried government was to be put in motion: and, as

if to give the world an early proof of frivolity and incapacity, the first two days of the session were employed in debating a question of etiquette:—whether or no, the King should be addressed by the title of "Majesty," and be received in the Chamber with covered or uncovered heads! Within the brief space of forty-eight hours, this important question was decided in two ways: even Vergniaud, the eagle of the Gironde, is said to have *spoken* on one side, and *voted* on the other.

It was soon evident, that instead of coming together with the honest intention of supporting the constitution, a majority of the Assembly were busily engaged in preparing its overthrow. The Girondists and Mountaineers, far from regarding the King as equally with themselves, a representative of the nation, charged with the double duty of executing the laws, and of restraining within proper bounds legislative action, by the exercise of the veto power, looked upon him as an enemy to be watched and thwarted at every turn; as a dead weight on the progress of national freedom, to be thrown aside on the first occasion; and as that occasion might not occur as soon as wished, they *conspired together* to produce it. Such, in a few words, is the story of the second Assembly, as it may be gathered, not only from the pages of M. De Lamartine, but of every other author of reputation who has written of this eventful period.

The most distinguished of the provincial deputations was, certainly, that from Bordeaux. It was composed of young men, many of them lawyers, and accustomed to speak in public. Though previous education had made them somewhat familiar with matters connected with the science of government, yet their knowledge was merely theoretical. From the philosophy of the age, they had learned that man has natural rights, but they had not learned from experience how far these rights can be claimed or exercised consistently with the public good. A French proverb says, "*Parmi les aveugles, les borgnes sont rois*;" and thus it fared with the deputies of the Gironde: limited as was their knowledge, it sufficed, when combined with ardor and talent, to give them a decided influence over an Assembly composed of men more ignorant and equally inexperienced. One of the chief merits of M. De Lamartine's

work lies in the felicity of his delineations of individual character. His history is a gallery of portraits by the hand of a master. Before we proceed to examine the action of the Girondists as a party, it may not be amiss to make our readers acquainted with the moral characteristics of those men whom that party acknowledged as its leaders.

The first of the Bordeaux deputation in talent and fame was, undoubtedly, Vergniaud—a young man whose early cleverness had attracted the notice and patronage of the celebrated Turgot. Originally intended for the church, he had finished the course of preparatory studies, when, struck by the discordance between his tastes and habits of life, and those that would be required of him as a religious teacher, he withdrew from a profession which he could not conscientiously exercise. Returning home, he gave himself up to the cultivation of poesy and belles-lettres; but the spirit of the orator was strong within him, and having one day been overheard addressing with force and feeling an imaginary audience, it was resolved in family council that he should be a lawyer. Scarcely had he entered on this new career, when the Revolution came to open to his ambition the road of political honors. The little fortune he possessed had been exhausted in the payment of his father's debts; he arrived in Paris a penniless deputy, and his private letters, filled with the details of petty, pecuniary embarrassments, show, that poverty was his companion, even at a time when his eloquence shook France like a reed.

"Vergniaud," says the historian, "born at Limoges, and by profession an advocate, was then thirty-three years old, and had early become a convert to the free doctrines of the day. His calm majestic features revealed the consciousness of power. Facility, that concomitant of genius, pervaded his whole nature, moral and physical. Though a lover of ease, he could, whenever necessity required it, rise at once in the fullness of his strength. His brow was thoughtful, his look composed, and on his lips sat a grave, perhaps melancholy expression. The severe thoughts of antiquity had left their impress on his countenance, though modified by the smiling carelessness of youth. Men loved him at the base of the tribune; when he ascended it, they respected and admired him. The first word that he spoke, the first glance

of his eye, revealed the mighty space between the man and the orator. His sentences had the harmony and richness of verse; he would have been the poet of democracy, had he not been its orator. His passions were noble like his language, and even when addressing the people, he never stooped to the vulgar flattery of adopting the popular forms of speech. He adored the Revolution as the manifestation of a sublime philosophy, destined to exalt the nation, and destroy nothing, save tyranny and prejudice. He had no doctrines—no hatreds—no bigotry—no ambition: even power was to him something too substantial and vulgar to be valued—he sought it not for himself, but for his ideas. Present glory, future fame, were the aims of his existence; when he rose in the tribune, it was to catch sight of them from a higher point of elevation. At a later day, his last look was turned towards them from the scaffold, when, leaving a name immortal in the memory of France, he sprang into eternity, young, beautiful, with all his fresh enthusiasm about him, and a few stains, then washed out in his generous blood.”

Though thus fitted by nature to become the leader of his party, indolence, and perhaps self-distrust, prevented this highly gifted man from accepting a position which was pressed upon him by the affectionate admiration of his associates. The post which he thus rejected, was sought and obtained by one who, with less ability, possessed in a higher degree the genius of intrigue so necessary to the success of a faction. We allude to Brissot de Warville.

“He was,” says M. De Lamartine, “the son of a pastry cook at Chartres, and had been educated at the same school as his countryman Pétion. A literary adventurer, he assumed the name of Warville, beneath which he concealed the obscurity of his own. A plebeian’s nobility consists in not blushing at his origin—Brissot had it not. He stole a title from that very aristocracy against whom he subsequently made war, under the banner of equality. Like Rousseau, in everything but genius, he descended even lower than the Genevese, before he rose to celebrity. Men become worn and sullied when striving for existence amid the corruption of great cities. Rousseau carried his poverty and imagination into the country, where the constant spectacle of rural nature soothes and purifies the soul: he became a philosopher. Brissot displayed his vanity and wants in London and Paris—creeping through the narrow, dirty ways of the adventurer and pamphleteer: he became an intriguer. Yet, though soiled by vices which drew suspicion on his name and morals, he nourished in his heart three virtues, capable of lifting him out of the abysses of deg-

radation: an ardent attachment to a woman whom he had married against the wishes of her family, untiring industry, and a courage exercised in encountering the difficulties of life, and which, at a later period, enabled him to face death with triumphant composure.”

Guadet, like Vergniaud, was an eloquent man, and brought to the Assembly a reputation for ability, which was not undeserved. Gensonne’s power was in his pen; his style was terse and epigrammatic, and his logic irresistible; on him devolved the duty of drawing up public reports. But a more useful party agent, not from his talents, but character, was Pétion.

“This man was the sovereign of Paris. The populace, with admirable instinct, called him *King Pétion*. He had purchased popularity by democratic speeches in the Constituent Assembly, and the equilibrium which he maintained at the Jacobin club, between the Girondins and Robespierre, made him respectable and important. The friend, at one and the same time, of Roland, Robespierre, Brissot and Danton, and suspected of having secret relations with the Duke of Orleans, he managed, nevertheless, always to be covered with the mantle of devotion to established order. He had thus every apparent title to the esteem of honest men, and the regard of factions; but his best title to popular favor was mediocrity. Mediocrity, it must be allowed, is a stamp always set on the people’s idols, either because the crowd loves only what resembles itself, or because Providence, just in its distribution of gifts and faculties, will permit no man to unite in himself three qualities, each irresistible—virtue, genius, and popularity; or, what is more probable still, because the favor of the multitude is of such a nature, that its price is greater than its value in the eyes of virtuous men. Pétion was the people’s king, on the condition of permitting the people’s excesses. In the official reproaches which he addressed to the mob, he always introduced an apology for crime, a smile for the guilty, a word of encouragement for misled citizens. The people loved him, as anarchy loves weakness.”

Fresh from the study of the classics, the deputies of the Gironde were republicans. In the clubs, they found many who shared the same political faith, and among them Roland, whose house became a place of common resort to the initiated. Roland was a political economist of moderate talents, and obstinate temper. He had been a member of the Constituent Assembly, and during his residence at



Paris, became closely connected with Brissot, Robespierre, Buzot, and others, who then formed the nucleus of the democratic faction. After the dissolution of the Assembly, he went back to a small country estate near Lyons; but stimulated by the patriotic fervor of his wife, and his own unsatisfied ambition, he soon returned to the capital in search of political preferment, and for a brief period became Minister of the Interior.

Not the least interesting part of M. De Lamartine's work is that which he has given to the memory of the celebrated Madame Roland. She was a woman of great abilities, and possessed many virtues; yet the severe pen of the historian has recorded one anecdote which must tend to diminish the sympathy which otherwise would be felt for the fate of one so able, courageous, and unfortunate. When, on the 20th of June, Marie Antoinette was subjected to the insults of the populace, Madame Roland, on hearing the story, joyfully exclaimed: "How her pride must have suffered! How I wish I had seen her in the hour of humiliation!" Cruel words,—that must have recurred to her memory, when she was herself carried to execution, amid the coarse execrations and filthy revilings of the scum of Paris.

It was at the house of Roland, that the plot was first formed against King and constitution. Brissot and Robespierre—the Gironde and the Mountain—here met for the same treasonable purpose. Three subjects of disagreement existed between Louis and the Assembly: the first was the law respecting non-juring priests; the second, the enactments against emigration and the emigrants; and the third, the policy of going to war with Austria and Prussia. In obedience to the dictates of conscience, and in conformity to the advice of his ministers, the King had opposed his veto to both decrees. With respect to the first, he was morally right, and politically wrong. The non-juring priests were men whom ill-considered laws had placed in a cruel position;—compelled to choose between the sacrifice of duty, either as citizens, or as ministers of the holy Catholic faith, they preferred disobedience to apostasy, and became martyrs. The debates of the Assembly on this question, as related by M. De Lamartine, show how easily

men professing the principles of toleration can, under the influence of political excitement, give the lie to their faith, and sink into abettors of persecution. But it was evident, that the King's refusal to sanction the decree, could do no good: as the quick-sighted Dumouriez wisely observed, "It was better by assenting to the law to subject the priests to legal penalties, than by refusing assent, to deliver them over to massacre." It was not, however, the first time that the unhappy Louis had sacrificed policy to conscience. The second point of difference was one on which the King could not yield without violating the best feelings of his nature: he was required to affix his name to a bloody enactment, specially aimed at the members of his family, and at friends whose only crime was fidelity to him. The wisdom of his opposition to the war is more questionable: the Revolution struck at the principle of monarchy; it was evident that sooner or later, the princes of Europe would combine to repress the growth of opinions so fatal to themselves; to suppose it possible, that any diplomacy could either prevent altogether, or even modify the nature of their interference, was a blunder, and to act upon that supposition, was virtually to justify the suspicions of bad faith which the King's enemies had so busily disseminated. And yet, had the decree been signed as soon as presented, would not other causes of quarrel have been found? Let the reader of M. De Lamartine's volumes pass in review the circumstances of the time, and then ask himself, if the ill-fated monarch could have taken any course that would not have led to the same result? Like the lamb of the fable, at whatever point of the stream he drank, he must have been accused of troubling its waters.

The limits of this review will not permit us to dwell on the events which immediately preceded the fatal 10th of August. The angry debates and insolent denunciations of the Assembly; the insubordination of the army, encouraged by the clubs; the violence of mobs, set on foot by the Girondists and the Mountain; the massacres at Brest and Avignon, forerunners of the bloodshed at Paris; the rising of the 20th of June, when the royal palace was invaded by a mob, led by the butcher Legendre, and the brewer Santerre; the noble inter-



ference of Lafayette, proving only personal courage and political weakness,—all these symptoms and effects of anarchy, are admirably related by the historian, who, whatever may be his own prejudices and predilections, has concealed no fact that can assist the reader in forming a right judgment.

The insurrection of the 10th of August, which involved in one common ruin the King and constitution, was the work of the Girondists, who, notwithstanding causes of jealousy had already arisen between the two factions, were, on this occasion, strongly supported by the Mountain. With the exception of Barbaroux, whose personal exertions had secured the co-operation of several hundred vagabonds from Marseilles and the southern provinces, the most open and active agents in moving the mob of Paris, were Danton, Des Moulins, and Fréron. But when thus lending themselves to the overthrow of the throne in obedience to the babblers of the Assembly, these chiefs of the Mountain well knew, that the fruits of the crime would be gathered by themselves. Like wolves, the two factions had hunted the deer together, and then fought over the bleeding carcase.

Strange as it may seem, it was at this last hour of the monarchy, that the chance was offered to Louis, of annihilating his enemies at a blow, and securing the triumph of the constitution. Notwithstanding the defection of the National Guards, the Swiss troops were victorious in the first onset; they swept their enemies from the Carrousal with a strong hand, and we have the authority of an eye-witness whose judgment, in such matters, never deceived him, for the belief, that had the soldiers been led by a man of energy and capacity, the cause of royalty would have been successful. At a future day, and under circumstances somewhat similar, Napoleon (for it is to him that we allude) proved with what ease a few determined soldiers, under good guidance, can deal with a ferocious mob, who, though strong in numbers, lack the superiority that courage and discipline can give.

Though acknowledging the many claims of the Girondists to distinction, history will not hide the fact, that political sagacity was not among the number. The very qualities they possessed were of a char-

acter to mar their usefulness: they lived in a world of their own imagining, and were blind to the exigencies of the real world around them. They wished to try, on a large scale, the value of theories of government borrowed from antiquity, and applicable only to petty states. Their chief error was, in not adopting the existing constitution, and endeavoring to cure its defects by wise and sober legislation. Every exercise of the King's prerogative was met by these misguided men, as if it were an outrage on public liberty. Their decree against non-juring priests produced civil war; their enactments against the emigrants led to further emigration; they sought war with Europe, and, as if to incapacitate the nation for the conflict, labored at the same moment to disorganize the army; and at last, when the royal authority had been humbled and trampled upon, they had recourse to an insurrection of the people, to overturn the government and consign its acknowledged head to the prison and the scaffold. Such was their conduct when assailing royalty, or what they were pleased to term *tyranny*. What was it when acting on the defensive? when called upon to resist a party more thoroughly imbued than themselves with the levelling principle, and which had grown up in their shadow? Forgetting that they had risen through an insurrection, they did not suspect that they might fall by one. The weapon which they had used with such effect against Louis, lay at their feet, and, without a struggle, they permitted another hand to grasp it. The time of action was lost in idle debate. They trusted to the inviolability of public character, when they had themselves violated it in the person of their King. In short, notwithstanding their acknowledged abilities, every step taken by the Girondists, from first to last, bore the stamp of that fatuity which goes before destruction.

M. De Lamartine has given an interesting account of their last night upon earth. It was spent in philosophic discussions, almost as imaginative as their political speculations. We know not whether the speech on the immortality of the soul, attributed to Vergniaud, was his or not;—no reporter could have been present, and the memory of the priest who was permitted to console their last moments, could scarcely have carried

away more than its substance. We remember a pleasing volume entitled, "*The Last Supper of the Girondists*," written by Nodier. It was avowedly a work of the imagination in its details, but claimed to be founded in truth. What is true in it, was probably derived from the same sources that have served M. De Lamartine, as there is a similarity between the two accounts.

We shall close this brief notice of the Girondists by offering to our readers the following extract from a work little known, written by one of that party, who, escaping from Paris at the time of their downfall, had the good fortune to remain undiscovered till the Reign of Terror had past. We allude to Louvet, whose position enabled him to see and lament the want of foresight and political courage of his friends. When the Convention was organized, the Girondists were the strongest; the designs of Robespierre and the Mountain were sufficiently developed, nor had the popularity of the former reached a height to set punishment at defiance. A little energy at that time, would probably have changed the whole current of future events.

"The Convention," says Louvet, "began its reign on the 21st of September, and the next day, Robespierre and Marat preached insurrection against it in the club; a few weeks after, the first named dared to complain publicly of what he called the calumnies which had been circulated respecting him, and to ask who was his accuser? Instantly, I sprang into the tribune; the accusation which I brought against him produced a strong sensation; more than fifty deputies rose to bear witness to the reality of the crimes I had denounced, the least of which was sufficient to bring that man to the scaffold. If Pétion, who had not then lost his great influence,—if Pétion, whom I appealed to by name, had spoken one quarter of what he knew, a decree would have been obtained on the spot against Robespierre and his accomplice. But Pétion, Guadet, Vergniaud, never answered my appeal, and another (Brissot) was weak enough to blame me in his journal for having brought the accusation. Nevertheless, Robespierre was so astounded, that he requested eight days to prepare his defence. At the time appointed, the tribunes were filled by his friends, as early as nine o'clock. The dictator spoke two hours, but did not refute a single charge. My reply would have crushed him, yet the *Girondists* united with the *Mountain* in preventing me from speaking. This fatal mistake struck me to the heart; from this moment, I felt assured that the men of the dag-

ger would prevail against the men of principle."

Making due allowance for the personal feelings of Louvet, there is but little doubt that his story is true in the main: at the decisive moment, his friends lacked decision. As for the chief of the "men of the dagger," or to speak more correctly, the "men of the axe," we shall say but little. There appears to us (though M. De Lamartine thinks differently) very little mystery about the character of Robespierre. At the outset of his career, he was a philanthropist, and like most philanthropists, hid no small portion of selfishness under his general love of humanity. It is singular that both he and Marat wrote against capital punishment. That he had some ability is certain, from the influence he exercised on all whom he approached. The man who gives rise to strong emotions in others, whether of hatred or friendship, cannot have been an ordinary man; but that he had genius, or even exalted talents, we see no evidence. He seems to have possessed moral courage, and to have known the value of perseverance, and to this tenacity of purpose may be attributed his success.

We are not aware that the historian has adduced in his work any new facts of great importance, but he has certainly presented men and things in a new light. Whatever may be thought of the accuracy of his views either of public affairs or of private character, they are at least offered in a way to command attention. Perhaps the present age is too near to that which witnessed the monstrous spectacle of a nation in a state of anarchy, to judge calmly of the men who were successively borne to the surface by the agitation of the political waters. Yet it seems to us evident, that not one of these heroes of a day was striving for a great principle. The love of power was the besetting sin of all—the love of the people, a mere mask to hide their egotism. That this was the case with the Girondists is a fact recognized by M. De Lamartine, who seems, as he proceeded in his labors, to have become less and less disposed to look upon them favorably, and at last, to have even doubted the sincerity of their attachment to the goddess with the cap and spear. Robes-

pierre and his faction seem, however, to have grown on his esteem, because they sung with more emphasis the national song of *Ca Ira*. We have been somewhat at a loss to account for the strong disposition manifested of late years by French historians, to excuse the crimes and enormities of the men who governed France under the Convention. Is it the result of a sentiment of justice, rising out of a firm conviction, that the Sans Culottes have been aggrieved? Or does national vanity require, that the men who once ruled France should not go down to posterity as mere robbers and cut throats, whose power had no better foundation than the dread and horror they inspired? Why is Robespierre, at this late day, tricked out in a "tawdry suit of qualifications which nature never intended him to wear?" Why are courage, eloquence, and political sagacity liberally allowed to him? Can his new-found admirers point to one great public measure of his devising,—to one speech of merit which has out-lived the time,—to one act of generous forbearance, or manly audacity? That he was honest in his private dealings is possible, and that he was persevering in purpose is certain,—as certain, as that he was cold, calculating, and cruel.

Of Danton, his accomplice and victim, it is scarcely necessary to speak. His whole character may be read in the butcheries of September. He had more energy than his fellow-laborer, or rather he had less hypocrisy, and in that respect, came nearer to humanity. As for the pack who howled in their train—the Couthons, the St. Justs, the Heberts, the Chaumettes, the Henriots, whose very names are pollution to the lips that breathe them,—they were but the willing tools of power, who in their subserviency followed the bent of their base nature. In Spain, and under Philip II., they would have been mutes of the Inquisition;—in their own day and generation, they were purveyors of the guillotine.

The French Revolution, when restricted in its operations to the remedying of abuses, was both just and necessary; but was it necessary, that it should be stained with so much guilt, or attended by so much misery? That beneficial effects have followed it in spite of its beheadings, and *noyades* and *fullibades*, is true; and let thanks be given to an all-wise Providence which has so ordered the course of human events, that even good may grow out of evil.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HERMAN BLENNERHASSETT,

AND MRS. MARGARET BLENNERHASSETT.\*

HERMAN BLENNERHASSETT, Esq., was a descendant of a noble family of Ireland, in the county of Cork. He was born in Hampshire, England, in the year 1767, while his parents were there on a visit. The family residence was Castle Conway, in the county of Kerry, to which they shortly after returned. He was educated with great care; and when a boy, attended the Westminster school, celebrated for its classical excellence, completing his studies at Trinity College, Dublin, whose honors he shared in company with his relative, the celebrated T. A. Emmett. They read law together at the King's Inn Courts, Dublin; were admitted to the bar on the same day, in the year 1790; and between them existed ever after the warmest friendship. Having spent some time travelling in France and the Netherlands, he returned and practiced at the bar in Ireland. Expecting, however, to fall heir to a large estate in a few years, he made but little effort to excel in the law—rather cultivating his taste for the sciences, music, and general literature. At the death of his father in 1796, he became possessed of a handsome fortune; but on account of the troubles in Ireland, in which he became politically involved, he sold the estate to his cousin, Lord Ventry, and went to England, where he soon after married Miss Agnew, daughter of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man, and granddaughter of General Agnew, who fell at the battle of Germantown. Lord Kingsale, and Admiral De Courcey of the navy, both married sisters of Mr. Blennerhassett. The latter expressing rather freely his republican principles in opposition to his relations, finally concluded to visit the United States, and make that country his

future home, where he could utter his sentiments and enjoy the benefits of freedom undisturbed by spies or informers.

Before sailing for America, he visited London, and purchased a large library of classical and scientific books, with a philosophical apparatus, embracing various branches, and arrived in New York in 1797. By the aid of his letters, wealth, and his own personal and literary merit, he became acquainted with some of the first families in the city.† Among others of his newly acquired friends, was Mr. Joseph S. Lewis, a rich merchant of Philadelphia, who became his business agent, and for many years his firm friend. Mr. Blennerhassett named his youngest son Joseph Lewis, in token of his regard for that gentleman, who was finally a considerable loser by this connection, and after Mr. Blennerhassett's failure, and the destruction of his house and property, became the owner of the Island. His stay in New York was of only a few months' continuance; when, hearing of the rich valleys and beautiful country on the Ohio river, he crossed the mountains, and after spending a few weeks in Pittsburgh, took passage for Marietta in the fall of the year 1797. Here he passed the winter, examining the vicinity of that place for a spot on which to make his permanent residence. He finally decided on purchasing a plantation on an island in the Ohio river, fourteen miles below the mouth of the Muskingum, and within the jurisdiction of the State of Virginia. The situation was wild, romantic, and beautiful; and as it was chiefly in a state of nature, a few acres only being cleared, he could reclaim it from the forest, adorn and cultivate it to his own taste. Its location also gave him the privilege of

\* From a volume of *Biographical Sketches of the First Settlers of Ohio*, by S. P. HILDREDE, M.D., of Marietta, written for the Cincinnati Historical Society.

† See *American Review*, 1845. Article by Mr. Wallace.



holding colored servants as his own property, which he could not do in the Northwest Territory. The island was, moreover, near the settlement of Belprie, composed chiefly of very intelligent and well-educated men—disbanded officers of the American army—whose society would at any time relieve him of ennui. The island itself was a picture of beauty, as well as all of its kind, at that early day, before the hand of man had marred its shores. The drooping branches of the willow laved their graceful foliage in the water; while the more lofty sycamore and elm, with their giant arms, protected them from the rude blasts of the storm, and gave a grandeur and dignity to these primitive landscapes, now only to be seen in the remoter regions of the West.

The island at present known as "Blennerhassett's," was then called "Backus's," who had owned it since 1792. It is said to have been located by General Washington, as he owned a large tract of land immediately below, called "Washington's Bottom," entered by him in the year 1770. It was first surveyed in May, 1784, on a land warrant issued in 1780, and a patent made out by Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia, in 1786, to Alexander Nelson of Richmond, Virginia, who was a member of a mercantile firm in Philadelphia. By a bill in chancery of the High Court of Virginia, procured by Mr. Blennerhassett to perfect his title, it appears that Elijah Backus of Norwich, Connecticut, bought of James Herron of Norfolk, Va., in the year 1792, two islands in the Ohio river; the principal one being the first below the mouth of the Little Kenawha, then in the county of Monongalia, containing two hundred and ninety-seven acres, for the sum of £250, Virginia currency, or about \$833 33. This island is of a very peculiar form, narrow in the middle, and broad at both extremities. In March, 1798, Mr. Blennerhassett purchased the upper portion, containing about 170 acres, for the sum of \$4,500; and soon after moved with his wife and child on to his new purchase—living in a large old block-house, standing about half a mile below the upper end of the island, built in the time of the Indian war by Capt. James. Here he resided while conducting the improvements near the upper end of the

island, and building his island mansion, which was completed in 1800. Much labor and expense were necessary in preparing the ground for his buildings and gardens. It was covered at this spot with forest trees, which had to be removed and stumps eradicated, so as to leave a smooth level surface, with expensive landings up and down the banks on both sides of the river for convenient access to and from the island. Boats of various sizes were also to be procured, and a company of eight or ten black servants purchased as waiters, grooms, watermen, &c. His outlays, when the improvements were completed, amounted to more than 40,000 dollars. This sum, expended chiefly amongst the mechanics, laborers, and farmers of the new region where money was scarce and hard to be obtained, was of very great advantage to their interests; and Mr. Blennerhassett may be considered as the greatest benefactor, in this respect, that had ever settled west of the mountains. The island mansion was built with great taste and beauty; no expense being spared in its construction that could add to its usefulness or splendor. It consisted of a main building, fifty-two feet in length, thirty in width, and two stories high. Porticoes, forty feet in length, in the form of wings, projected in front, connected with offices, presenting each a face of twenty-six feet, and twenty feet in depth, uniting them with the main building, forming the half of an ellipse, and making in the whole a front of one hundred and four feet. The left-hand office was occupied for the servants' hall, and the right for the library, philosophical apparatus, study, &c. The appearance of the mansion indicated the fortune and the exquisite taste of its proprietor, the grounds being laid out with great care and elegance. A handsome lawn of several acres occupied the front ground, while an extended opening was made through the forest trees on the head of the island, affording a view of the river for several miles above, and bringing the mansion under the notice of descending boats. Well-graded walks, with a carriage-way, led from the house to the river, passing through an ornamental gateway with large stone pillars. A fine hedge of native hawthorns bordered the right side of the avenue to the house, while back of

it lay the flower garden of about two acres, inclosed with neat palings, to which were traced gooseberry bushes, peaches, and other varieties of fruit-bearing trees, in the manner of wall-fruits. The garden was planted with flowering shrubs, both exotic and native, but especially abounding in the latter, which the good taste of the occupants had selected from the adjacent forests, and planted in thick masses; through which wandered serpentine walks, bordered with flowers, imitating a labyrinth. Arbors and grottoes covered with honeysuckles and eglantines were placed at convenient intervals, giving the whole a very romantic and beautiful appearance. On the opposite side of the house was a large kitchen garden, and back of these, orchards of peach and apple-trees of the choicest varieties, procured from abroad as well as from the Belprie nurseries. Lower down on the island was the farm, with about one hundred acres under the nicest cultivation, the luxuriant soil producing the finest crops of grain and grass. For the last three or four years of his residence, a large dairy was added to his other agricultural pursuits, under the management of Thomas Neal, who also superintended the labor of the farm. The garden was conducted by Peter Taylor, a native of Lancashire, England, who was bred to the pursuit; but under the direction of Mr. Blennerhassett, whose fine taste in all that was beautiful, ordered the arranging and laying out of the grounds. The mansion and offices were frame buildings, painted with the purest white, contrasting tastefully with the green foliage of the ornamental shade trees which surrounded it. An abundance of fine stone for building could have been quarried from the adjacent Virginia shore, but he preferred a structure of wood as less liable to be damaged by earthquakes. The finishing and furniture of the apartments was adapted to the use for which they were intended. "The hall was a spacious room; its walls painted a sombre color, with a beautiful cornice of plaster, bordered with a gilded moulding, running round the lofty ceiling; while its furniture was rich, heavy and grand. The furniture of the drawing-room was in strong contrast with the hall; light, airy, and elegant; with splendid mirrors, gay-colored carpets, rich curtains,

with ornaments to correspond, arranged by his lady with the nicest taste and harmonious effect. A large quantity of silver plate ornamented the side-boards, and decorated the tables; yet they had not entirely completed their arrangements, when the destroyer appeared and frustrated all their designs for comfort and future happiness. The whole establishment was noble, chastened by the purest taste, without that glare of tinsel finery too common among the wealthy. Their style of living was in unison with the house and furniture, elegant, easy and comfortable."

Mr. B. was a highly intellectual man, greatly devoted to scientific occupations, which his ample library and leisure time afforded every facility for pursuing. He was studious, and fond of experimenting in chemistry, electricity and galvanism. His apparatus, though not extensive, was ample for such experiments as an amateur would wish to make. Astronomy was also a favorite study: a fine telescope enabled him to examine the constellations in their courses; a solar microscope to inspect the minuter bodies of the earth. In music he possessed the nicest taste and an uncommon genius; composing harmonious and beautiful airs, several pieces of which are now remembered and played by a gentleman who, when a youth, was intimate in his family. His favorite instrument was the violincello, on which he played with admirable skill: the spacious hall of the mansion being constructed so as to give effect to musical sounds, the tone of his viol vibrated through it with thrilling effect, calling forth the admiration of his guests. Electricity and galvanism received a share of his attention, and many experiments were made in these wonderful branches of modern science. Among his trials in chemical operations, was that of converting beef into "adipocere," large pieces of which were submerged in the beautiful little cove between the landing and the sand-bar at the head of the island. He fancied it might be used in place of spermaceti for lights; but the cat-fish and perch interfered so much with his trials, that he could never bring the "adipocere" to perfection. He was a good classical scholar; and so highly was he enraptured with Homer's *Iliad*, that it was said he

could repeat the whole poem in the original Greek. His manners were gentlemanly, and disposition social, hospitable and kind, especially to those with whom he wished to associate, but rather haughty to others. In mind he could not be said to be masculine and strong, but was rather wavering and fickle; easily duped and deceived by the designing and dishonest. He had quite a taste for medicine, and read many authors on that subject; which, with his natural propensities, often led him to think himself attacked with imaginary diseases; and it was sometimes difficult to convince him that they were merely ideal. To his sick neighbors and servants he was kind and attentive, often visiting and prescribing for their complaints, freely tendering his medicines, of which he always kept an ample supply. His own heart being perfectly honest and free from deceit, he was unsuspecting of others, and very credulous in regard to their statements, which often led him into pecuniary losses in his business transactions. In bargaining with a notorious cheat for a quantity of the shells of the river clam, which, in the early settlements of the country, before quarries of limestone were opened, were calcined in log-heaps and used for plastering rooms, the fellow said it was a difficult matter to collect them, as he had to dive under the water where it was six or eight feet deep, and must charge fifty cents a bushel; when, in fact, he could collect any quantity where it was only a few inches. Thinking the man told the truth, he paid him the price, which was at least five times as much as they were worth. He was very kind and charitable to the poor and unfortunate backwoodsmen. A Virginian who had lost his house and furniture by fire, was soon after invited with his wife to dine with him. This man owed him a considerable sum for lent money. After dinner, he told him he would either cancel the debt, or give him an order on his store at Marietta for an equal sum, and let the debt stand. The sufferer was a man of honorable mind and just feelings; he therefore chose not to add to his present obligations, but accepted the cancelling of the debt, which was immediately done. This man still lives, and related the incident in 1846. Many such incidents are known to have occurred while

he lived on the island. His wife was still more charitable to the sick and poor in the vicinity, many of whom felt the benefit of her gifts. With all these kind acts fresh in their memories, several of these men were found among the banditti who ransacked his house and insulted his wife, after he had been forced to leave the island from the hue and cry of treason, which maddened and infuriated the public mind in the valley of the Ohio.

In person, Mr. Blennerhassett was tall, about six feet, but slender, with a slight stoop in the shoulders. His motions were not very graceful, either as an equestrian or on foot. Forehead full and well formed, with a rather prominent nose and good proportioned face. Eyes weak, and sight imperfect, seeing objects distinctly only when near, so that in reading, the surface of the page nearly touched his nose. They had a nervous, restless agitation, which probably arose from weakness in the optic nerves, requiring the constant use of glasses. Yet, with this permanent and continual annoyance, he was a great student and operator in experiments.

He was also much attached to hunting, shooting quails and other small game on the island. To enjoy this sport he had to call in the aid of other persons whose vision was more acute than his own, who pointed the gun for him at the game, and gave the word when to fire. This person was often his wife, who, with the greatest kindness, attended him in his short excursions, and, with the tact of an experienced sportsman, pointed out the object, levelled the gun, and stood by with the most perfect coolness when he discharged the piece.

His general habits were sedentary and studious, preferring the quiet of his library to the most brilliant assemblies. In conversation he was interesting and instructive, confining his remarks to the practical and useful more than to the amusing. As a lawyer, his wife, who had probably heard his forensic eloquence, has been heard to say that he was equal to Mr. Emmett, and frequently urged him to enter as an advocate at the higher courts of Virginia and Ohio, instead of wasting his time in obscurity, at his philosophical pursuits on the island.

His library contained an ample supply of law books. A list of thirty volumes,



loaned to James Wilson, a lawyer of Virginia, a few days before he left the island, is now among his papers in the hands of his agent at Marietta.

Mr. Blennerhassett dressed in the old English style, with scarlet or buff-colored small clothes, and silk stockings, shoes with silver buckles, and coat generally of blue broadcloth. When at home, his dress was rather careless, often, in warm weather, in his shirt-sleeves, without coat or waistcoat; and in winter, he wore a thick woollen roundabout or short jacket.

In this quiet retreat, insulated and separated from the noise and tumult of the surrounding world, amidst his books, with the company of his accomplished wife and children, he possessed all that seemed necessary for the happiness of man. And yet, in common with many of the distinguished men of his time, he gave no evidence of that clear religious faith without which there can be no solid contentment in any condition of life. The works of the French skeptics and enthusiasts, which were his favorites, could not guide his intellect to the simple truths of Christianity. He laid out his plan of existence for the indulgence of every lawful pleasure, but lacked those higher motives of action which inspire men with true firmness and dignity.

Mrs. Blennerhassett was more aspiring and ambitious, with a temperament in strong contrast with that of her husband. Her maiden name was Margaret Agnew, the daughter of Captain Agnew, a brave officer in the British service, and at one time the Lieut. Governor of the Isle of Man. General Agnew, who fell at the battle of Germantown, in the American Revolution, was her grandfather; and a monument was erected to his memory by his grand-daughter, after her arrival in America. She was educated and brought up by two maiden aunts, who took great care to instruct her in all the useful arts of housewifery, laundry, pastry, sewing, &c., which was of great use to her in after life, when at the head of a family. They were led to this, in part, from their own limited means, teaching them to be frugal, and the need there is for every woman, who expects to marry, to be acquainted with all the useful branches of housekeeping. In person, Mrs. Blennerhassett was tall and commanding; of

the most perfect proportions, with dignified and graceful manners, finely moulded features, and very fair, transparent complexion; eyes, dark blue, sparkling with life and intelligence; hair, a rich, deep brown, profuse and glossy, dressed in the most elegant manner. When at her island home, she often wore a head-dress of colored silk stuff, folded very full, something in the manner of an eastern turban, giving a noble and attractive appearance to the whole person. These were of various colors, but always composed of a single one, either of pink, yellow, or white, adjusted in the most becoming manner and nicest taste, in which particular few women could equal her. White was a favorite color for dress in the summer, and rich colored stuffs in the winter. Her motions were all graceful, and greatly heightened by the expression of her countenance. No one could be in her company, even a few minutes, without being strongly attracted by her fascinating manners. A very intelligent lady, who was familiarly acquainted with her in her best days on the island, and has since visited and seen the most elegant and beautiful females in the courts of France and England, as well as Washington city, says that she has beheld no one who was equal to her in beauty of person, dignity of manners, elegance of dress, and in short, all that is lovely and finished in the female person, such as she was when "queen of the fairy isle."

When she rode on horseback, her dress was a fine scarlet broadcloth, ornamented with gold buttons, a white beaver hat, on which floated the graceful plumes of the ostrich, of the same color. This was sometimes changed for blue or yellow, with feathers to harmonize. She was a perfect equestrian, always riding a very spirited horse, with rich trappings, who seemed proud of his burthen, and accomplished the ride to Marietta, of fourteen miles, in about two hours; dashing through and under the dark foliage of the forest trees, which then covered the greater part of the distance; reminding one of the gay plumage and rapid flight of some tropical bird, winging its way through the woods. In these journeys she was generally accompanied by Ransom, a favorite black servant, who fol-



lowed on horseback in a neat showy dress, and had to apply both whip and spur to keep in sight of his mistress. She sometimes came to Marietta by water, in a light canoe, (the roads not being yet opened for wheel carriages,) navigated by Moses, another of the colored servants, who was the principal waterman, and had charge of the boats for the transport of passengers from the island to the main. Her "shopping visits" were made in this way, as she directed the purchase of groceries, &c., for the family use, as well as for the clothing. She possessed great personal activity, sometimes, in fine weather, choosing to walk that distance, instead of riding. In addition to her feats in riding and walking, she could vault with the ease of a young fawn over a five-rail fence, with the mere aid of one hand placed on the top rail, and was often seen to do so, when walking over the farm, and a fence came in the way of her progress. It was performed with such graceful movement, and so little effort, as to call forth the wonder and admiration of the beholder. She was passionately fond of dancing, and greatly excelled in this healthful and charming exercise, moving through the mazes and intricacies of the various figures with the grace and lightness of the "queen of the fairies." Her tastes, in this respect, were often gratified in the numerous balls and assemblies given, at that day, in Marietta and Belprie, as well as at her own house, where the lofty hall frequently resounded to the cheerful music and lively steps of the dancers. With all this relish for social amusements, Mrs. Blennerhassett was very domestic in her habits. She was not only accomplished in all the arts of housewifery, but was also an excellent seamstress; cutting out and making up with her own hands, much of the clothing of her husband, as well as preparing that for the servants, which was then made by a colored female. At that period, when tailors and mantua-makers were rare in the western wilderness, this was an accomplishment of real value. That she was willing to practice these servile arts, when surrounded by all the wealth she could desire, is one of the finest and most remarkable traits in her character, indicating a noble mind, elevated above the in-

fluence of that false pride so often seen to attend the high-born and wealthy. She was a very early riser, and when not prevented by indisposition, visited the kitchen by early dawn, and often manipulated the pastry and cakes to be served up on the table for the day. When this service was completed, she laid aside her working dress, and attired herself in the habiliments of the lady of the mansion. At table she presided with grace and dignity; and by her cheerful conversation, and pleasant address, set every one at ease about her, however rustic their manners, or unaccustomed they might be to genteel society. Her mind was as highly cultivated as her person. She was an accomplished Italian and French scholar, and one of the finest readers imaginable; especially excelling in the plays of Shakspeare, which she rehearsed with all the taste and spirit of a first rate actor. In history and the English classics, she was equally well read, and was often called upon to decide a disputed point in literature, under discussion by her husband and some learned guest. Her decisions were generally satisfactory to both parties, because founded on correct reasoning, and delivered in so gracious a manner. Few women have ever lived, who combined so many accomplishments and personal attractions. They strongly impressed not only intellectual and cultivated minds, who could appreciate her merits, but also the uneducated and lower classes. One of the young men, a farmer's son of Belprie, rented and cultivated a field of corn on the island, near the avenue leading from the house to the river, for the sole purpose of stealing a look at her beautiful person, as she passed by on her way to ride or walk, as she was wont to do every pleasant day. Wirt's celebrated panegyric on this lady, was in no way undeserved, although, in appearance, so much like romance.

Eight years had passed rapidly and happily away, since they took possession of their island home. Two children, Herman and Dominic, had been added to their domestic blessings, whose lively prattle and cheerful smiles seemed to make life still more desirable. Parties of the young people from Marietta, Belprie, and Wood county, with occasional visitors from more

distant regions, whom the far-famed beauty of this western Eden had called to see and admire, often assembled at their hospitable mansion. Social parties of the older and more sedate portion of the community, were invited to visit them, and spend several days and nights on the island, especially females of the families where they visited themselves; so that they were as abundantly provided with social intercourse, as if living on the main land. A large portion of their visitors came by water, in row-boats or canoes; as the country was so new, and destitute of bridges across the numerous creeks, that carriages were but little used. If travellers came by land, it was on horseback. A gentleman of taste, who visited the island in 1806, described it as "a scene of enchantment; a western paradise; where beauty, wealth, and happiness had found a home." The wild condition of the surrounding wilderness, and the rude log cabins in which the inhabitants generally lived, by their striking contrast, added greatly to the marvellous beauty of the improvements on this remote island. Steamboats were then unknown, and travelling on the western rivers was slow and painful. Each man, or family, provided their own vessel, usually fitted for their temporary voyage in the rudest manner. A journey of one hundred miles was a long one, more formidable than five hundred or a thousand at this day. The settlement of Belprie was the only one from Marietta to Cincinnati, that showed marks of civilization, in its well-built houses, nicely cultivated farms, and blooming orchards; indicating an intelligent and refined population, who could appreciate the worth of their accomplished neighbors. A gentleman, who once lived in Marietta, and was a great favorite in the family, from his many personal and mental attractions, says: "I was but a boy when they left the island, but I had been a favorite in the family for years, and had passed many of my happiest days in their society. My intimacy in the family of Blennerhassett is like an oasis in the desert of life. It is one of those 'green spots in the memory's waste,' which death alone can obliterate; but the verdure of the recollection is destroyed by the knowledge of their ruin and misfortunes."

In an evil hour this peaceful and happy residence was entered by Aaron Burr, who, like Satan in the Eden of old, visited this earthly paradise, only to deceive and destroy. "Like some lost malignant spirit, he went to and fro upon the earth, to harass and sneer at poor humanity. He was always so courteous, so polite and decorous; so interesting, nay, fascinating, when he strove to engage the attention, that it was impossible to resist his influence. It was the atmosphere of his presence, that poisoned all who came within its reach." In the spring of the year 1805, this intriguing and artful man first visited the valley of the Ohio—his mind restless and uneasy, a disappointed, vexed man, whose hands were still red with the blood of the great and noble-minded Hamilton. No ordinary occupation could satisfy the mind of such a being; but some vast, difficult and grand scheme of ambition must be sought out, on which he could employ his exuberant faculties. Filled with his future project of founding a vast empire in the province of Mexico, with a portion of the valley of the Mississippi, then, as he had ascertained, ripe for revolution—but the plan chiefly confined, at that time, under a cloud of mystery, purporting to be a settlement of the lands he had bargained for on the Washita river—"he descended the Ohio in a boat, landing as a passing traveller, merely to see and admire the far-famed improvements of the island. Mr. Blennerhassett, hearing that a stranger was on his lawn, sent a servant to invite him to the house. The wily serpent sent his card with an apology; but Mr. B., with his usual hospitality, walked out and insisted on his remaining a day or two."

He, however, made a visit of only a few hours; long enough to introduce the subject of a splendid land speculation on the Red river, and to allude to the prospect of a war of the United States with Spain, and the ease with which the Mexicans might, with a little aid, throw off the foreign yoke which had so long oppressed them. He then proceeded on his way. A large portion of the following winter was spent by Mr. Blennerhassett and his lady in Philadelphia and New York, on a visit to his old friend Emmett; where, it is probable, he saw Burr again, and matured the plan

for a participation in the purchase of Baron Bastrop's land on the Washita, as he had addressed a letter to him on that subject before leaving home in December, wishing to become a partner in any purchase he might make of western lands; also offering to aid in the Mexican enterprise, as was afterward ascertained in the trial at Richmond. The next August we find Aaron Burr at Pittsburgh, in company with his accomplished daughter, Mrs. Theodosia Alston, on his way down the Ohio river. He again visited the island, with his daughter, where she spent several days: he in the mean time taking up his abode at Marietta, where several of the inhabitants received him with marked attention, while others looked upon him with contempt and abhorrence, as the murderer of Col. Hamilton, especially the old officers, friends and associates of that excellent man. It was in September, at the period of the annual militia muster; the regiment was assembled on the commons, and Col. Burr was invited by the commander to exercise the men, which he did, putting them through several evolutions. In the evening there was a splendid ball, at which he attended, which was long after known as the "Burr ball." Early in this month the contract was made for boats to be built on the Muskingum river, six miles above the mouth, for the purpose, as was said, of conveying the provisions and adventurers to the settlement in the new purchase.

There were fifteen large batteaux, ten of them forty feet long, ten feet wide, and two and a half feet deep; five others were fifty feet long, pointed at each end, to push or row up stream as well as down. One of these was considerably larger, and fitted up with convenient rooms, a fireplace and glass windows, intended for the use of Mr. Blennerhassett and family, as he proposed taking them with him to the new settlement; which is an evidence he did not then think of any hostile act against the United States. To these was added a "keel-boat," sixty-six feet long, for the transport of provisions. A contract for bacon, pork, flour, whisky, &c., was made to the amount of \$2000, and a bill drawn on Mr. Ogden, of New York, for the payment. The boats cost about the same sum, for which Mr. Blennerhassett was responsible. One main article of the stores

was kiln-dried or parched corn, ground into meal, which is another evidence that the men engaged in the expedition were to march a long distance by land, and carry their parched meal on their backs; of which a pint, mixed with a little water, is a day's ration, as practiced by the Western Indians. Several hundred barrels of this article were prepared, some of which was raised on the island, and parched in a kiln built for that purpose.

The boats were to be ready by the 9th of December, rather a late period on account of ice, which usually forms in this month; but they were tardy in making the contract. Col. Burr remained in the vicinity three or four weeks, making a journey to Chillicothe. His son-in-law (Alston) came out and joined his wife at the island, and with her and Mr. Blennerhassett, who accompanied them, proceeded on to Lexington, Kentucky, early in October. Many young men in the vicinity of Marietta, Belprie, and various other points on the river, were engaged to join in the expedition, of which Col. Burr was the leader. They were told that no injury was intended to the United States; that the President was aware of the expedition and approved of it, which was to make a settlement on the tract of land purchased by the leaders in the Baron Bastrop grant; and in the event of war breaking out between this country and Spain, which had for some time been expected, they were to join with the troops under General Wilkinson, and march into the Mexican provinces, whose inhabitants had long been ready for revolt, and prepared to unite with them. This was no doubt the truth, as believed by Mr. Blennerhassett and those engaged under him, whatever may have been the ulterior views of Burr. Not one of all the number enlisted on the Ohio would have hearkened for a moment to a separation of the Western from the Eastern States; and when the act of the Ohio Legislature was passed to suppress all armed assemblages, and take possession of boats with arms and provisions, followed by the proclamation of the President, they almost to a man refused to proceed further in the enterprise.

The batteaux were calculated to carry about 500 men, and probably a large portion of that number had been engaged,



expecting to receive one hundred acres of land for each private, and more for officers. As to their being required to furnish themselves with a good rifle and blanket, it was of itself no evidence of hostility; as it is customary in making all new settlements, for the men to be armed, as was the case with the forty-eight pioneers of the Ohio Company settlers in 1788.

In the mean time a rumor had gone abroad that Col. Burr and his associates were plotting treason on the Western waters, and assembling an army to take possession of New Orleans, rob the banks, seize the artillery, and set up a separate government, west of the Alleghany mountains, of which he was to be the chief. From the evidence on the trial at Richmond, and other sources, it appears that Mr. Jefferson was acquainted with the plan of invading Mexico, in the event of a war with Spain, and approved it, so that Burr had some ground for saying that the government favored the project. But when no war took place, and the parties had become deeply involved in building boats, collecting provisions, and levying men, to which the baseness and treachery of Wilkinson directly contributed, it was thought a fitting time to punish the arch-enemy of the President, who, by his chicanery, had well nigh ousted him from the Chair of State, and had since taken all opportunities to vilify and abuse him.

Another evidence that the government was supposed to favor the enterprise, is the fact, that nearly all its abettors and supporters in the West, until the Proclamation appeared, were of the party called Republicans, or friends of Mr. Jefferson, who hated and despised Burr and all in which he was engaged, as from the character of the man, they thought it boded nothing good.

By the last of October, rumor with her thousand tongues, aided by hundreds of newspapers, had filled the minds of the people with strange alarms of coming danger, to which the mystery that overshadowed the actual object of these preparations greatly added; and many threats were thrown out of personal violence to Mr. Blennerhassett and Colonel Burr. Alarmed at these rumors of coming danger, Mrs. Blennerhassett dispatched Peter Taylor to Kentucky, with a letter, request-

ing her husband immediately to return, where he had gone on a visit with Mr. Alston. The history of this journey, as related by Peter, in his evidence on the trial, is an amusing sketch of simplicity and truth. He was the gardener on the island for several years, and was a single-hearted, honest Englishman; who, after his employer's ruin, purchased a farm at Waterford, in Washington county, Ohio, where he lived many years, much respected for his industry and integrity. During the month of September and fore part of October, there appeared a series of articles, four or five in number, published in the Marietta Gazette, over the signature of "Querist," in which the writer advocated a separation of the Western from the Eastern States; setting forth the reasons for, and the advantages of such a division. These were answered in a series of numbers, condemning the project, over the signature of "Regulus." They were well written, spirited articles, and both are now understood to have been furnished by Mr. Blennerhassett, to ascertain the public mind on this subject in the West. As one of these neutralized the other, no direct proof can be adduced from them of his designing such a measure. The result, however, was unfavorable to his project, and roused the public mind in opposition, both to the man and the cause he had espoused. Some of the articles by "Regulus" were much applauded by the editor of the Aurora, a leading government paper of that day, who considered the writer a very able and patriotic man. The last of November, Mr. Jefferson sent out John Graham, a clerk in one of the public offices, as a spy or agent to watch the motions of the conspirators in the vicinity of the island, and to ask the aid of the Governor of Ohio in suppressing the insurrection, by seizing on the boats and preparations making on the Muskingum. While at Marietta, Mr. Blennerhassett called on the agent once or twice; talked freely with him on the object of the expedition, and showed him a letter which he had recently received from Col. Burr, in relation to the settlement on the Washita, in which he says that the project of invading Mexico was abandoned, as the difficulties between the United States and Spain were adjusted. He also



mentioned his arrest and trial before the Federal Court, on a charge of "treasonable practices" and "a design to attack the Spanish dominions, and thereby endanger the peace of the United States," of which he was acquitted.

But all this would not satisfy Mr. Graham. He visited the Governor at Chillicothe, laid before him the surmises of Mr. Jefferson; and the Legislature, then in session, on the second day of December, with closed doors, passed an act, authorizing the Governor to call out the militia, on his warrant to any sheriff or militia officer, with power to arrest boats on the Ohio river, or men supposed to be engaged in this expedition, who might be held to bail in a sum of 50,000 dollars or imprisoned, and the boats confiscated: \$1000 were placed at the disposal of the Governor, to carry out the law. Under this act a company of militia was called out, with orders to capture and detain the boats and provisions on the Muskingum, with all others descending the Ohio under suspicious circumstances. They were placed under the command of Captain Timothy Buell. A six-pounder was planted in battery, on the bank of the Ohio at Marietta, and every descending boat examined. Regular sentries and guards were posted for several weeks, until the river was closed with ice, and all navigation ceased. Many amusing jokes were played off on the military during this campaign, such as setting an empty tar barrel on fire and placing it on an old boat or raft of logs, to float by on some dark, rainy night. The sentries, after hailing and receiving no answer, fired several shots to enforce their order; but finding the supposed boat escaping, sent out a file of men to board and take possession, who, approaching in great wrath, were still more vexed to find it all a hoax. On the 6th of December, just before the order of the government arrived, Comfort Tyler, a gentleman from the State of New York, landed at the island, with four boats, and about thirty men, fitted out at the towns above on the Ohio. On the ninth, a party of young men from Belprie went up the Muskingum to assist in navigating the bateaux and provisions of parched meal, from that place to the island. But the militia guard received notice of their move-

ments, and waylaying the river, a little above the town, took possession of them all but one, which the superior management of the young men from Belprie enabled them to bring by all the guards, in the darkness of the night, and reach the island in safety. Had they all escaped, they would have been of little use, as the young men engaged had generally given up the enterprise, on the news of the President's Proclamation and the Act of the Ohio Legislature.

Mr. Blennerhassett was at Marietta on the 6th of December, expecting to receive the boats, but they were not quite ready for delivery. On that day he heard of the Act of Assembly, and returned to the island, half resolved to abandon the cause; but the arrival that night of Tyler, and the remonstrances of his wife, who had entered with great spirit into the enterprise, prevented him. Had he listened to the dictates of his own mind, and the suggestions of prudence, it would have saved him years of misfortune and final ruin. In the course of the day of the 9th of December, he had notice that the Wood county militia had volunteered their services, and would that night make an attack on the island, arrest him with the boats and men there assembled, and perhaps burn his house. This accelerated their departure, which took place on the following night. They had learned that the river was watched at several points below, and felt serious apprehensions for their future safety; although the resolute young men on board, well armed with their rifles, would not have been captured by any moderate force. The Ohio river, from the Little to the Big Kenawha, is very crooked and tortuous, making the distance by water nearly double that by land. Col. Phelps, the commander of the Wood county volunteers, took possession of the island the following morning, and finding the objects of his search gone, determined not to be foiled, and started immediately on horseback across the country, for Point Pleasant, a village at the mouth of the Big Kenawha, and arrived there several hours before the boats. He directly mustered a party of men to watch the river all night, and arrest the fugitives. It being quite cold, with some ice in the stream, large fires were kindled, for the double

purpose of warning the guard, and more easily discovering the boats.

Just before daylight the men, being well filled with whiskey to keep out the cold, became drowsy with their long watch, and all lay down by the fire. During their short sleep, the four boats seeing the fires, and aware of their object, floated quickly by, without any noise, and were out of sight before the guard awoke. They thus escaped this well-laid plan for their capture—arriving at the mouth of the Cumberland, the place of rendezvous, unmolested.

On the 13th, Mr. Morgan Neville and Mr. Robinson, with a party of fourteen young men, arrived and landed at the island. They were immediately arrested by the militia before the return of Col. Phelps. A very amusing account of the adventure is given in the "Token," an Annual of 1836, written by Mr. Neville, in which he describes their trial before Justices Wolf and Kincheloe, as aiders and abettors in the treason of Burr and Blennerhassett. So far was the spirit of lawless arrest carried, that one or two persons in Belprie were taken at night from their beds, and hurried over on to the island for trial, without any authority of law. This was a few days before the celebrated move in the Senate of the United States for the suspension of the act of *Habeas Corpus*, so alarmed had they become, which was prevented by the more considerate negative of the House of Representatives. After a detention of three days, these young men were discharged for want of proof. Mrs. Blennerhassett, who had been left at the island, to look after the household goods, and follow her husband at a more convenient period, was absent at Marietta when they landed for the purpose of procuring one of the large boats, that was fitted up for her use, and had been arrested at Marietta; but he was unsuccessful, and returned the evening after the trial.

The conduct of the militia, in the absence of their commander, was brutal and outrageous; taking possession of the house and the family stores in the cellar, without any authority, as their orders only extended to the arrest of Mr. Blennerhassett and the boats. They tore up and burnt the fences for their watch fires, and forced the black servants to cook for them or be imprisoned. One of them discharged his

rifle through the ceiling of the large hall, the bullet passing up through the chamber near where Mrs. B. and the children were sitting. The man said it was accidental; but being half drunk, and made brutal by the whiskey they drank, they cared little for their actions.

On the 17th of December, with the aid of the young men, and the kind assistance of Mr. A. W. Putnam of Belprie, one of their neighbors, and a highly esteemed friend, she with her children was enabled to depart, taking with her a part of the furniture and some of her husband's choice books. Mr. Putnam also furnished her with provisions for the voyage, her own being destroyed by the militia, in whose rude hands she was forced to leave her beautiful island home, which she was destined never again to visit.

They kept possession for several days after her departure, living at free quarters, destroying the fences, letting in the cattle, which trampled down and ruined the beautiful shrubbery of the garden, barking and destroying the nice orchards of fruit trees, just coming into bearing; and this too was done by men, on many of whom Mr. Blennerhassett had bestowed numerous kindnesses. It is due to the commander, Col. Phelps, to say, that these excesses were mostly perpetrated in his absence, and that on his return, he did all he could to suppress them, and treated Mrs. Blennerhassett with respect and kindness.

This spot, which, a short time before, was the abode of peace and happiness, adorned with all that could embellish or beautify its appearance, was now a scene of ruin, resembling the ravages of a hostile and savage foe, rather than the visitation of the civil law. Before leaving the island, Mr. Blennerhassett, not expecting to return, had rented it to Col. Cushing, one of his worthy Belprie friends, with all the stock of cattle, crops, &c. He did all in his power to preserve what was left, and prevent further waste. Col. Cushing kept possession of the island one or two years, when it was taken out of his hands by the creditors, and rented to a man who raised a large crop of hemp. The porticoes and offices were stowed full of this combustible article, when the black servants, during one of their Christmas gambols in 1811, accidentally set it on fire, and the whole mansion

was consumed. The furniture and library, a portion of which only was removed with the family, was attached and sold at auction at a great sacrifice, to discharge some of the bills endorsed by him for Aaron Burr a few months after his departure.

With her two little sons, Herman and Dominic, the one six, and the other about eight years old, she pursued her way down the Ohio to join her husband. The young men, her companions, afforded every aid in their power to make her situation comfortable, but the severity of the weather, the floating ice in the river, and the unfinished state of her cabin, hastily prepared for her reception, made the voyage a very painful one. Late in December, she passed the mouth of the Cumberland, where she had hoped to find her husband, but the flotilla had proceeded out of the Ohio into the rapid waters of the Mississippi, and landed at the mouth of the Bayou Piere, in the Mississippi territory. The Ohio was frozen over soon after the boat in which she was embarked left it, and was not again navigable until the last of February, the winter being one of great severity. Early in January she joined the boats of Col. Burr a few miles above Natchez, and was again restored, with her two little boys, to her husband, who received them with joy and gratitude from the hands of their gallant conductors. The whole country being roused from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, and the hue and cry raised on all sides to arrest the traitors, Col. Burr abandoned the expedition as hopeless, and assembling his followers, now about one hundred and thirty in number, made them a spirited speech, thanked them for their faithful adherence amidst so much opposition, and closed by saying that unforeseen circumstances had occurred which frustrated his plans, and the expedition was at an end. All were now left, at a distance of 1000 or 1500 miles from their homes, to shift for themselves.

Several of the young men from Belprie, six or eight in number, returned in the course of the spring. Two brothers, Charles and John Dana, remained and settled near the Walnut Hills, purchased lands and entered into the cultivation of cotton. Some time in January, Col. Burr and Mr. Blennerhassett were arrested, and brought before the United States

Court at Natchez, on a charge of treason, and recognized to appear in February. Blennerhassett did appear, and was discharged *in chief*, no proof appearing to convict him of any treasonable design.

Burr did not choose to appear, but soon after the recognizance, he requested John Dana, with two others, to take him in a skiff, or row-boat, to a point about twenty miles above Bayou Piere, and land him in the night, intending to escape across the country by land. The better to conceal his person from detection, before starting, he exchanged his nice suit of broadcloth clothes and beaver hat with Mr. Dana, for his coarse boatman's dress and old slouched white wool hat, which would effectually disguise him from recognition by his intimate acquaintance. He proceeded safely for some days, but was finally arrested on the Tombigbee river, and with many taunts and insults taken into Richmond, where he arrived the 26th of March, 1807. No bill was found by the grand jury until the 25th of June, when he was indicted on two bills, one for treason, and the other for a misdemeanor. After a long and tedious trial he was acquitted, on a verdict of "*Not Guilty*."

Mr. Blennerhassett, supposing himself discharged from further annoyance, some time in June, started on a journey to visit the island, and examine into the condition of his property, which, from various letters, he learned was going fast to waste and destruction. Passing through Lexington, Kentucky, where he had many friends and acquaintances, he was again arrested, on a charge of treason, and for some days confined in the jail, as an indictment had been found against him, as well as Burr, at Richmond. He employed Henry Clay as his council, who expressed deep indignation at the illegality of his client's arrest. "He had been discharged already *in chief*, and why should he be again arrested on the same supposed offence?" But the government was unrelenting, and nothing but the conviction of the offenders could appease their wrath. He was taken, with much ceremony and parade of the law, to Richmond, where he again met Burr, the originator of all his troubles and misfortunes. The magnanimity of the man is well shown, in that he never recriminated, or accused his destroyer with deceiving him,



inasmuch as he had entered voluntarily into his plans, and therefore did not choose to lay his troubles on the shoulders of another, although it is apparent, that if he had never seen Aaron Burr, he would have escaped this sudden ruin to his prosperity and happiness. The following letter is from the pen of Mrs. Blennerhassett, addressed to her husband at Lexington, and displays her noble and elevated mind, as well as her deep conjugal affection. It is copied from the sketch of Mr. Blennerhassett by Wm. Wallace, published in Vol. II. of the *American Review*, 1845:—

“*Natchez, August 3d, 1807.*”

“MY DEAREST LOVE:—After having experienced the greatest disappointment in not hearing from you for two mails, I at length heard of your arrest, which afflicts and mortifies me, because it was an *arrest*. I think that had you of your own accord gone to Richmond and solicited a trial, it would have accorded better with your pride, and you would have escaped the unhappiness of missing my letters, which I wrote every week to Marietta. God knows what you may feel and suffer on our accounts, before this reaches to inform you of our health and welfare in every particular; and knowing this, I trust and feel your mind will rise superior to every inconvenience that your present situation may subject you to—despising as I do the paltry malice of the upstart agents of government. Let no solicitude whatever for us, damp your spirits. We have many friends here, who do the utmost in their power to counteract any disagreeable sensation occasioned me by your absence. I shall live in the hope of hearing from you by the next mail, and entreat you, by all that is dear to us, not to let any disagreeable feelings on account of our separation, enervate your mind at this time. Remember that all here will read with great interest anything concerning you; but still do not trust too much to yourself: consider your want of practice at the bar, and do not spare the fee of a lawyer. Apprise Col. Burr of my warmest acknowledgments for his own and Mrs. Alston's kind remembrance, and tell him to assure her she has inspired me with a warmth of attachment which never can diminish. I wish him to urge her to write to me.

“God bless you, prays your

“M. BLENNERHASSETT.”

On Burr's acquittal, Mr. Blennerhassett was never brought to trial, but discharged from the indictment for treason, and bound over in the sum of \$3000 to appear at Chillicothe, Ohio, on a misdemeanor, “for that whereas he prepared an armed force,

whose destination was the Spanish territory.” He did not appear, nor was he ever called upon again; and thus ended this treasonable farce, which had kept the whole of the United States in a ferment for more than a year, and like “the mountain in labor, at last brought forth a mouse.”

After the trial at Richmond in 1807, he returned to Natchez, where he staid about a year, and then bought, with the remains of his fortune, a plantation of one thousand acres, in Claiborne county, Mississippi, seven miles distant from Gibson Port, at a place called St. Catharines, and cultivated it with a small stock of slaves. While here he continued his literary pursuits, leaving Mrs. Blennerhassett to superintend both indoors and out. The embargo destroyed all commerce, and the war which soon followed put a stop to the sale of cotton, and blasted his hopes of reinstating his fortune from that source. In a letter to his attorney at Marietta, in 1808, wherein he proposes the sale of his island for slaves, he says, that with thirty hands on his plantation, he could in five years clear \$60,000: cotton was then in demand, and brought a high price.

His lady, with her characteristic energy, rose at early dawn, mounted her horse and rode over the grounds, examining each field, and giving directions to the overseer, as to the work to be done that day, or any alteration to be made in the plans, which circumstances required.

They here had the society of a few choice friends in Natchez, and among the neighboring planters. On this plantation they passed ten years, in which time one son and a daughter were added to the number of their children. The daughter died when young.

Retaining still a fond recollection of his Marietta and Belprie friends, he in the year 1818 sent one of his sons to the college in Athens, Ohio, under the care of W. P. Putnam, the son of his old friend, A. W. Putnam. Here he remained a year; at the end of which time, finding his fortune still decreasing, and means much cramped by his endorsements for Col. Burr, amounting to thirty thousand dollars, ten thousand of which were repaid by Mr. Alston, he in 1819 sold his plantation and moved his family to Montreal; the Governor of the province, an old friend, having given him



hopes to expect a post on the Bench, for which he was well qualified.

Misfortune having marked him for her own, soon after his arrival, his friend was removed from office, and his expectations frustrated. He remained here until the year 1822, when he removed his family to England, under an assurance of a post from the government, which was never realized, and resided in the town of Balb with a maiden sister.

It was while at Montreal, with prospects of poverty and blighted hopes thickening around her, that Mrs. Blennerhassett wrote those beautiful and touching lines describing "the island," and her once happy home, which are given below, as well worthy of preservation:—

"THE DESERTED ISLE."

I.

"Like mournful echo from the silent tomb,  
That pines away upon the midnight air,  
Whilst the pale moon breaks out with fitful gloom ;

Fond memory turns with sad, but welcome care,

To scenes of desolation and despair—  
Once bright with all that beauty could bestow,  
That peace could shed, or youthful fancy know.

II.

"To thee, fair Isle ! reverts the pleasing dream ;  
Again thou risest in thy green attire ;  
Fresh, as at first, thy blooming graces seem ;  
Thy groves, thy fields, their wonted sweets  
respire ;

Again thou'rt all my heart could e'er desire.  
Oh ! why, dear isle, art thou not still my own ?  
Thy charms could then for all my griefs atone.

III.

"The stranger, that descends Ohio's stream,  
Charm'd with the beauteous prospects that  
arise,  
Marks the soft isles, that 'neath the glistening  
beam

Dance in the wave and mingle with the skies ;  
Sees also *one*, that now in ruin lies,  
Which erst, like fairy queen, towered o'er the  
rest,

In every native charm by culture dress'd.

IV.

"There rose the seat where once, in pride of  
life,  
My eye could mark the queen of rivers flow,  
In summer's calmness or in winter's strife,  
Swollen with the rains, or battling with the  
snow.

Never again my heart such joy shall know :

Havoc and ruin, and rampant war, have past  
Over that Isle, with their destroying blast.

V.

"The blackening fire has swept throughout her  
halls,

The winds fly whistling through them, and  
the wave

No more in spring floods o'er the sand-beach  
crawls,

But furious drowns in one o'erwhelming  
grave

Thy hallowed haunts, it watered as a slave.  
Drive on, destructive flood ; and ne'er again  
On that devoted Isle let man remain.

VI.

"Too many blissful moments there I've known ;

Too many hopes have there met their decay ;

Too many feelings now forever gone,

To wish that thou wouldst e'er again display

The joyful coloring of thy prime array ;—

Buried with thee, let them remain a blot,

With thee, their sweets, their bitterness, forgot.

VII.

"And oh ! that I could wholly wipe away  
The memory of the ills that work'd thy fall ;

The memory of that all-eventful day

When I returned and found my own fair  
hall

Held by the infuriate populace in thrall ;  
My own fireside blockaded by a band,  
That once found food and shelter at my hand.

VIII.

"My children, (oh, a mother's pangs, forbear,  
Nor strike again that arrow through my soul.)

Clasping the ruffians in suppliant prayer

To free their mother from unjust control ;

While with false crimes and imprecations  
foul

The wretches, vilest refuse of the earth,  
Mock jurisdiction held around my hearth.

IX.

"Sweet Isle ! methinks I see thy bosom torn,  
Again behold the ruthless rabble throng,  
That wrought destruction taste must ever  
mourn.

Alas ! I see thee now,—shall see thee long ;

Yet ne'er shall bitter feelings urge the wrong,

That to a mob would give the censure, due  
To those that armed the plunder-greedy crew.

X.

"Thy shores are warmed by bounteous suns in  
vain,

Columbia, if spite and envy spring

To blast the beauty of mild Nature's reign.

The European stranger, who would fling

O'er tangled woods refinement's polishing,

May find (expended every plan of taste)

His work by ruffians rendered doubly waste."

In addition to the expectation of office in England, Mr. B. also had hopes of recovering an interest he held in an estate in Ireland; both of these, however, failed. He ultimately resided in the Island of Guernsey, where he died in 1831, aged sixty-three years.

Eleven years after his death, in 1842, when his widow and children were reduced to extreme want, she returned to New York with one of her sons, both of them in very poor health, with the purpose of petitioning Congress for remuneration for the destruction of the property on the island by the Wood county militia in December, 1806.

The petition is couched in very feeling and appropriate language, in which she sets forth the outrages done to the house and property on the island.

"Your memorialist does not desire to exaggerate the conduct of the said armed men, or the injuries done by them; but she can truly say that before their visit, the residence of her family had been noted for its elegance and high state of improvement, and that they left it in a state of comparative ruin and waste; and as instances of the mischievous and destructive spirit which appeared to govern them, she would mention that while they occupied as a guard room one of the best apartments in the house, (the building of which had cost nearly forty thousand dollars,) a musket or rifle ball was deliberately fired into the ceiling, by which it was much defaced and injured; and that they wantonly destroyed many pieces of valuable furniture.

"She would also state, that being apparently under no subordination, they indulged in continual drunkenness and riot, offering many indignities to your memorialist, and treating her domestics with violence.

"Your memorialist further represents, that these outrages were committed upon an unoffending and defenceless family in the absence of their natural protector, your memorialist's husband being then away from his home; and that in answer to such remonstrances as she ventured to make against the consumption, waste, and destruction of his property, she was told by those who assumed to have the command, that they held the property for the United States by order of the President,

and were privileged to use it, and should use it, as they pleased. It is with pain that your memorialist reverts to events, which, in their consequences, have reduced a once happy family from affluence and comfort, to comparative want and wretchedness—which blighted the prospects of her children, and made herself, in the decline of life, a wanderer on the face of the earth."

This memorial was directed to the care of Henry Clay, then in the Senate of the United States, enveloped in a letter from R. Emmett, a son of the celebrated man of that name. He says, "She is now in this city residing in very humble circumstances, bestowing her cares upon a son, who, by long poverty and sickness, is reduced to utter imbecility both of mind and body, unable to assist her or provide for his own wants." "In her present destitute situation, the smallest amount of relief would be thankfully received by her. Her condition is one of *absolute want*, and she has but a short time left to enjoy any better fortune in this world."

Mr. Clay presented the memorial to the Senate, with some very feeling and appropriate remarks; having been formerly well acquainted with the family, and employed as his attorney when arrested at Lexington, Ky.

It was taken up and referred to the Committee on Claims, of which the Hon. William Woodbridge was chairman. His report on the memorial is a very able and feeling document, in which he advocates the claim as just, and one which ought to be allowed, notwithstanding it had now been thirty-six years since the events transpired. He says, not to do so "would be unworthy of any *wise* or *just* nation, that is disposed to respect most of all its own honor."

The report sets forth all the circumstances attending the "Burr treason," as described in the foregoing biography. The documents which accompany the report are very interesting, especially the statement of Morgan Neville and William Robinson, Jr., two of the young men who were arrested and tried on the island as partisans of Burr, in Dec., 1806, and written for the future use of Mr. Blennerhassett, a few days after these events transpired. It is given as a correct history of the outrages on the island:—

*"Statement of Messrs. Neville and Robinson.*

"On the 13th day of December, 1806, the boat in which we were driven ashore, by ice and winds, on 'Backus' island, about one mile below Mr. Blennerhassett's house. We landed in the forenoon, and the wind continuing unfavorable, did not afford us an opportunity of putting off until after three o'clock in the evening, at which time we were attacked by about twenty-five men, well armed, who rushed upon us suddenly, and we not being in a situation to resist the fury of a mob, surrendered. A strong guard was placed in the boat to prevent, we presume, those persons of our party who remained in the boat from going off with her, while we were taken to the house of Mr. Blennerhassett." "On our arrival at the house, we found it filled with militia. Another party of them were engaged in making fires (around the house) of rails, dragged from the fences of Mr. Blennerhassett. At this time Mrs. Blennerhassett was from home.

"When she returned, (about an hour after,) she remonstrated against this outrage on the property, but without effect. The officers declared that while they were on the island the property absolutely belonged to them. We were informed by themselves that their force consisted of forty men the first night, and the third day it was increased to eighty. The officers were constantly issuing the whisky and meal, which had been laid up for the use of the family; and when any complaint was made by the friends of Mrs. Blennerhassett, they invariably asserted that everything on the farm was their own property. There appeared to us to be no kind of subordination among the men; the large room they occupied on the first floor, presented a continued scene of riot and drunkenness; the furniture appeared ruined by the bayonets, and one of the men fired his gun against the ceiling; the ball made a large hole which completely spoiled the beauty of the room. They insisted that the servants should wait upon them before attending to their mistress; when this was refused, they seized upon the kitchen and drove the negroes into the wash-house.

"We were detained from Saturday evening until Tuesday morning; during all which time, there were never less than thirty, and frequently from seventy to eighty men, living in this riotous manner, entirely on the provisions of Mrs. Blennerhassett. When we left the island, a cornfield near the house, in which the corn was still remaining, was filled with cattle, the fences having been pulled down to make fires. This we pledge ourselves to be a true statement of

these transactions, as impression was made on us at the time.

MORGAN NEVILLE,  
WM. ROBINSON, JR."

Charles Fenton Mercer, Esq., also, in September, 1807, soon after the trial at Richmond, made a full statement of his knowledge of the events on which the accusation against Mr. Blennerhassett was founded, as they transpired between the 20th of September and 6th of December, 1806, having been himself at the island in November, with his opinion of the object of the expedition, in which he fully clears Mr. Blennerhassett of any design against the peace and quiet of the United States.

Mr. D. Woodbridge, of Marietta, in a letter to the Chairman of the 2d April, 1842, makes a statement of the loss of property from the attachment of the government, and the riotous conduct of the Wood county volunteers on the island. In August, 1842, while the subject was under consideration, news arrived of the death of Mrs. Blennerhassett at New York, and nothing more was done in the matter.

She who had lived in wealth and splendor, and imparted charity to hundreds of the poor, was indebted to others for a grave. She died in the most destitute condition; and her last days passed under the soothing care of a charitable society of Irish females in New York, by whom she was buried.

The reverses in this accomplished woman's fortune, and in that of her amiable husband, illustrate the uncertainties of human life, and unfold the mysterious doings of Providence with the children of men.

More than forty years have passed away since these events were transacted, and not a vestige now remains of the splendid and happy home of Herman and Margaret Blennerhassett. All has passed away like the vision of a pleasant dream; while the thousands of passengers, who annually travel up and down the Ohio, in steamboats, still eagerly inquire after, and gaze upon, "the Island of Blennerhassett" with wonder and delight.

## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE,

## AND THE REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

THESE are important documents, if not on account of their own intrinsic merits, at least on account of the positions occupied by their authors. If they have not the merit of able state papers, they have the merit of containing some facts very important to be known and duly appreciated by the people of the United States. They have also the merit of containing the strong points of the argument (if the argument have any strong points) in favor of free trade, and a labored defence of that suicidal tariff act of 1846. These documents give us the practical operation of that act during seven months of the fiscal year ending the 30th of June, 1847, and in part its practical operation for one whole year, commencing December 1st, 1846, and ending November 30th, 1847. Why the practical operation of the act for the latter period was not given in full, is what we should like to know, but which neither the President nor the Secretary has seen fit to inform us. From the facts given, however, we shall be able to ascertain pretty accurately the facts withheld.

The President, for example, states that the amount of revenue paid into the Treasury during the first year of the tariff of 1846, was about thirty-one and a half millions of dollars. But he does not tell us either the amount of exports or imports during that year, and of course we cannot ascertain the average per centum of duties upon the whole importation of that year; but as the amounts of exports and imports for the fiscal year ending the 30th June, 1847, and also the amount of duties collected on those imports are given, we can ascertain precisely the average per centum of duty upon the whole importation of that year, which will enable us to guess pretty accurately what was the average per centum of duty on the whole importation for the year ending the 30th November. With these data, therefore, we shall be able to test the comparative merits of the tariffs of 1842 and 1846.

Both the President and his Secretary enter into labored arguments to prove the superiority of what they call revenue tariffs over all other tariffs, and especially over tariffs for protection. Thus the President in his message to Congress in December, 1845, says :—

“The object of imposing duties on imports should be to raise revenue to pay the necessary expenses of government. Congress may, undoubtedly, in the exercise of a sound discretion, discriminate in arranging the rates of duty on different articles; but the discriminations should be within the revenue standard, and be made with the view to raise money for the support of government.”

What the President means by the phrase, *revenue standard*, will perhaps appear more clearly from the following exquisite piece of reasoning :—

“It becomes important to understand distinctly what is meant by a revenue standard, the maximum of which should not be exceeded in the rates of duty imposed. It is conceded, and experience proves, that duties may be laid so high as to diminish or prohibit altogether the importation of any given article, and thereby lessen or destroy the revenue which, at lower rates, would be derived from its importation. Such duties exceed the revenue rates, and are not imposed to raise money for the support of government. If Congress levy a duty for revenue of one per cent. on a given article, it will produce a given amount of money to the treasury, and will incidentally and necessarily afford protection or advantage to the amount of one per cent. to the home manufacturer of a similar or like article over the importer. If the duty be raised to ten per cent., it will produce a greater amount of money, and afford greater protection. If it be still raised to twenty, twenty-five, or thirty per cent., and if, as it is raised, the revenue derived from it is found to be increased, the protection or advantage will also be increased; but if it be raised to thirty-one per cent., and it is found that the revenue produced at that rate is less than at thirty per cent., it ceases to be a revenue duty. The precise point in the ascending scale of duties at which it is ascertained from experience that the revenue is greatest, is the maximum



rate of duty which can be laid for the bona fide purpose of collecting money for the support of government. To raise the duties higher than that point, and thereby diminish the amount collected, is to levy them for protection merely, and not for revenue. As long, then, as Congress may gradually increase the rate of duty on a given article, and the revenue is increased by such increase of duty, they are within the revenue standard. When they go beyond that point, and as they increase the duties, the revenue is diminished or destroyed, the act ceases to have for its object the raising of money to support government, but is for protection merely."

The object of the above reasoning, if we are able to comprehend it, is to prove that a certain low tariff of, say, fifteen or twenty per centum, will produce more revenue than a high tariff of forty or fifty per centum—that the precise rate of duty which will produce the most revenue may be ascertained by actual experiment, and that rate, whatever it shall be found to be, is the revenue standard. Now this is all mere hypothesis and delusion, without a single fact to support it. There is no such revenue standard, nor is it true that a low tariff will produce as much revenue as a higher one, except where the low tariff prevents smuggling; and we are much mistaken if the President's own figures do not prove this. The President and his Secretary appear to have adopted, as the basis of their system of finance, Dean Swift's celebrated paradox, that in political arithmetic two and two do not make four.

If the President means to say, that a low tariff of five or ten per centum on coarse cotton fabrics, will produce more revenue from those fabrics than a high tariff of fifty or one hundred per centum would do, then he asserts a fact which nobody ever denied or disputed; for the high tariff would be equivalent to a prohibition of the import of the article, and would therefore produce no revenue at all. If this was what the President meant, it was a mere truism, and required no argument to sustain it. But if his meaning was, that an average tariff of twenty per centum on the whole importation, will produce more revenue than an average tariff of forty per centum on the whole importation, then he asserts a palpable and plain absurdity, equivalent to asserting that the half is greater than the

whole. The President's parade of argument, therefore, is either for the purpose of proving a truism which nobody denies, or an absurdity which no sensible man believes.

There is a well established principle of political economy, which neither the President, nor the Secretary of the Treasury, nor indeed any of their sect of political economists, seem ever to have learned; which shows, if not the absurdity, at least the futility of their idea of a revenue standard of duties on different articles of import.

The exports of a nation always do, and always should, control the imports, without regard to the rate of the duties. No nation should ever import more than the net proceeds of its exports. If this rule is violated, disaster immediately follows, as our own experience abundantly proves. A government, therefore, which encourages its citizens to import more than the net proceeds of their exports, violates a fundamental principle of political economy. The imports of a nation, however, always do, and always must, exceed by seven or eight per centum, the nominal exports. This excess of imports is caused by the profits, or net proceeds, of the exports above the valuation. Every merchant who exports a cargo of goods expects to realize, not only their original cost, but a profit on them. He expects to exchange his goods for others of more value to him, or for money; and these must be imported or there is an end to commerce. When a nation has got its proportion of the precious metals adjusted to its amount of property, there can be no profit on the importation of specie, because it is worth more abroad than at home, and there will be a profit on the importation of goods and exportation of money. Now, unless a high tariff on imports will prevent the export and sale of our surplus products, to those who are willing to give a good price for them, the rate of duty on the proceeds will not prevent them from being imported. So long, then, as our exports amount to a hundred millions of dollars a year, under a tariff that shall average fifty, or even one hundred per centum, our imports will equal or exceed that amount. It is true that a horizontal tariff of one hundred per

centum upon all importations, would entirely exclude a large portion of our present imports—all those that are produced, or could be conveniently produced, in the country; but other articles would be substituted in their place, so as to equal the full amount of our exports. The only effect, therefore, of a high duty on a given article, such as coarse cotton fabrics, would be to exclude that article and substitute some other in its place to an equal amount and value.

Although an increase of duty, therefore, on cotton goods, may decrease the revenue on that article, yet it does not follow, as the President seems to suppose, that the general revenue will be diminished, although such might be the case. If, for example, the duty on cotton and woollen goods should be increased to such a point as to exclude ten millions of them from our market, and articles paying no duty at all should be substituted in their place, the general amount of revenue would be diminished; but he would be but a shallow politician who could not prevent such a result.

The truth of this theory is proved by the history of every commercial nation in the world. Our imports have exceeded our exports every year since the government was established, with the exception, perhaps, of a single year. The same is true of England, and all other nations, without any regard to the rate of their tariffs. If the advocates of low tariffs will show a single exception to this rule, we will give up the argument.

There is a class of goods, however, upon which high duties will produce less revenue than low duties, although the high duties may not diminish the amount of imports. These are goods of small bulk and great value, such as jewelry, expensive laces, &c. A high duty on such goods would cause them to be smuggled to a great extent, and thus defeat the revenue. But the idea that an average high duty on the staple articles of consumption will prevent them from being imported through the custom-house, is utterly absurd. If it were otherwise, a tariff of two or three hundred per cent. on the transportation of oysters from Baltimore to Cincinnati would prevent them from being consumed in Cincinnati. If our government were to

enact a tariff which should be equivalent to an average duty of fifty per centum upon the whole import of the country, it would afford a revenue of fifty millions of dollars, so long as our exports equalled a hundred millions of dollars; and if our exports should equal one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, the duties on imports would equal seventy-five millions of dollars. *The revenue has always been found to rise or fall in amount in proportion as the general average has been raised or lowered.* The President's own figures will show this.

In his message to Congress in December, 1845, he states the exports of domestic products for the fiscal year ending the 30th June, 1845, to have been of the value of ninety-nine and three-tenths millions of dollars. (We omit fractions less than tenths.) The imports for consumption for the same year, were of the value of one hundred and one millions of dollars, and the receipts into the Treasury on the above amount of imports, was twenty-seven and five-tenths millions of dollars, equal, within a small fraction, to twenty-seven per centum upon the whole import of that year. This was under the tariff of 1842.

In his message to Congress, (December, 1846,) the President says: "The value of the exports for the fiscal year ending the 30th June, 1846, amounted to one hundred and two and one-tenth millions of dollars. The imports for consumption for the same year, were of the value of one hundred and ten and three-tenths millions of dollars. The duties paid into the Treasury upon the above amount of imports, was twenty-six and seven-tenths millions of dollars," equal to twenty-four and a fraction per centum upon the whole importation for that year. This was also under the tariff of 1842. Although the tariff is the same in different years, yet the average of duties will vary one or two per centum in different years, in consequence of larger proportions of free goods, or goods paying a low duty, being imported one year than another.

In his late message the President states the exports of domestic products for the fiscal year ending the 30th of June last, at one hundred and fifty and six-tenths millions of dollars. The imports for do-

mestic consumption, including specie for the same year, were one hundred and sixty and seven-tenths millions of dollars in value. Excluding specie, the imports amounted to one hundred and thirty-eight and five-tenths millions of dollars, the duties upon which were twenty-three and seven-tenths millions of dollars, equal to fourteen and a fraction per centum upon the whole importation, including specie. Excluding specie, which paid no duty, the per centum of duty was seventeen and a fraction. During five months of this fiscal year, the tariff of 1842 was in operation, and in that time seven and eight-tenths millions of dollars were collected, leaving but fifteen and nine-tenths millions to be collected under the tariff of 1846. The actual average tariff of 1846 is, therefore, a good deal less than seventeen per centum; but as our cause does not require us to stand for trifles, we will allow that the average duty under the tariff of 1846 was seventeen per centum. This makes the tariff of 1846 about nine or ten per cent. lower than the tariff of 1842, and the duties paid into the treasury from twelve to fifteen millions of dollars less than they would have been under the tariff of 1842.

In 1845 twenty-seven millions of revenue were collected on one hundred and two millions of imports. In 1846 twenty-six millions of revenue were collected on one hundred and ten millions of imports, and in 1847 but twenty-four millions of revenue (we give the benefit of the fraction) were collected on one hundred and thirty-eight and five-tenths millions of imports, exclusive of twenty-two millions of specie. This enormous amount of exports and consequent imports, was caused by the bountiful harvest in this country and the dearth in Europe, and not in any degree by our tariff; and yet the President and his Secretary have the hardihood, not to say audacity, to argue before the American people the superiority of the tariff of 1846 over the tariff of 1842 as a revenue measure. These high functionaries have not only attempted to maintain the superiority of that miserable delusion, which they have christened a revenue tariff, but they have garbled and perverted the records of the Treasury Department to make them speak favorably of their bantling. Thus the President tells us that

"The net revenue from customs in the year ending on the 1st of December, 1846, being the last year under the operation of the tariff act of 1842, was \$22,971,403 10; and the net revenue from customs during the year ending Dec. 1st, 1847, being the first year under the operation of the tariff act of 1846, was about \$31,500,000; being an increase of revenue for the first year, under the tariff act of 1846, of more than \$8,500,000 over that of the last year of the tariff of 1842."

But facts are stubborn things, and figures will not lie, even to accommodate the President. The above paragraph could have been put into the President's message for no other purpose but to deceive. The object was to make the people believe that the tariff of '46 was more productive of revenue than the tariff of '42, else why not give the exports and imports for the same period of time? Had these been given it would have appeared that twenty-two and nine-tenths millions of revenue were collected on less than one hundred millions of imports, while only thirty-one and five-tenths millions of revenue were collected on nearly or quite two hundred millions of imports, and nearly the same amount of exports. This is too paltry, if not for the man, at least for the officer who wrote it.

During the first year of the operation of the tariff of 1846, the treasury has lost from twelve to fifteen millions of dollars, which would have been raised under the tariff of 1842. But the President and the free trade sect of politicians will, no doubt, tell us, that whatever the treasury may have lost by a low rate of duty, the people have gained; that if the people have more taxes to pay in consequence of the low rate of duties, they have more to pay with; all of which is as false as their theory.

Among political economists of the old school, with Adam Smith at their head, it was held as a maxim, that whatever taxes were collected upon an article of consumption, whether it was by an excise or an impost, must be ultimately paid by the consumer; so that if twenty-five per cent. of duties were collected on an article imported for consumption, the consumer would have to pay twenty-five per cent. more for it than if no duty had been collected on it. This was a plausible but superficial theory, and it was received and

acted on for a long time ; but its falsity is susceptible of invincible demonstration.

An *impost* is not strictly speaking a *tax*. Taxes are levied upon citizens and property within the jurisdiction of the government laying the tax. An *impost* is a bonus which the owner of property is required to pay for the privilege of bringing it within the territorial limits of another government for sale or use. The owner of the property upon which a tax is laid, has no option whether he will pay the tax or not ; but the owner of property upon which an *impost* is laid, has his election, whether he will bring his property within the jurisdiction of the government and pay the *impost*, or keep it out of that jurisdiction and save the *impost*. If he chooses to pay the *impost* and bring it into the country, he will then sell it for the most he can get, without any regard to the *impost* he has paid on it. Should he attempt to regulate the price by the *impost* he had paid, he would be laughed at for his folly. Between buyer and seller the duty paid on an article is never inquired after or thought of ; the market price is their standard. A large portion of the foreign goods sold in our market, and which have paid a duty of twenty-five or thirty per cent., are sold at auction, and do not bring a cent more than they would, if they had been imported free of duty. *Up to about twenty-five or thirty per cent., there is no doubt whatever, but what the foreign producer, and not the consumer, pays, in some cases, three-fourths, in others, seven-eighths, and in many cases the whole amount of the duties collected on the goods.* It is not, therefore, true that the people have gained what the treasury may have lost, under the operation of the tariff of 1846. During the first year of that absurd measure, the country has lost from ten to twelve millions of dollars, and will continue to lose that much per annum as long as it shall be permitted to remain on the statute book. This has caused large deficits, and will continue to cause still larger deficits, in the treasury, which the President and his Secretary propose to supply by a tax on tea and coffee, now admitted free of duty, by a reduction in the price of the public lands, and by a loan, the present year, of \$18,500,000.

It is perfectly right and just to lay an *impost* on tea and coffee. Indeed, the true policy of this country, and of every country, is to let no article of commerce be imported without paying a small duty. The nation incurs a heavy expense, annually, for the accommodation and protection of the commerce of the country ; and every person, whether citizen or alien, who participates in the benefit of that commerce, ought to pay a portion of that expense, for the same reason, that every person who transports his property on railroads and canals ought to pay toll. No foreign goods, therefore, ought to be admitted into the country without paying a duty of at least five or ten per cent. It would, therefore, be good policy to lay a specific duty of at least two cents a pound on coffee, and five and ten cents a pound on tea. Notwithstanding what the President and his Secretary may say to the contrary, yet the experience of all commercial nations proves, that specific duties, where they can be laid, are preferable to *ad valorem* duties. But as their theory of finance is built upon paradoxes, it was to be expected that they would reject experience.

The policy of reducing the price of the public lands for the purpose of increasing the amount of revenue from them, is about as wise as reducing the rates of duty for the purpose of increasing the amount of revenue. The following quotation from the late Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, exhibits his policy in regard to the public lands, and his reasons for it. Although rather long, yet it is such a beautiful specimen of the Secretary's reasoning powers, that we have not the heart to mutilate it :—

"The recommendations in my first as well as second annual Report of the reduction of the price of the public lands in favor of settlers and cultivators, together with the removal of onerous restrictions upon the pre-emption laws, are again respectfully presented to the consideration of Congress. Sales at the reduced price, it is thought, should be confined to settlers and cultivators, in limited quantities, sufficient for farms and plantations, and the pre-emption privilege extended to every *bona fide* settler, and embrace all lands, whether surveyed or unsurveyed, to which the Indian title may be extinguished. The lands remaining subject to entry at private sale on the first of this month were



152,101,001 acres, and the unsurveyed lands to which the Indian title has been extinguished 71,048,214 acres, (per table Z.) The adoption of these two measures, for the reasons stated in my previous reports, would augment the revenue a million and a half of dollars per annum, operating as they would on 223,149,215 acres. It would, at the same time, increase the wages of labor, by enabling a much larger number of the working classes to purchase farms at the low price, whilst it would, at the same time, augment the wealth and power of the whole country.

"When the public lands have been offered a long time for a price they will not bring, the failure to reduce the price is equivalent in its effects to an enactment by Congress that these lands shall not be sold and settled for an unlimited period. The case is still stronger as to the unsurveyed lands: there being an act of Congress forbidding their sale or settlement, and denouncing as criminals, and as trespassers, the American pioneers who would desire to enter in advance into the wilderness, cover it with farms and towns, with the church and the school-house, extend over it the blessings of our free institutions, and enlarge by the axe and the plough, the cultivated area of the American Union.

"Should the system proposed be now adopted, the surveyed as well as the unsurveyed lands opened to pre-emptors, and the Indian title extinguished within the coming year, or that which succeeds it, in addition to Iowa and Wisconsin, we should soon have two new States, Winesota and Itasca, in the great valley of the West, adjoining Wisconsin and Iowa. Instead of draining the old States of their population, the graduation and pre-emption system will, in a series of years, increase their prosperity by giving them customers in the west who will carry to them their products and receive their imports or fabrics in exchange, increasing the transportation upon our railroads and canals, and augmenting our foreign as well as coastwise tonnage. The distribution of the proceeds of the sales of these lands is prevented for at least twenty years by the act of 28th January, 1847, setting apart and pledging their proceeds to the extinguishment of the public debt. So far also as distribution may have been advocated with a view to favor a protective tariff, it is now proved that a tariff for revenue not only yields a larger income than the protective system, but also advances more rapidly, in a series of years, the prosperity of the manufacturers themselves, by the augmentation of their foreign and domestic markets."

The present price of the public lands is one dollar and a quarter per acre, and the Secretary thinks, if their price was reduced to seventy-five or fifty cents per acre, (although he does not say how much,)

the revenue from them would be increased one and a half millions of dollars per annum; and, according to the same reasoning, if they were reduced to twenty-five cents per acre, the revenue from them would be still greater, for the same reason that an average duty of twenty-five per cent. on imports, will produce more revenue than fifty per cent. would do. But whether there be a revenue standard of the public lands, or what that standard is, if there be one, we are not informed.

Now it strikes us that the reason more lands are not sold, is because more are not wanted for settlement and cultivation, and not because of their high price. To those who want them, the public lands are very cheap at a dollar and a quarter per acre; to those who do not want them, they would be dear at twenty-five cents an acre. A certain portion of the population of the old States desire annually to emigrate and settle on the public lands. In other words, there is a market for a given number of acres of the public lands every year. The quantity wanted increases as our population increases, nor can it be essentially increased by reducing the price of the lands. If the public lands were reduced to a dime an acre, the great mass of the population in the old States would not buy them. The Secretary's project, therefore, for increasing the revenue, by a reduction in the price of the public lands, would be very likely to result as his project for increasing the revenue from imports, by reducing the rate of duty, has resulted.

By reducing the price of those lands which have been a long time in the market, he would probably divert a part of the current of emigration to those lands, and thereby prevent the sale of those of higher price, which would still farther diminish the revenue. The million and a half of revenue, therefore, anticipated from this project, is not likely to be realized, and that sum will also have to be supplied by loan.

All the Secretary's estimates are 'ased upon the exports, and consequent imports, of 1847, and can, therefore, never be realized except in years of famine in Europe; and yet, according to these estimates, he will want a loan of \$18,500,000, to carry on the government the present year. Add to this the million and a half which he ex-

pects, but will not get, from the public lands, and the amount wanted will be twenty millions. Thus he says:—

“The new tariff has now been in operation more than twelve months, and has greatly augmented the revenue and prosperity of the country. The net revenue from duties during the twelve months ending 1st December, 1847, under the new tariff, is \$31,300,000, being \$8,528,396 more than was received during the twelve months preceding, under the tariff of 1842. The net revenue of the first quarter of the first fiscal year, under the new tariff, was \$11,106,257 41 cents, whilst, in the same quarter of the preceding year, under the tariff of 1842, the net revenue was only \$6,153,826 58. If the revenue for the three remaining quarters should equal in the average the first, then the net revenue from duties during the fiscal year of the new tariff would be \$44,425,029 64. If, however, the comparison is founded on all the quarterly returns for forty-eight years, (as far back as given quarterly in the treasury record,) and the same proportion for the several quarters applied to the first quarter of the year, it would make its net revenue, per table C, \$40,388,045. Although the net revenue from duties already received, being \$15,506,257 41, during the five months of this fiscal year, would seem to indicate its probable amount not less than \$35,000,000, yet it is estimated at \$31,000,000 for the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1848, and \$32,000,000 for the succeeding year, in view of the possible effects of the revulsion in Great Britain. Although our prosperity is ascribed to the famine there, as though Providence had made the advance of one country depend upon the calamities of another, yet it is certain that our trade with Great Britain must be greater in a series of years, when prosperity would enable her to buy more from us (especially cotton) and at better prices, and sell us more in exchange, accompanied by an augmentation of revenue.”

To realize the Secretary's anticipations and estimates, our exports, during the present year, must come nearly up to two hundred millions of dollars. Suppose the average tariff on all our imports to be seventeen per centum, which is nearly two per cent. more than it was last year, and that our imports do not exceed our exports more than five per cent., which they probably will not do; then to raise a revenue of thirty-one millions of dollars, will require our exports to exceed one hundred and seventy millions of dollars, which every well-informed man knows will not be the case. We undertake

therefore to predict, that instead of thirty-one millions of dollars from the customs, the treasury will not receive over twenty-six, and probably less than twenty-five millions. Had the Secretary given us the imports and exports from the first of December, 1846, to the first of December, 1847, we could have predicted with more confidence. Supposing, then, that all the other estimates and calculations of the Secretary are correct, which they are far from being, and he will need a loan, the present year, of more than twenty-five millions of dollars. Now an addition of seventeen per cent. to the present duties, properly distributed over the whole of our imports, would have produced just about that sum, and this would be a much more statesman-like measure, than a loan of twenty-five millions of dollars in the present, or any other condition of public credit likely to exist, under the administration of President Polk and Secretary Walker.

On the 14th of March, 1842, Sir R. Peel, then Premier of England, made the following exhibit to the House of Commons, as his estimate of the sources and amount of the British revenue, for the year ending the 5th of April, 1843:—

I estimate the revenues, says the Premier, at—	
Customs, - - -	£22,500,000
Excise, - - -	13,450,000
Stamps, - - -	7,000,000
Taxes, (land tax, we suppose,) - - -	4,400,000
Post Office, - - -	500,000
Crown Lands, - - -	150,000
Miscellanies, - - -	250,000
Total, £48,350,000	

From the above table it will be perceived that more than one hundred millions of dollars, almost one half the enormous income of England, is derived from the customs. The amount of exports and imports, upon which that enormous sum was to be collected, are not given, and we have not at hand the means of ascertaining, but we may be sure, that the imports rather fell short than exceeded two hundred millions of dollars, and of course, the average duty on the whole import exceeded fifty per centum. This is the English doctrine of free trade! which Secretary Walker lauds so highly, re-

duced to practice, for the British tariff has not since been so modified, as to reduce the amount of revenue from the customs a single million of dollars. The only material reduction in the British tariff, which our free trade party bruit so much, is the reduction of the duties on bread stuffs and provisions, which never amounted to a million of dollars a year.

The population of the United States may be estimated at twenty millions, and until the last year our exports of domestic products, in value, never exceeded about one hundred millions of dollars, sometimes a little more, and sometimes a little less. The population of the British isles may be estimated at twenty-eight millions. There can be no doubt, but what the exports of the United States, in proportion to their population, are, and always have been, equal to the exports of England in proportion to her population. As England manufactures nearly everything for herself, it is natural to suppose that ours would be the largest, but suppose them to be equal; then if twenty millions of people export one hundred millions of produce, twenty-eight millions of people would export one hundred and forty millions of produce; or if we take the last year as the base of our calculations, and that twenty millions of people exported one hundred and fifty millions of produce, then, by the same rule, twenty-eight millions of people would export two hundred and ten millions of produce, so that the average of duties would still be about fifty per centum upon the whole imports of England. This exhibit of the English Premier shows what an enormous amount of revenue may be collected from imports without oppression or inconvenience to the people. Although England collects over one hundred millions of dollars per annum from her commerce, which does not exceed the commerce of the United States more than one-third, yet this enormous sum is annually paid by somebody, with little or no complaint by the people of England, except the trifling sum collected on bread stuffs. Take away the corn laws, which have not yielded a hundred thousand pounds sterling a year for the last twenty years, and there has been little or no complaint by the people of England, about the duties on English imports. The

oppressiveness of English taxation proceeds from the excise, the land tax, the window tax, and the hearth tax—in short, from the taxes properly so called, and not from the imports, which, properly speaking, are not taxes. Except for the necessities of life, no man pays an impost unless he pleases, and the necessities of life are the subject of imposts to a very small extent in any country, because, as a general rule, every nation produces its own necessities of life. A nation that depended on other nations for any considerable portion of the necessities of life, would be in a very precarious condition, and could not long exist as a nation. Besides, the domestic product in every nation always regulates the market for the necessities of life, such as bread and meat; and hence, the importer, or foreign producer, and not the consumer, must pay the impost on these articles. Therefore it is, that the market price of flour in England regulates the price of flour in Ohio. If a duty of one dollar a barrel is laid on flour in England, flour immediately falls a dollar a barrel in Ohio. If that duty is taken off, flour rises a dollar a barrel in Ohio; so that an English impost on flour is, in reality, a tax on the people of Ohio and others, who supply the English markets, and not on the people of England. A duty of a dollar a barrel, would not raise the price of flour to the consumer ten cents a barrel. The balance of the impost would have to be paid by the producer. Hence, the hundred millions of dollars of revenue, which England annually collects from her commerce, is not paid by the people of England, but by the people of the whole world with whom she deals. This is one of the main-springs of England's power. She levies tribute upon the whole world, but pays tribute to nobody. She merely humbugs the nations with the phantom of free trade.

So long as no duty is imposed on tea, coffee, and spices, an opulent farmer and a comfortable liver in our country will be under no necessity of consuming a single article in his family on which either a tax or a duty has been paid by anybody. How absurd then to talk about an impost being oppressive to the people. What we call the comforts and luxuries of life,

are the principal subjects of duties, and these are usually prized in proportion to their cost. The stronger an article smells of money, the more distinction its use will confer, and the more it will be coveted by those who have the means of paying for it. There is therefore no danger that high duties will ever prevent the importation of foreign products, to the full amount of our exports. The history of English commerce furnishes abundant proof of this fact. A duty of four or five hundred per centum does not prevent the consumption of tobacco in England, from which the government derives an enormous revenue. The greater portion of this revenue, it is true, is paid by the consumers, but up to some thirty or forty per cent. the producer would pay a part. So a duty by our government, of two or three hundred per cent. on wine and silks, would not prevent them from being imported and consumed in large quantities. Who ever heard of an article of luxury being so dear, that nobody would buy it? High duties are as much and ever more complained of by producers, than by consumers; but if the duties are included in the price the consumer pays for the goods, the producer would have no cause to complain of the duty. If a duty of a dollar a barrel on flour raised the price of flour a dollar a barrel in the English market, what cause would the American producer have to complain of the duty? Every nation strives, by treaty or otherwise, to have its products subjected to as low a duty as possible by foreign governments; but if the consumer pays the duty, they need give themselves no trouble on that subject. If, then, England collects a revenue of over a hundred millions of dollars on her commerce, how easily could the United States collect half that sum on their commerce. But Mr. Secretary Walker will find that this cannot be done by reducing the duties on imports.

For what purpose the following fanfaronade was put into the Secretary's Report we are at a loss to conceive. Perhaps he thought he could darken counsel by a cloud of statistics and big figures, and thus conceal his blunders from the public eye; but if this was his object, he will find himself mistaken. His facts in the following quotation are all false, and his conclu-

sions absurd, as we shall proceed to show. We owe an apology to our readers, for so long a quotation of such stuff, but we could not well abridge or divide it without marring its beauty. The Secretary says:

"In my report of July 22, 1846, it was shown that the annual value of our products exceeds three thousand millions of dollars. Our population doubles once in every twenty-three years, and our products quadruple in the same period—that being the time within which a sum compounding itself quarter yearly at six per cent. interest will be quadrupled—as is sustained here by the actual results. Of this \$3,000,000,000, only about \$150,000,000 was exported abroad, leaving \$2,850,000,000, used at home, of which at least \$500,000,000 is annually interchanged between the several States of the Union. Under this system, the larger the area, and the greater the variety of climate, soil, and products, the more extensive is the commerce which must exist between the States, and the greater the value of the Union. We see then here, under the system of free trade among the States of the Union, an interchange of products of the annual value of at least \$500,000,000 among our twenty-one millions of people; whilst our total exchanges, including imports and exports, with all the world besides, containing a population of a thousand millions, was last year \$305,194,260, being an increase since the new tariff over the preceding year of \$70,014,647. Yet the exchanges between our States, consisting of a population of twenty-one millions, being of the yearly value of \$500,000,000 exchanged, make such exchange in our own country equal to \$23 81 per individual annually of our own products, and reduces the exchange of our own and foreign products, (our imports and exports,) considered as \$300,000,000 with all the rest of the world, to the annual value of thirty cents to each individual. That is, one person of the Union receives and exchanges annually of our own products as much as seventy-nine persons of other countries. Were this exchange with foreign countries extended to ninety cents each, it would bring our imports and exports up to \$900,000,000 per annum, and our annual revenue from duties to a sum exceeding \$90,000,000. An addition of thirty cents each to the consumption of our products exchanged from State to State by our own people, would furnish an increased market of the value only of \$6,300,000; whereas an increase of thirty cents each, by a system of liberal exchanges with the people of all the world, would give us a market for an additional value of \$300,000,000 per annum of our exports. Such an addition cannot occur by refusing to receive in exchange the products of other nations, and demanding the \$300,000,000 per annum in specie, which could never



be supplied. But, by receiving foreign products at low duties in exchange for our exports, such an augmentation might take place. The only obstacle to such exchanges are the duties and the freights. But the freight from New Orleans to Boston differs but little from that between Liverpool and Boston; and the freight from many points in the interior is greater than from England to the United States. Thus the average freight from the Ohio river to Baltimore is greater than from the latter place to Liverpool; yet the annual exchanges of products between the Ohio and Baltimore exceed by many millions that between Baltimore and Liverpool. The Canadas and adjacent provinces upon our borders, with a population less than two millions, exchange imports and exports with us less in amount than the State of Connecticut, with a population of 300,000; showing that, if these provinces were united with us by free trade, our annual exchanges with them would rise to \$40,000,000. It is not the freight, then, that creates the chief obstacle to interchanges of products between ourselves and foreign countries, but the duties. When we reflect, also, that exchange of products depends chiefly upon diversity—which is greater between our own country and the rest of the world, than between the different States of the Union—under a system of reciprocal free trade with all the world, the augmentation arising from greater diversity of products would equal the diminution caused by freight. Thus, the Southern States exchange no cotton with each other, nor the Western States flour, nor the manufacturing States like fabrics. Diversity of products is essential to exchanges; and if England and America were united by absolute free trade, the reciprocal exchanges between them would soon far exceed the whole foreign commerce of both; and with reciprocal free trade with all nations, our own country, with its pre-eminent advantages, would measure its annual trade in imports and exports by thousands of millions of dollars."

This learned Report, in which the Secretary says he has shown that the annual amount of our products exceeds three thousand millions of dollars, we have never seen, and we are therefore unacquainted with the process of reasoning by which he thinks he has shown that magnificent fact. We suppose, however, that he has made use of the statistical tables made out under the direction and superintendence of the Commissioner of Patents. But we care not for his statistics or his estimates. We know, and every man of common sense who will reflect a moment upon the subject, may know, that they are false to an enormous extent. The pro-

ducts of last year, the largest ever made in the United States, did not exceed, and probably fell short of fifteen hundred millions of dollars in value.

It is a well established principle of political economy, that the consumption of a nation must, and always will, about equal its production. If then three thousand millions were produced in a year, three thousand millions must, in some form or other, be consumed in a year, or it would not answer the purpose for which it was produced. Now does any man in his senses believe, that this nation ever consumed, in one year, products of the value of three thousand millions of dollars? Suppose the people of the United States to be twenty millions, and the average consumption of products *per capita* would be one hundred and fifty dollars in value. Now can any man who has any knowledge of the daily fare of the great mass of our population, believe, that men, women, children and slaves consume upon an average products of the value of one hundred and fifty dollars per annum? The thing is wholly incredible. One hundred and fifty dollars would enable each individual to pay two dollars a week for his board, and have fifty dollars a year wherewith to clothe himself. The people of the United States would be much indebted to Mr. Secretary Walker, if he would make good his assertion with regard to their wealth. The great mass of our population do not consume food of the value of thirty dollars a head per year, and although a great many (yet a small number in comparison to the whole) consume ten times that amount, yet if we set down sixty dollars a head as the amount consumed by each individual, it will probably be a liberal allowance, which would make the annual consumption twelve hundred millions for twenty millions of people; and this is probably the full amount of our annual production.

There is another process of reasoning which will conduct us to about the same conclusion. Exclude women and children, and those classes who do not labor, and it will leave about one-fourth of the population for productive laborers. In a population then of twenty millions there will be five millions of productive laborers. Now these laborers must average six hundred dollars each in order to make an aggre-

gate of three thousand millions. But every man who knows anything about labor, knows that such a supposition is utterly absurd. If we suppose each laborer to produce two hundred and fifty dollars a year, it will be a liberal allowance. This would give an annual product of twelve hundred millions. In the division of this product between labor and capital, we should probably be required to give to labor two-thirds, equal to eight hundred millions, and to capital one-third, equal to four hundred millions. As women and children engage in some labor, it may be thought that our estimate of the number of laborers is too small; but there are those who consider the number of voters in a State where suffrage is universal, a fair measure of the number of productive laborers. If so, then our estimate is too large. But if we have under-estimated the number of productive laborers, we have also over-estimated the product of each laborer, as every man knows who has been either in the habit of laboring himself or employing others to labor for him.

But extravagant and absurd as the Secretary's facts are, his reasoning upon those facts is, if possible, still more extravagant and absurd. Our population, he tells us, doubles every twenty-three years, and our products quadruple in the same time. And by what process of reasoning, gentle reader, do you suppose he arrives at such a sage conclusion? Why, forsooth, the Secretary says, that "any sum compounding itself quarter yearly at six per cent. interest, will be quadrupled in that time." Now if there be the slightest connection between his premise and his conclusion, we are not able to perceive it. Can it be possible that the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States believes that our productions were four times as great in 1847 as they were in 1824, and that they will be four times as great in 1870 as they were in 1847? It is to be feared that the statistics of the learned Secretary have addled his brain, and confounded his powers of ratiocination.

Of this three thousand millions of products, only one hundred and fifty millions are exchanged with foreign nations, equal to only fifteen cents a head on the whole population of the world. The balance is used at home. Of this balance five hun-

dred millions are exchanged annually among the States, equal to twenty-three dollars and eighty-one cents per head of our whole population, and this, we are told, is in consequence of free trade among the States! "If our foreign commerce were increased to ninety cents per head for the whole world, (estimating the population of the world at a thousand millions,) it would give us an annual revenue of at least ninety millions of dollars." Surely, Mr. Secretary, were the sky to fall we should catch larks. "An addition of thirty cents for each individual to the consumption of our products exchanged from State to State, by our own people, would furnish an increased market of the value of only six and three-tenths millions of dollars, whereas an increase of thirty cents each by a system of liberal exchanges with the people of all the world, would give us a market for an additional value of three hundred millions of dollars per annum of our exports." Very true, Mr. Secretary; but should we have the three hundred millions to exchange? The proper way to cook your hare, we are told, is first to catch him. But the Secretary tells us, that, "by receiving foreign products at low duties, in exchange for our products, such an augmentation might take place!" Very like a whale! The only obstacles, says the Secretary, are the duties and the freights. We opine, on the contrary, that our laborers would find other obstacles to an increased production of three hundred million dollars' worth of products. "The Canadas and adjacent provinces upon our borders, with a population of near two millions, exchange imports and exports with us, less in amount than the State of Connecticut, with a population of three hundred thousand, showing that if these provinces were united with us by free trade, our annual exchanges with them would rise to forty millions of dollars." Surely, Mr. Secretary, you don't say this in sober earnestness! The Secretary winds up his fanfaronade with the following flourish: "If England and America were united by an absolute free trade, the reciprocal exchanges between them would soon far exceed the whole foreign commerce of both; and with reciprocal free trade with all nations, our own country, with its pre-eminent advantages, would measure its annual

trade in imports and exports by thousands of millions." We have no recollection of ever having read a puff of a quack medicine equal to this.

Some of the Secretary's figures are so strange, that we cannot make head or tail of them, and presume them to be misprints. Take for example the following:—

"By table BB, it appears that the augmentation of our domestic exports, exclusive of specie, last year, compared with the preceding year, was \$48,856,802, or upwards of 48 per cent., and, at the same rate per cent. per annum of augmentation, would amount in 1849, per table CC, to \$329,959,993, or much greater than the domestic export from State to State. (See tables from 7 to 12, inclusive.) The future per centage of increase may not be so great; but our capacity for such increased production is proved to exist, and that we could furnish these exports far above the domestic demand, if they could be exchanged free of duty in the ports of all nations."

The following paragraph looks very much as though the Secretary either had become or was about to become a Fourierite:—

"When all our capitalists (as some already have) shall surely find it to be their true interest, in addition to the wages paid to the American workman, to allow him voluntarily, because it augments the profits of capital, a fair interest in these profits, and elevate him to the rank of a partner in the concern, we may then defy all competition."

But whatever may be the meaning of this, we are inclined to believe that the Secretary's term of office is too short to enable him to convert the whole United States into phalanxes, groups and series.

On this wise do the President and Secretary argue in favor of the tariff of 1846; but the merits of that act are not confined to the reduction of duties. "It is not only the reduced duties, that have produced these happy results, (says the Secretary,) but the mode of reduction, the substitution of the *ad valorem* for unequal and oppressive minimums and specific duties." But without quoting farther, it may be stated generally, that both the President and Secretary assume the fact, as the basis of their arguments, that a specific duty upon an article which excludes it from our market, is a tax upon the consumer of the do-

mestic article to the full amount of the duty. Thus, a duty of ten cents a yard on cotton goods, which sell in our market for eight cents a yard, is nevertheless a tax on the poor consumer of the domestic article of ten cents a yard; and a duty of a dollar a pair on brogan shoes, would be a tax of a dollar a pair on American brogans, although they could be bought in any quantity for seventy-five cents a pair; and so a duty of one dollar a bushel on wheat, would be a tax on the poor American laborer of one dollar a bushel on all the wheat with which he feeds his poor children, although fifty cents should be the highest price he ever paid for a bushel of wheat. Now this is all *ad captandum vulgus*, and the President and Secretary both know it, and although it might be tolerated on the stump, yet when gravely put forth from the high places they occupy, it is a disgrace to the Republic.

The Secretary also says, "The great argument for protection (by which he means high duties) is, that by diminishing imports the balance of trade is turned in our favor, bringing specie into the country." If the Secretary does not know this to be an untruth, he is even a greater blockhead than we had supposed him to be. We have heard no such argument, by any intelligent advocate of either high duties or a protective tariff, in the last twenty-five years. That some very absurd arguments have been urged, both in and out of Congress, in favor of protecting duties, is very true, but Mr. Secretary Walker must not assume that he refutes the policy of a protecting tariff, by refuting some of the arguments of its advocates. It is true, that the old school political economists advocated high duties, for the purpose of increasing the imports of specie, but Mr. Hume and Adam Smith showed the fallacy of that idea before our revolution, and the doctrine has never prevailed in this country among intelligent political economists. High duties are advocated by those who understand the subject, for the purpose of replenishing the treasury. Protecting duties are advocated for the purpose of increasing and extending the market for our products; for the purpose of securing to the farmers of Ohio, for example, a steady and sure market for all the products of their farms at their own

door, instead of leaving them to seek a market across the Atlantic; for the purpose of enabling them to make their exchanges in Cincinnati instead of Liverpool. Protecting duties may or may not augment the revenue. If they afford complete protection, by excluding the foreign article altogether, they will not augment the revenue, because they will not increase the average of duty on the whole importation; but if the duty is raised, but not so high as to exclude the foreign article, the revenue will be replenished. It does not, however, follow, as the Secretary seems to suppose, that the general revenue will be increased by an increased revenue on a particular article. Protecting duties, therefore, may greatly increase and secure a market for our own products, without either increasing or diminishing the general revenue. The home market, notwithstanding all Mr. Secretary Walker may say to the contrary, is of three times the value to us, that the foreign is or even will be.

Two things are essential to commerce: goods for sale, and a market where they can be sold; in other words, sellers and buyers. If there be no goods for sale, there can be no market, and if there are no buyers there will be no goods for sale. But Mr. Secretary Walker seems to think that if we have plenty of buyers, no matter about the goods, they will come of themselves when wanted. Hence our exports are to equal thousands of millions as soon as free trade shall give us all the world for customers!

"The new tariff," says Mr. Secretary Walker, "is no longer an experiment; the problem is solved, and experience proves that the new system yields more revenue, enhances wages, and advances more rapidly the public prosperity," than the old system, we suppose, though the Secretary does not say so. The experience of a year of famine in Europe, with the most bountiful harvest ever known in this country, has, in the opinion of the Secretary, solved the problem. The experience of a single extraordinary year has overthrown the experience of a hundred preceding ordinary years! And although the revenue

from a hundred and fifty millions of exports under the tariff of 1846, was less than the revenue from one hundred and two millions under the tariff of 1842, yet the problem is solved, that the new system produces more revenue than the old! We have no patience to reason longer with so absurd a man, and therefore dismiss him.

We cannot, however, take our leave of the President, without expressing our regret that he should have attempted to disguise the truth in his late Message to Congress. His high station ought to have placed him above all subterfuge or trickery for the purpose of sustaining a favorite theory. This dirty work should have been left to the understrappers of his party in Congress and out of it. When he gave forth the responses of the Treasury department, he should have given them forth fairly, and not have made one-sided statements. Why did he not confine himself to the fiscal year ending the 30th of June last? Why lug in five months of the following year? But if he thought proper to give the amount of revenue under the tariff of 1846, why did he not also give the imports and exports of that year? Was he afraid that the people would see that the revenue under the tariff of 1846 was some ten or twelve millions of dollars less than it would have been under the tariff of 1842? It almost surpasses belief, that a man of common sense could be sincere in the opinion, that a reduction of the duties would increase the revenue; yet it cannot be doubted, that President Polk and his party leaders were sincere in that opinion, or they never would have passed an act which would greatly reduce the revenue, at the same time that they entered upon an expensive war, which would, at least, double the expenses of the Government.

Had they doubled the duties instead of halving them, they would have acted much more like sensible men and practical statesmen. The people will find out by and by, that empirics and demagogues make expensive rulers. They will find it the cheapest course in the end to place capable men at the head of their Government.

D. R.

*Cincinnati, Ohio.*



## JASMIN, THE BARBER POET.\*

LAS PAPILOTAS! Such is the title of the two volumes of poetry we have before us—a title which would be singular indeed, if it were not accounted for by the profession of the author. Jasmin is, indeed, a *coiffeur*, and performs the menial offices of his profession with all the accuracy of a Figaro; but when his work is done, he does not, like so many of the brotherhood, spend his time in laying in a stock of scandal and gossip, which he may retail the next morning, when standing behind the chair of some fair lady, whose chief delight it often is, to listen to such stories. No! Jasmin, when he has laid aside his razors and his curling-tongs, devotes to the Muses his hours of leisure. This contrast between the vulgar occupation of the poet of Agen, and the truly beautiful poetry we find in his works, is particularly striking, in an age when poetry seems to have sought a refuge in the higher classes of society, and to have become rather the *passetems* of the man of fortune than the conscientious expression of a popular feeling. The class of poets to which Jasmin belongs is, at present, very limited. He is essentially a popular poet. Sprung from the lower orders of society, an artisan himself, he has, in all his poetic effusions, addressed himself to the multitude, not to the select few. In former times it was not uncommon to find a poet thus devoted to the entertainment and to the instruction of the crowd. Judging of past ages, by means of that knowledge of general facts which history affords—for history deigns not to descend into the details of every private life—we almost fancy that there was a time when poetry circulated in the world, as freely as the air we breathe,—when every man was a poet, if not to create, at least to understand and to feel. When the atmosphere is full of mists and vapors, objects seen at a distance appear

larger than nature; so when we look back into the past, things become magnified, and we involuntarily exaggerate their dimensions. It is thus in the present case; but yet we think it may be said, that among the ancients, as well as during the middle ages, poetry was more widely diffused, and had a more direct and powerful influence on the destinies of mankind, than it has in modern times. The distance which separated the poet from those who listened to his verses, was then less great. Between them there seemed to be established an electric chain. He often borrowed from the people images, which he returned, after having given to them a new lustre, a new brilliancy, as the glass refracts the rays of the sun with increased intensity. The earlier Greek bards went from place to place reciting their verses, until they became indelibly engraved in the hearts of their hearers. In the middle ages, the minstrel, or the troubadour, was the favorite of all classes. In the castle of the feudal baron, he would arouse the ardent and chivalrous spirit of the guests assembled around the festive board, by the recital of the noble exploits of Arthur and his barons, or the valor of those devoted Christians, who crossed the seas to rescue the sepulchre of their Saviour from an infidel foe; or else he would bewail, in strains so pathetic, the untimely fate of some fair maiden, that every eye would be moistened with tears of pity and compassion. But it was not alone in the mansions of the great, that the voice of the poet was heard. The peasant, too, would lend an ear to his songs, and himself repeat them, to beguile the weary hours of labor; and, alas! how weary must those hours have been, when he knew that it was not he who was to enjoy the fruits of this labor, but his tyrannical master. How different is the occupation of the poet in our own times!

\* *Las Papillotas de JASMIN COIFFEUR*, Membre de la Societat de Sciencos et Arts d'Agen. Agen: 1835, 1842. 2 vols. 8vo.

Shut up in the narrow confines of a densely populated city, or at best, inhabiting some country-seat, in which he is fortunate indeed, if, at every hour of the day, the shrill whistle of a railroad train does not break in upon his meditations, the only means he possesses of acting on his fellow-men, is the press—a powerful engine indeed, but how inferior, when the heart is to be touched, to the varied tones of the poet's voice when he recites his own verses. The poet, now, is the invisible being who sets the puppets on the stage in motion; in former days he was himself the actor. We may indeed be touched by the thoughts which he expresses, for there is a secret harmony between different minds, which enables them to communicate without any material intermediary; but still, we think that the poet, who addressed himself directly to the public, could more easily awaken deep emotions in the breast of his hearers. Let us not, however, be misapprehended. We would not be understood to express a regret for the past. This is but a simple statement of facts. We belong not to that class of worshippers of all that is gone by, who, in their admiration for what no longer exists, forget the beauties and the blessings of the present hour. The progress of civilization modifies everything. Poetry, in an age of material improvement, and of scientific discovery, cannot be the same as in an age when love and war seemed alone to reign in the world. But it may still, it does still exist, although modified in its manifestation. At a period of high intellectual culture, poetry must, of course, partake in some degree of the philosophical spirit of the times. Happy then, when it does not take the form of the stately and almost supernatural indifference of a Goethe, or the impassioned skepticism of a Byron! But even in these ages of improved civilization, the simple voice of pure and natural poetry is still at times heard. In an age of political and social reform, like our own, when all the idols of the past are falling, one by one, to the ground, there are still some poets, whose poetry flows on in a calm and tranquil stream, and fills the soul with nought but pure and healthful instructions. Nature delights in these contrasts. In a barren soil, she, at times, brings forth

flowers; at the foot of the glaciers, she places verdant meadows and genial springs, as if to show that, even when she seems to have become extinct, she can, by the secret forces of which she is the mistress, arise with renovated vigor. Thus in ages of comparative barbarity, she often unexpectedly bursts forth with astonishing force and brilliancy; and in ages when civilization seems to have reached so high a pinnacle, as to leave nothing more for her to do, she still asserts her power, and shows that she is greater than civilization. She is not particular either about the garb in which genius is clothed. She often spurns the glare of pure and elegant form, and pours her richest gifts into a recipient of more homely shape and material. High intellectual culture is not always the necessary companion of genius. It is not alone by the contemplation and study of masterpieces, that the poet is enabled to produce works of which he may say, with the great Roman poet,

"Exegi monumentum aere perennius."

Imitation is useless. The poet may, it is true, borrow from others, but even that which he borrows must be new—created within him, if it is to go forth in a poetic form. He must surround himself by that spiritual solitude, in which the voice of the world may yet be heard, but in which it only reaches him in a purer and more hallowed tone. Such a poet may well be found in the lower ranks of society. There is, indeed, a youthful force and vigor of intellect in those whose faculties have not been wasted on too vast a number of objects. Their thoughts are concentrated on some few great points. Unincumbered by the immense mass of knowledge which ages have accumulated, they can, when genius lends them wings, take the most bold and lofty flights. Such a child of nature is Jasmin, the barber poet.

Jaques Jasmin, or Jaqueon Jansemin, (as he is called in his native patois,) was born in the year 1787 or 1788 at Agen. His father was a tailor, who, although he did not know how to write, composed almost all the principal *couplets* which were sung in the popular festivities of the neighboring country. Jaques' father and mother were both poor, but he was as happy as a prince

when he was a child, for he had not yet learnt the meaning of those two words—rich and poor. Until the age of ten, he spent almost all his time in the open air playing with his little companions or cutting wood. In the long winter evenings, he would sit at the family fireside on his grandfather's knee and listen to those wonderful stories which we all have heard as children, but which in the child of genius may be said to be the first cause which develops the poetic inspiration with which he is endowed. But these happy days could not last. One day, as he was playing in the street, he saw his grandfather taken to the hospital. "Why have you left us? Where are you going?" were the boy's questions at this melancholy sight. "To the hospital," was the reply; "it is there that the Jansemin must die." Five days afterwards the old man was no more. From that time Jasmin knew how poor he was. How bitter was this experience to him! He felt no longer any interest in his childish pastimes. As he has himself beautifully expressed it, if anything drew from him a smile, it was but like the pale rays of the sun on a rainy day. One morning, however, he saw his mother with a smiling countenance. What then had happened? She had succeeded in gaining admittance for him in a charity school. In six months afterwards he could read; in six months more, he could assist in the celebration of mass; in another six months, he could sing the *Cantum ergo*, and in two years from the time when he first went to school he was admitted into a seminary. Here, however, he remained but six months. He was expelled from thence on account of a rather suspicious adventure with a peasant girl, and perhaps still more because he had eaten some sweetmeats belonging to the director of the establishment. The despair of his family was great at this unexpected event, for they had been furnished with bread at least once a week from the seminary. They were now without money and without bread! But what will a mother not do for her children! His mother had a ring—her wedding ring: she sold it, and the children had bread once more, at least for a few days. He was now to learn a trade; he became the apprentice of a hair-dresser, and as soon as

he could, opened a shop. His skill as a *coiffeur*, and, we may add, the charming verses which he had already composed, soon brought him customers. He married, and his wife, who at first objected to his wasting his time in writing poetry, soon urged him to do so when she found that this employment was likely to be profitable. He has since then been able to buy the house in which he lives. The first, perhaps, of his family, he has experienced that feeling of inward satisfaction which the right of possession is so apt to confer, when it has been purchased by the meritorious labors of the hand and the head. He now enjoys that honest mediocrity which seems to be the height of his worldly ambition. Such are the only circumstances of Jasmin's life which we have been able to gather from the poetical autobiography entitled, "*Mons Soubenis*." The life of a poet is not always interesting. Not unfrequently, its most striking features are the poetic flowers he has himself strewed on his path.

We have already said that Jasmin was a popular poet. To be this, in the true sense of the word, it is necessary to speak the language of the people. This Jasmin has understood. With the exception of two or three pieces in the collection we have before us, all his poems are written in his native patois. But he not only makes use of this language, he defends it against all attacks as the last distinguishing mark between his countrymen and the inhabitants of the rest of France. Among his poems, there is a reply to the discourse of a Mr. Dumon, member of the Chamber of Deputies, in which that gentleman, after having paid, it is true, a just tribute to the genius of the Gascon poet, said that it was not even desirable that the patois should be maintained. The reply of Jasmin is full of an ardent patriotic spirit, and is a noble defence of his native language.

"The greatest misfortune," he says, "which can befall a man in this world, is to see an aged mother, sick and infirm, stretched out on her bed and given over by the doctors. At her pillow, which we do not leave for an instant, our eye fixed on hers and our hand in her hand, we may for a day revive her languishing spirits; but alas! she lives to-day but to die to-morrow! This is not the case, however, with that

enchantress, that musical language, our second mother: learned Frenchmen have sentenced her to death for the last three hundred years, but she still lives; her words still resound. Seasons pass by her, and hundreds of thousands will yet pass.\* . . . . This language is the language of labor; in the city and in the country, it may be found in every house. It takes man at the cradle and leads him on to the tomb. Oh, such a language is not easily destroyed. . . . . Relieve us from our sufferings, but leave us our language! We like to sing even in the midst of distress. It seems as if in singing the gall of grief became less bitter. . . . . But the honor of the country demands it; we will learn French: it is our language, too; we are Frenchmen. Let the people learn it. They will then have two languages, one for the *sansfaçon*, the other for making visits."

There is indeed no vestige of its ancient independence, to which a nation clings more eagerly than to its language. It has always been the endeavor of conquerors to destroy the national language of a conquered nation, as the only means of becoming entirely its master. And in truth, what can be more precious to a people, which has lost its independence, than to refer to its days of freedom in the language of its fathers? When once this tie, which binds it to the past, is destroyed, but little remains of its primitive character. The differences between languages are not arbitrary; they are the expression of the individual genius of the nation to whom they belong. And yet there are men, in this age of wild Utopian schemes, who, in order to carry out their ideas of social reform, would wish to leave but one *common* language to mankind. We say nothing of the practicability of such a project,—which

could not even be executed by the means which the tyrannical government of a half civilized country employs to extirpate the language of the unfortunate Poles,—but the very idea is monstrous in itself. Those barbarians, who poured into Europe at the downfall of the Roman empire, have been accused of vandalism because they destroyed the monuments of art which they found on their road. But what was their vandalism, when compared with that of these modern innovators? To destroy all the different dialects of the world to make room for one common language, is not only to destroy all the master-pieces of the past, but to cut in the blossom all future literature. Instead of the beautiful and varied forms, which human thought now assumes according to the language in which it is expressed, we should have but one stereotyped, monotonous and uniform literature, which would itself soon die for want of any impulse or stimulus from without. Fortunately, however, there is nothing to be feared on this ground. You may persecute a popular dialect and endeavor to stifle it in its growth, it will still come forth, even as the wild flower at times springs up in the cultivated soil. Wales has been for centuries subject to England, and Brittany to France, and yet they have maintained their original dialect. Even at this day the Welshman and the peasant of la Balle Bretagne understand each other better than they would understand those whom they call their countrymen. And the Gascon patois, against which innumerable regulations have been made, which is forbidden to be spoken in the schools of Gascony, can still make itself heard through the voice of Jasmin. We can say of his maternal dialect, notwithstanding the persecutions to which it has been subjected, what Galileo said of the earth: *E pur si muove*.

The two finest poems of Jasmin are unquestionably, "*L'Abuglo de Castel-Cueillé*," (The Blind Girl of Castel-Cueillé,) and "*Françonnetto*.\*" The first is the touching story of a poor blind orphan. The first canto opens with the description of the preparations for a country wedding. "At the foot of that high mountain where

\*We give the first two strophes of this poem in the original, as an example of the language and style of Jasmin:—

L'on pu grand pèssomen que trague l'homme, aci,  
Acò quand nostro may, bièllo, feblo, desfeyto,  
S'arremozo tonto, et s'allièyto,  
Condannado pel medici.  
A soun triste cabès que jamay l'on non quitto,  
L'èl sur son èl et la ma dins sa ma,  
Ponden-bè, per un jour rebiscoula sa bito;  
Mais hélas! anèy bion per s'escanti donna.  
N'es pas atal, Monssu, d'aquelo ensourcillayro  
D'aquelo longo muzicayro  
Nostro segundo may; de saben francimans,  
La condannon à mort dezunpèy tres cens ans;  
Tapla bion saquela; tapla sons mots brounzinon;  
Ches elo, las sazons passon, sonen, tindinen;  
Et cent-milo-milès enquèro y passaren,  
Sounaran, et tindinaren.

\* The first of these two poems has been translated into English verse by Lady Georgina Fullerton.



stands Castel-Cueillé, at the season when the fruit begins to ripen on the trees, this song was heard on a Wednesday the eve of St. Joseph's day. The paths should bear flowers, so lovely a bride is about to go forth; they should bear flowers, they should bear fruits, so lovely a bride is about to pass." The bride and Baptiste, her intended, are going, according to the custom of the country, to gather branches of laurel to scatter before the door of the church and before the houses of the guests. But the bridegroom is silent; he speaks not to Angèle; he caresses her not. "On seeing them so cold, so indifferent, you would think they were great folks!" The sadness of Baptiste is not, however, without a cause. His affections are elsewhere engaged. At the foot of the hill lives the young and tender Margaret, the prettiest girl in the village. Baptiste was her lover, they were to have been married, but alas! Margaret has lost her sight after a severe illness, and Baptiste, who has just returned to the village, is, in order to fulfil the wishes of his father, about to marry Angèle, thinking all the while of Margaret. Meanwhile nothing but merriment and mirth are to be heard in the fields, until Jeanne the old fortune-teller appears. She examines the hand of the bride, and exclaims: "God grant, giddy Angèle, that in marrying the unfaithful Baptiste thou mayest not cause a grave to be opened to-morrow." This sinister prediction interrupts for a moment the gaiety of the scene, but the clear voices of the young girls might soon be heard again singing their merry songs. In the young the memory of grief is but short. Baptiste, however, is still sad and silent. The second canto shows us Margaret in her solitary chamber. Baptiste has been three days in the village, and has not yet been to see her. "And yet he knows," she exclaims, "that he is the star, the sun of my night! He knows that I have counted every instant since first he left me! Oh, let him come again and fulfil his promise, that I may keep mine. Without him, what is this world to me? What pleasure have I? The light of day shines for others, but alas, for me it is always night! How dark it is without him! When he is by my side, I think no more of the light of day! The sky is blue, but his eyes are blue; they are a heaven of love for me!

a heaven full of happiness like that over my head! . . . Where is Baptiste! He hears me no longer, when I call him! Like the ivy which lies drooping on the ground, I need some support! But who knows? perhaps he has abandoned me! Alas, what a thought! They must bury me then! But I will banish it from me! Baptiste will return! Oh, he will return! I have nothing to fear! He swore it in the name of the Saviour! He could not come so soon! He is weary, sick perhaps. He intends perchance to surprise me. But I hear somebody! Now then is an end to all my sufferings! My heart does not deceive me! It is he! there he is!" The door opens—but Baptiste does not appear; her little brother Paul enters, saying: "The bride has just passed! I have seen her. Say, sister, why were we not invited? alone of all her friends we are not there." There is in this scene a touch of nature which many poets would perhaps have scorned to delineate, on the ground that it was too trivial. The cry of Margaret, "My heart deceives me not," when she is all the while mistaken, is admirable. Her heart is so full of hope and confidence that she naturally takes the first sound she hears to be that of the footsteps of her beloved. How true and how beautiful! In the heart of woman there are such treasures of constancy and devotion, that she is feelingly alive to the smallest, the most unimportant circumstance which can still make her doubt the infidelity of the one she loves. Alas! what a fathomless depth of despair there must be in her heart when she no longer can doubt; when she must believe.

Margaret, meanwhile questions the child and discovers that Baptiste is the bridegroom. Jeanne, the sorceress, comes in and endeavors to console the young girl, as if there were any consolation for such sorrows but time, or death. "You love him too well," she says; "pray God that you may not love him so much." "The more I pray God, the more I love him, but it is no sin; may he not yet be mine?" Jeanne replies not. Margaret understands this silence, but she affects to appear contented, and the old woman leaves her, believing that she is still undecieved. The third and last canto opens on the following morning—the morning of the day on which the wedding is to be celebrated.

How differently were two young girls awaiting that sunrise. The one, the queen of the day, is preparing for her wedding; on her head she places a wreath, on her breast a nosegay of flowers; and in the midst of happiness she forgets to say a prayer. The other, alone and blind, has neither wreath nor flowers. Her eyes are full of tears; she throws herself down on her knees and prays to God to pardon her the sin she is about to commit. But it is time to go to the church. Angèle, surrounded by her friends, goes as in triumph. Margaret, leaning on her brother, wends her steps too towards the church. But before leaving her room, she has concealed in her bosom a dagger. As they approach the church they hear the sound of the melancholy ewfray singing his doleful song. "Dost thou not hear that sound, sister! Dost thou remember the night our poor father died we heard this sound? He said to thee: 'My child, take care of Paul, for I feel that I am going to leave you.' We all shed tears. Our father died, and was buried here. Here is his grave, and the cross is still on it. But why dost thou draw me so near to thee, as if thou wouldst smother me?" Alas, poor Margaret! It seemed to her as if a voice from the grave had cried: My child! what art thou going to do? But Paul hurries her on; they have entered the church. The bride is at the altar. Baptiste has pronounced the fatal "Yes," when a well-known voice exclaims at his side: "It is he! Baptiste, thou wished for my death: let my blood be the holy water of this wedding!" She is about to stab herself, but surely a guardian angel protects her, for just as she is going to strike, she falls dead. Her grief had killed her! Everything then changes. Instead of the gay songs of the morning, the solemn *De Profundis* is heard, and everything seems to say: The paths should sigh and weep, so beautiful is the one who is dead!

We are fully aware how impossible it is to give a correct idea of the beauties of a poetical composition by means of an analysis. The critic can no more convey to his readers a true notion of the poetic flowers of a work, which he can but dissect as the anatomist dissects a body, in order to lay bare the lifeless skeleton, than the engraver can, with his burin, represent the

coloring and the general effect of a picture. But yet by his work, the engraver may give to him who sees it a desire to behold the original from whence it is taken—a desire, which he perhaps would never have felt, had it not been awakened within him by this even imperfect representation. So, too, may we not hope that our readers will wish to see the original from which we have taken this faint sketch? This poem first awakened the literary men of France, and in a measure the public itself, to a sense of the merit of Jasmin. In 1835 he was called upon to read it before the Academy of Bordeaux, and excited by his impassioned delivery an almost unparalleled enthusiasm. He had a similar honor conferred on him in 1840, when he was invited to read the poem of *Françonnetto* before a still larger audience in the city of Toulouse.

The scene of this poem is laid in the south of France, in the 16th century, at the time of the persecution of the Huguenots, when the cruel Marquis of Montluc was covering the country with blood and tears, in the name of a God of mercy. The scene opens at a moment of comparative peace and quiet. The peasants are assembled to dance on the green turf. Among them is *Françonnetto la Ponlido de las Ponlidos*, (the belle of all belles.) Like all belles, however, *Françonnetto* is capricious. Surrounded by admirers, she leaves them to hope or to despair, according as they may be of a desponding or cheerful disposition, without pronouncing in favor of any particular one. But in the course of the evening she will be obliged at least to show some degree of partiality, for it is the custom to allow the dancer, who can succeed in tiring his partner out, to take a kiss. What a struggle there was for this kiss! William, John, Louis, Peter, and Paul are out of breath without having obtained the disputed prize! But here comes Marcel the soldier, to whom *Françonnetto* is engaged, but for whom she cares perhaps less than for any of her other admirers. Surely he who is accustomed to all the hardships of war, will succeed in tiring out a young girl. But when the will is good the weakest girl is strong! Marcel is outdone; he is obliged to stop. Pascal the smith rushes forward, and in a moment has taken his place; but hardly has *Fran-*

*françonneto* taken a turn with him, when she stops, and holding up her cheek, receives the kiss. The air rings with the applause of the peasants at the triumph of Pascal. But Marcel the soldier, the favorite of Montluc, is not thus to be trifled with. "You took my place too quickly, young man!" he exclaims, and adds a blow to the insult. "How easily a storm succeeds to the calm! A kiss and a blow! Glory and shame! Light and darkness! Life and death! Hell and Heaven! All these things fill at once the ardent soul of Pascal. When a man is thus cowardly attacked, he needs not to be a *gentleman* or a soldier to avenge the insult without fear. No—look at him! A tempest is not worse! His eyes flash fire, his voice thunders! and seizing Marcel by the waist, he hurls him to the ground." He does not wish to kill him. He is satisfied. His generosity does not disarm Marcel, however; he wishes to continue the fight, but Montluc appears and puts an end to the quarrel. The soldier is obliged to obey, but between his teeth he might be heard to mutter: "They love her and do all they can to cross my love; she laughs at my expense. By St. Marcel, my patron, they shall pay for it, and *Françonneto* shall have no other husband but me."

Between the first and second cantos, two or three months have elapsed. We again find the peasants met to celebrate New Year's eve, and *Françonneto* is still the queen of beauty. The festive meeting is however interrupted by the appearance of the man of the Black Wood, the dread of the neighboring country, who comes to announce that the father of *Françonneto* became a Huguenot before dying, and sold her soul to an evil spirit. Ill luck to him who shall venture to marry her. When her husband shall take the bridal wreath from her brow, the Demon will take possession of her soul, and wring his neck. "Great words, high sounding comparisons could not express the appearance of the peasants, who at this dreadful prediction seemed to be changed into stones." *Françonneto* alone remains unmoved. She believes at first that it is but a joke, but when she finds all her companions shrink back from her, she falls insensible to the ground. She is now shunned by all her companions. When she goes to church, they all avoid

her. Pascal alone has not abandoned her, and even does not fear to offer her the blessed bread at the altar. What a moment was that for her! "One would think that the bread of a resuscitated God had recalled her to life. But why does she blush? Oh, it is because the angel of love has blown a little of his flame on the embers which lay lurking in her heart. Oh, it is because something strange, something new, hot as fire, soft as honey, has taken root and is growing up in her breast. Oh, it is because she lives with another life; she knows, and she feels it! The world and the priest are alike forgotten, and in the temple of God, she sees but one man, the man whom she loves, the man whom she can thank." She returns home, and then "she does what we all may do; she dreams with open eyes, and without stone or hammer, she builds a little castle, in which by the side of Pascal everything is happiness." But alas! why must she awaken from this dream? She was thinking of love, but reality now breaks in on her with its cold and iron hand; she remembers the prediction that he who marries her, must die. In despair she falls on her knees before the image of the blessed Virgin. "Holy Mother," she exclaims, "without thee I am lost. I love Pascal. I have neither father nor mother, and they all say, that I am sold to an evil spirit. Take pity on me! Save me if this be true! or if they deceive me, prove it to my soul. I will offer thee a candle at *Nôtre-Dame*. Virgin so good, show me by some infallible sign, that thou receivest it with pleasure." Short prayers, when sincere, ascend rapidly to heaven. Sure that she has been heard, the young girl thinks incessantly of her purpose. At times, however, she trembles; fear paralyzes her speech. And then again hope shines in her heart, as a flash of lightning in the dark of the night. The solemn day has come. She goes to the church and presents her offering at the shrine of the Virgin; but alas! her hopes are in an instant blighted. No sooner has she lighted the candle on the altar, than a violent peal of thunder is heard, and the light is extinguished. No doubt can now remain! She is condemned to a cruel fate! The peasants are exasperated, and resolve to set fire to her house. The flames are already spreading over it, when Pascal

interferes and endeavors to save her. But he comes not alone. Marcel is behind him. "Wilt thou marry me?" he exclaims. Pascal makes the same offer. Françonnetto, after a struggle between love and duty, accepts Pascal's offer. "I love you, Pascal," she says, "and wished to die alone. But you demand it. I can resist no longer, and if it is our destiny, let it be so, let us die together." Two weeks after this scene, the marriage procession might be seen winding its way down the hill. But Pascal's mother entreats him not to proceed; his fate is decreed, she says, he will surely die. Pascal feels the tears running down his cheeks, but still he holds the hand of his beloved. How those tears affect him! but love is yet the stronger. "Take care of my mother, if anything happens to me," he says to Marcel. But the soldier, too, is shedding tears. "Pascal," he exclaims, "in love as in war, an artifice is permitted. I forged the whole story of Françonnetto's being sold to an evil spirit. I paid the sorcerer to frighten you with it, in the hope of forcing Françonnetto to marry me. But alas! she preferred thee. I then resolved to avenge myself by putting you both to death. I would have led you to the nuptial chamber, and then have blown you up with myself. Everything was prepared for this crime. But thy mother has disarmed my anger by her tears. She recalls to my mind my own mother, who is no more. Live for her sake. Thou hast nothing more to fear from me; thy paradise descends now on earth. I have nobody left. I return to the wars. To cure me of my love, a cannon-ball is perhaps better than such a crime." He speaks and disappears. The marriage is celebrated. But here the poet stops. He had colors to depict grief; he has none wherewith to represent such happiness!

Beauties of the highest order are profusely scattered throughout these two poems. They are of that kind, however, which makes it extremely difficult, not to say impossible, to render them in any language but that of the original. The patois dialect, in which Jasmin writes, is full of softness and simplicity, but, at the same time, energetic as the race to whom it belongs. In making use of such a dialect, the poet is not obliged, as the French writer is, to weigh every word, in order to

ascertain whether it is worthy to be used or not in a poetic composition. Molière and Béranger are the only two French poets, who seem to be so perfectly master of the language in which they write, as to be able to express all their thoughts without circumlocution. To this perhaps, in a great measure, may be ascribed the popularity of the great comic writer, and, if we may so say, the anticipated immortality of the greatest of modern French poets, Béranger. To us many of the French poets who are most admired, and deservedly so, appear very much as would a laborer who wore every day his Sunday dress. They are unfit for performing their common duties for fear of soiling their borrowed dress. From the heights on which they strive to dwell, they can take no part in the ordinary events of life. It seems to us that the merit of the poet is not to enoble things by so disguising them, as to make it sometimes even difficult to recognize them, but to present them in their natural state, although in a poetic form. That nature, when left to herself, is never vulgar, is a precept which the poet should always bear in mind. Look, for example, at the peasant. He is rough, rude in his speech, but he is not vulgar. Take him to a city, and, in six months, he will be essentially so. In endeavoring to make people forget his humble origin, he will show how out of place he is. When you saw him in the field, you thought him even graceful in his movements. In his new, and to him, uncomfortable dress, you find him awkward. And so it is with everything in nature. Leave things in the place which nature assigns to them, and you will find them all that they should be. But when, no matter from what cause, the beautiful order of nature has been perverted, that which was wont to appear noble and beautiful, is so deformed as to become common and sometimes hideous. The poet then need not fear to represent things as they are. He will make the peasant speak the language of the peasant, and the lord, the language of the lord; for what would be vulgarity in the one is but nature in the other. Jasmin is well aware of this. We never find him endeavoring to give to his verses a borrowed dignity. They are always drawn from the life.

Jasmin has had to resist the temptation



which is thrown in the way of every distinguished man in France, that of establishing himself in the capital. He has resisted it with a constancy worthy of the highest praise. The inducements must have been strong. In Paris, he would have lived in those literary circles in which his talents would have been fully appreciated; but at the same time, he would have experienced the envy of rival authors. At Agen, on the contrary, he lives quietly and admired by all his countrymen. We find among his poems, an epistle addressed to a rich farmer of the neighborhood of Toulouse, who had strenuously urged his going to the metropolis to make his fortune. There is in this piece of poetry an energy and a vivacity of expression, which must have been anything but agreeable to the person to whom it was addressed. "And you too, sir," he says, "do not fear to trouble the peace of my days and nights, but write to me to carry my guitar and comb to the great city of kings! There, you say, my poetic vein and the verses by which I am already known, would cause a stream of dollars to flow into my shop. You might, sir, during a whole month, sing the praises of this golden rain—you might tell me that fame is but smoke! glory nought but glory, but that money is money! I would not even thank you. Money! Is money anything to a man who feels burning in his breast the flame of poetry? I am happy and poor with my loaf of rye, and the water from my fountain. . . . I enjoy everything. Nothing makes me sigh. I have cried long enough; I mean to make amends for it. Wiser than in the days of my youth, I begin to feel in this world,

which we must all leave so soon, that which passes riches."

The muse of Jasmin is generally of a serious turn, but there are, nevertheless, two humorous pieces in the collection before us, which are very excellent. The one is a description of a journey which the poet once took, and in which his travelling companions were quietly discussing the merits of Jasmin, without being at all aware that he was sitting by their side. The reader can easily imagine to what amusing scenes such a mistake might give rise. The other, entitled *Le Chalibari*, is a mock heroic poem, like Boileau's *Lutrin*, and Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, and which, had it been written at an earlier period, might have claimed a place by the side of those two capital poems. The nineteenth century is not exactly the best period for writing a parody of a style of composition, which is now—and we trust ever will be—out of fashion. A satire on the manners and customs of the Middle Ages would be almost as well adapted to our times. There are many other poems in the works of Jasmin which are well worthy of notice, but we have neither the leisure nor the desire to write out an index of the two octavo volumes before us; we therefore dismiss the subject, sincerely wishing that no person who admires true poetry, will take our word for the beauties contained in the poems of Jasmin, but that they will judge for themselves. We are much mistaken, or he will feel something of the pleasure we have ourselves experienced in perusing them, and, we may add, in endeavoring to make them known.

## HUMAN FREEDOM.

ALL created life exists under two aspects, and includes in itself what may be denominated a two-fold form of being. In one view, it is something individual and single, the particular revelation as such, by which, in any given case, it makes itself known in the actual world. In another view, it is a general, universal force, which lies back of all such revelation, and communicates to this its true significance and power. In this form, it is an *idea*; not an abstraction or notion simply, fabricated by the understanding, to represent its own sense of a certain common character, belonging to a multitude of individual objects; but the inmost substantial nature of these objects themselves, which goes before them, in the order of existence, at least, if not in time, and finds its perpetual manifestation through their endlessly diversified forms. All life is at once ideal and actual, and in this respect, at once single and universal. It belongs to the very nature of the idea, (as a true subsistence and not a mere notion,) to be without parts and without limits. It includes in itself the possibility, indeed, of distinction and self-limitation; but this possibility made real, is nothing more nor less than the transition of the idea over into the sphere of actual life. In itself, it is boundless, universal, and always identical. It belongs to the very conception of the actual world, on the other hand, that it should exist by manifold distinction, and the resolution of the infinite and universal into the particular and finite. All life, we say then, is at one and the same time, as actual and ideal, individual also, and general; something strictly single, and yet something absolutely universal.

These two forms of existence are opposite, but not, of course, contradictory; their opposition involves, on the contrary, the most intimate and necessary union. The ideal is not the actual, and the actual is not, as such, the ideal; separately considered, each is the full negation of what is affirmed in the other; and still they

cannot be held for one moment asunder. The ideal can have no reality, except in the form of the actual; and the actual can have no truth, save as it is filled with the presence of the ideal. Each subsists only by inseparable union with its opposite; each is indispensable to the other, as the complement of an existence, that could otherwise have no force. The bond which unites them, accordingly, is not mechanical and outward merely. The life in which they meet, is not to be regarded as, in any sense, two lives. The two forms of existence which it includes, are at the same time the power of a single fact, in whose constitution they are perfectly joined together, in an inward way. The ideal and the actual, the general and the particular, are both present in all life, not by juxtaposition or succession, but in such a way as to include each other at every point. The very same life is both general and particular, at the same time—the ideal in the actual, and the actual in the ideal; and each is what it is always, only by having in itself the presence of the other, as that which it is not.

Take, for instance, the life of a particular plant or tree. Immediately considered, it is something single, answerable to the outward phenomenal form under which it is exhibited to the senses. But it is, at the same time, more also than this. It becomes a particular plant or tree, in fact, only as it is felt to be the revelation of a life more comprehensive than its own, a life that appears in all plants and trees, and yet is not to be regarded as springing from them, or as measured by them, in any respect. The general vegetable life is not simply the sum of the actual vegetation that is going forward in the world. It is before this in order of being, and can never be fully represented by its growth; for in its nature it has no bounds, while this last is always necessarily finite, made up of a definite number of individual existences. Still it is nothing apart from these existences, which serve to unfold its pres-

ence and power ; and which, in doing so, and only in doing so, come also to be what they are in truth. The life of each particular tree is thus at once the universal vegetable life, in which all trees stand, and the single manifestation to which this life has come in that particular case. Abstract from it the invisible, ideal, universal force or fact, which as a mere particular tree it is not, but which belongs to it only in common with other trees, and you reduce its existence at once to a sheer nullity : an object absolutely *single* in the world, could never be anything more than a spectral prodigy for the senses. So also, if it be attempted to sunder the particular from the general. Vegetable life can have no reality, save as it shows itself through particular plants and trees. The claims of the particular here, are just as valid and full, as the claims of the general. We have no right to push either aside, in order to make room for the other. The ideal or general cannot subsist without the actual or particular ; and it is equally impossible for this last to subsist without the first. They can subsist both, only in and by each other ; and it is this mutual comprehension and inbeing of the two precisely, which gives life its proper realness and truth. The *real* is not the actual as such, nor the ideal as such, but the actual and ideal perfectly blended together, as the presence of the same fact.

The same order holds in the sphere of humanity. Every man comprehends in himself a life, which is at once both single and general, the life of his own person, separately considered, and the life at the same time of the race to which he belongs. He is a *man* ; the universal conception of humanity enters into him, as it enters also into all other men ; while he is, besides, *this* or *that* man, as distinguished from all others by his particular position in the human world. Here again, too, as before, the relation between the general and the particular or single, is not one of outward conjunction simply ; as though the man were, in the first place, complete in and of himself, and were then brought to stand in certain connections with other men, previously complete in the same way. His completeness as an individual involves of itself his comprehension in a life more general than his own. The first can have no

place apart from the second. The two forms of existence are not the same in themselves, but they are indissolubly joined together, as constituent elements of one and the same living fact, in the person of every man.

All this belongs to our constitution, considered simply as a part of the general system of nature. But man is more than nature, though organically one with it as the basis of his being. His life roots itself in this sphere, only to ascend by means of it into one that is higher. It becomes complete at last, in the form of self-conscious, self-active spirit. The general law of its existence, as regards the point here under consideration, remains the same ; but with this vast difference, that what was mere blind necessity before, ruled by a force beyond itself, is now required to become the subject of free intelligence and will, in such way as to be its own law. It is as though the constitution of the world were made to wake within itself to a clear apprehension of its own nature, and had power at the same time to act forth its meaning by a purely spontaneous motion. Reason and will are concerned in the movement of the planet through its appointed orbit, in the growth of the plant, and in the activity of the animal ; but in all these cases, they are exerted from abroad, and not from within the objects themselves. The planet obeys a law, which acts upon it irrespectively of all consent on its own part. So in the case of the plant : it grows by a life which is comprehended in itself, but in the midst of all, it remains as dark as the stone that lies motionless by its side ; its life is the power still of a foreign force, which it can neither apprehend nor control. The animal can feel, and is able also to move itself from place to place ; yet in all this, the darkness of nature continues unsurmounted as before. The intelligence which rules the animal is not its own ; and it cannot be said to have any inward possession whatever of the contents of its own life. This consummation of the world's meaning is reached at last, only in the mind of man, which becomes thus, for this very reason, the microcosm or mirror, that reflects back upon the whole inferior creation its true, intelligible image. Here life is no longer blind and unfree. The reason and will, by which it

is actuated, are required to enter into it fully, and to become, by means of it, in such separate form, self-conscious and self-possessed. This is the idea of *personality*, as distinguished from the conception of a simply individual existence in the form of nature. Man finds his proper being at last, only in such life of the spirit.

Personality, however, in this case, does not supersede the idea of individual natural existence. On the contrary, it requires this as its necessary ground and support. The natural is the perpetual basis still of the intellectual and moral. The general character of life, therefore, in the view of it which is before us at this time, is not overthrown by this exaltation, as has been already intimated, but is only advanced by it into higher and more significant force. It still continues to revolve as before, between the two opposite poles, which we have found to enter into it from the start, and exhibits still to our contemplation the same dualistic aspect, resulting from the action of these forces, whose inseparable conjunction at the same time forms its only true and proper unity. It is still at once actual and ideal, singular and universal; only now the union of these two forms of existence is brought to be more perfect and intimate than before, by the intense spiritual fusion to which all is subjected in the great fact of consciousness.

Consciousness is itself emphatically the apprehension of the particular and single, in the presence of the universal. The two forms of life flow together, in every act of thought or will. Personality is, by its very conception, the power of a strictly universal life, revealing itself through an individual existence as its necessary medium. The universal is not simply in the individual here blindly, as in the case of the lower world, but knows itself, also, and has possession of itself, in this form; so far, at least, as the man has come to be actually what he is required to be by his own constitution. The perfection of his nature is found just in this, that as an individual, inseparably linked in this respect to the world of nature, from whose bosom he springs, he shall yet recognize in himself the authority of reason, in its true universal character, and yield himself to it spontaneously as the proper form of his own being. Such clear recognition of the

universal reason in himself, accompanied with such spontaneous assent to its authority, is that precisely, in the case of any human individual, which makes him to be at once rational and free. The person is necessarily individual; but in becoming personal, the individual life is itself made to transcend its own limits, and maintains its separate reality, only by merging itself completely in the universal life which it is called to represent.

Personality and moral freedom are, properly speaking, the same. By this last we are to understand simply, the normal form of our general human life itself. As such, it is nothing more nor less than the full combination of its opposite poles, in a free way. In the sphere of nature this union is necessary and inevitable; in the human spirit, it can be accomplished only by intelligent, spontaneous action, on the part of the spirit itself. The individual life in this form, with a full sense of its own individual nature, and with full power to cleave to this as a separate, independent interest, must yet, with clear consciousness and full choice, receive into itself the general life to which it of right belongs, so as to be filled with it and ruled by it at every point. Then we have a proper human existence.

Moral freedom then, the only liberty that is truly entitled to the name, includes in itself two elements or factors, which need to be rightly understood, first, in their separate character, and then in their relation to each other, in order that this idea itself may be rightly apprehended. It is the *single* will moving with self-conscious free activity in the orbit of the *general* will. The constituent powers by which it comes to exist, are the sense of self on the one hand, and the sense of a moral universe on the other, the sense of independence, and the sense of authority or law. It is the perfect union of the single and the universal, the subjective and the objective, joined together as mutually necessary, though opposite, polar forces in the clear consciousness of the spirit.

Let us direct our attention now, for a moment, separately to each of these great constituents of freedom.

Freedom supposes, in the first place, entire INDEPENDENCE on the part of its subject.



It can have no place accordingly, as we have already seen, in the sphere of mere nature. God is free in upholding and carrying forward the world, in this form, according to its appointed laws; but the world itself is not free. Its activity is for itself altogether blind and necessary, accompanied with no self-apprehension, and including in itself no self-motion. It is actuated throughout by a foreign force, with no possible alternative but to obey; while yet its obedience carries in itself no light or love, no intelligence or will. Nature is held in slavish bondage to its own law, as a power impressed upon it perpetually from abroad, and in no sense the product of its separate life. The earth rolls round the sun, the sap mounts upward in the tree, the dog pursues its game, with like subordination to a force by which they are continually mastered, without the least power to master in return. Animal impulse and instinct are no better here, than the plastic power that fashions the growth of the plant. There is individual existence in each case, included in the bosom of a general ideal life, and comprising action powerfully turned in upon itself; but there is no independence: the subject of the action hangs always, with helpless necessity, on the action itself, and is borne passively along upon the vast objective stream of the world's life, without concurrence or resistance of its own.

It is only in the sphere of self-conscious spirit, then, that individual independence becomes possible. Hence it involves two things, the light of intelligence and the power of choice. Both of these, in their very nature, refer to an individual centre, or *self*, from which their activity is made to radiate, and towards which, again, it is found continually to return. All knowledge begins and stands perpetually in the consciousness of self; and every act of the will may be denominated, at the same time, an act of self-apprehension.

It belongs to the conception of individual life universally, that it should be in itself a centre of the manifold activities by which it makes itself known. In the sphere of nature, this relation holds in the form only of a blind plastic law, or at least in the form of an equally blind instinct. In the sphere of consciousness, which is above nature, it is no longer blind, but

clear. The subject is not simply an individual centre, but knows and seeks itself under this character. In such form first, it attains to what we call subjective independence.

By means of intelligence, the individual self emerges out of the night of nature into the clear vision of its own existence, and is thus prepared to embrace itself as a separate living centre. It is no longer an object merely as before, acted upon from abroad, but is constituted a *subject*, in the strict sense of this term, having possession of itself, and capable of self-action.

Mere intelligence, however, is not of itself independence. If a planet were endowed with the power of perceiving its own existence, without the least ability to modify it in the way of self-control, it is plain that it would be just as little independent as it is in its present state. Consciousness in absolute subjection to nature, would be, indeed, a species of bondage, that might be said to be even worse than that of nature itself. And so if the intelligence were ruled and actuated, not by nature, but by some other intelligence in the like irresistible way, the result would be the same. No matter what the actuating force might be, if it were even the Divine will itself, which were thus introduced into the conscious life of the individual, so as to carry this along with overwhelming necessity in its own direction, the subject thus wrought upon from abroad, without the power of self-impulse, could not be regarded as having the least independence. The case calls for something more than mere intelligence. To this must be joined also the power of choice.

The supposition, indeed, which has just been made, is in its own nature impossible. Reason and will necessarily involve each other; and the light of intelligence, therefore, can never be sundered in fact, (but only hypothetically,) from the motion of choice. Self-consciousness is itself always self-action.

Individual independence, we say, requires the power of choice; that the self-conscious subject shall not be moved simply from abroad, but have the capacity of moving itself, as though it were the original fountain of its own action. If the will be itself bound by a force which is foreign

from its own nature, the man in whom it dwells cannot be free. It lies in the very conception of freedom, that the subject of it should have power to choose his own action, and that this power should involve the possibility of his making a different choice from that which he is led to make in fact. He acts from himself, and for himself, and not in obedience merely to an extraneous power, whether in the sphere of nature, or in the sphere of spirit. The action springs truly and fully out of his own conscious purpose and design, and is strictly the product of that separate living nature which he calls himself.

This is what Kant makes so much account of, in his philosophy, as the *autonomy* of the will. The idea is one of vast importance, notwithstanding the great abuse which has been made of it in his school. The will, in its very nature, must be autonomic in order that it may be free; that is, it must be a law to itself, in such sense that its activity shall be purely and strictly its own in opposition to the thought of everything like compulsion exerted upon it from abroad. It is a world within itself, no less magnificent than that with which it is surrounded in the external universe; and it may not be invaded by any form of power, that is not comprehended from the beginning in its own constitution. All such power, proceeding from earth, or hell, or heaven, must be counted *heteronomic*, and contradictory to its nature. The will can endure no heteronomy. It must be autonomic, subjectively independent, the fountain of its own activity, wherever it is found in its true and proper exercise.

This then is the first grand constituent of Moral Freedom. The idea implies universally the presence of an individual will, which, *as such*, is perfectly unbound from all heteronomic extraneous restraints, and carries in itself the principle of its own action, in the way of law and impulse to itself. There can be no liberty where there is no subjective independence.

But such autonomic will is not of itself at once, as some appear to think, the whole conception of freedom. This requires another constituent factor, no less essential than the first; the presence, namely, of an objective universal law, by which the individual will is of right bound,

and without obedience to which it can never be true to its own nature.

Self-consciousness is itself the power of a life that is general and universal, as well as individual. All life we have already seen to be the union of these two forms of existence in fact; though in the sphere of nature, of course, the fact prevails only in an outward and blind way. With the light of intelligence, however, including in itself the force of self-apprehension and self-action, it must itself enter into the life of the subject under the same character. That is, the union of the general and individual must hold in the form of consciousness itself; so that the subject of this, in coming to know himself properly as an individual being, shall have at the same time the apprehension of a life more comprehensive than his own, and, indeed, truly universal, in the bosom of which his own is carried as the necessary condition of its existence. It is the complete sense of this, theoretically and practically felt, that gives us the fact of personality; which is just the consciousness of an individual life, in the form of reason and will, as the universal truth of the world's life. Reason cannot be something merely particular or private. It is universal in its very nature. It is so theoretically, and it is so, also, of course, practically. In entering the sphere of thought and will, then, as distinguished from that of mere nature, man comes into conscious union with a life which is more than his own, and which exists independently altogether of his particular knowledge or choice. He does not create it in any sense, but is simply received into it as a sea of existence already at hand, and altogether objective to himself as a separate single subject; while he knows it to be in truth, at the same time, the only proper form of his individual life itself subjectively considered. If this were not the case, there could be no room, in his case, for the idea either of intelligence or freedom. A purely particular or single intelligence would be as blind as the stork, which knoweth, we are told, her appointed times in the heaven; and a purely particular or single will, in like manner, would be as little free as the wind, which is said to blow where it listeth, or as a wave of the sea driven of the same wind, and tossed hither and thither without object

or rule. Reason and will, to be truly subjective, must be apprehended always as truly objective, also, and universal. This necessity lies, as we have said, in the very idea of consciousness itself, and is the foundation of all personal life in the case of men.

But the idea now of such universal reason and will, is itself the conception of law, in its deepest and most comprehensive sense. This is nothing more nor less than this boundless objective authority or necessity, in which the individual life of the human subject is required to enter freely that it may be complete.

The law, in this character, is of course an idea, not an abstraction. It has in itself, accordingly, the two grand attributes of an idea, universality and necessity.

Its universality is not simply this, that it represents collectively all individual wills, or objects of will. On the contrary, it excludes every sort of distinction and comparison. No individual will, as such, can enter into the constitution of the law. It is absolute, and one within itself, merely revealing its presence through the single wills into which it enters, without deriving from them at all its being and force.

So, again, its necessity is not simply this, that the world cannot be preserved in prosperity and order without it, or that the world itself may have been pleased to agree in establishing its authority as sacred. It is a necessity which is altogether unconditional, and which rests eternally and unchangeably in the nature of the law itself.

As thus universal and necessary, the being of the law is infinitely real. It is not simply the thought or conception of what is right, not a name merely or mental abstraction representing a certain order of life which men are required to observe; but it is the very forms of truth and right themselves, the absolutely independent power by which they exist in the world. As in the sphere of nature, the law is in no respect the product of the forces which are comprehended in nature itself, but forms rather the inmost life of its entire constitution, which could not consist at all if it were not held together by this bond; so here in the sphere of free intelligence also, it is by no other power that the order of life, as thus intelligent and free, can be

upheld for a single hour. The world, in its moral no less than in its physical constitution, lives, moves and has its being, only in the presence of the law, as a real existence in no sense dependent upon it for its character. Not indeed as though it might be supposed to exist, with its own separate entity, in no connection with the actual world whatever. As the ideal life of nature, it cannot be sundered from the actual manifestation in which this consists; and as the absolute truth and right of the moral universe, it cannot subsist except through the consciousness of the thinking and willing subjects of which this universe is composed. Abstracted from all subjective intelligence, its objective reality is reduced to a nullity. It is only in the form of reason and will, which have no being apart from self-consciousness, that the law can have any true subsistence whatever. It supposes an intelligible and intelligent universe. But still it is no creature of the universe, no mere image abstracted from its actual constitution. In the order of being, though not of time, it is older than the universe. Without reason and will there could be no law, and yet all reason and will stand in it from the very start, and can enter into no living subject whatever except from its presence, as their ulterior objective source and ground.

Concretely real in this way, and not simply an abstraction, the law has its seat primarily, as Hooker expresses it, in the bosom of God. Not so, however, as if God might be supposed, in the exercise of any private arbitrary will of his own, to have devised and ordained it as a proper scheme after which to fashion the order of the universe. The universality of the law excludes, as we have already seen, the idea of all merely private or particular will, even though it were conceived to be in this form the will of God himself. God's will, however, is not private or particular, but absolute; subjective indeed, in such sense as is required by the nature of personality, but objective and universal at the same time; these two forms of existence, subjective and objective, being with Him absolutely commensurate and identical. God is not the author of the law, as something standing out of himself and beyond himself; he does not *make* it, as a man might



frame an instrument to serve some purpose which he has, under another form, in his own mind. Still less, of course, may the law be said, in any sense, to make *Him*, as though it were a power before Him in authority, determining the manner of his existence. It has its being only in God and from God; not however as something different from the Divine mind itself. It is the necessary form of God's infinitely wise and holy will, as exercised in the creation and support of the actual universe, considered both as nature and spirit.

Thus resident primarily in the Divine will, and identical with it throughout, the law at the same time, in its objective character, passes over into the actual order of the world, and reveals itself here also as a power to be acknowledged and obeyed, under the most real and concrete form. In the sphere of nature the universal and singular are brought together, not directly and immediately, but through the medium of the particular, constituting what we denominate the species or kind, as distinguished from the genus. Thus the tree is not what it is, by receiving into itself at once the universal vegetable life; but only as this life has previously undergone a distinction within itself, by which it may be recognized as vegetation under this or that specific form; it can become a tree, only as it puts on at the same time the type of some particular tree, locust, for instance, or ash, or elm, so as to be known accordingly in this character and no other. And just so in the sphere of the moral world, where the law has to do with intelligence and will. As universal or ideal, it is not carried over at once into the consciousness of each individual subject in an original and independent way; but the case requires necessarily that it should, in the first place, resolve itself into certain particular orders or forms of authority, through which intermediately its presence may afterwards thus actualize itself in full for the single will. As no single man is the human race, but only a part of it, having the truth of his being in the organic relations by which he is comprehended, through the family and state, in the whole; so the law, which is an objective rule and measure for the whole, and only for the parts as comprehended in this, and not as sundered from it, can never come near to

any man in the way of an absolutely singular and exclusive revelation. It can reach him really, only by passing *through* the organic system, in which alone it takes cognizance at all of his existence. Under such view, it has an actual concrete being in the world itself, and is wrought objectively into the very constitution of its rational and moral life, as embodied in the form of human society and made to reveal itself continually in the process of human history.

Such, we say, is the conception in general of the law, which is the other grand factor or constituent of Moral Freedom; the first having exhibited itself to us before in the necessary independence or autonomy of the individual subject. It remains now to consider *how* these two great forces are joined together in its constitution.

Separately considered, they seem to oppose and overthrow each other. If the will be absolutely autonomic and independent in its subjective character, how can it be absolutely bound at the same time by a force that comes from beyond itself, the purely objective authority of law? And if it be thus bound, placed under necessity, comprehended in a power which is broader than itself, and older than itself, how can it be said to be in any proper sense its own law, and the fountain of its own action?

It is clear that no merely mechanical union here can escape the power of this contradiction. If we suppose the single will to be, in the first place, something complete by itself, and then think of the law as existing in the same separate way, each including in itself the claims which belong to it, as they have now been described, the two conceptions must necessarily contradict each other, and cannot be brought in such form to any true reconciliation. If the subject feel himself in mere juxtaposition with the law, having it over against his consciousness as a form of existence different from his own, it will not be possible for him to assert his own independence, without resenting and resisting the pretensions of the law at the same time, as a heteronomic, foreign force. Nor will it be possible for the law, in the same circumstances, to acknowledge or respect the independence of the human



subject. It must necessarily assume the tone of command, arraying against him the majesty of its own everlasting nature, and with the weight of its terrible categorical imperative, *Thou shalt*, crushing his liberty completely to the earth. In such a relation, there is no room for the idea of moral freedom. It is slavish in its very nature. The liberty which the subject may still pretend to assert for himself, becomes necessarily licentiousness and sin; while, on the other hand, any obedience he may seem to yield to the law, as being thus forced and external, can have no reality or worth in the view of the law itself.

Such is the relation which holds in fact between human consciousness and the law in a state of sin. The two forms of existence are still incapable of being absolutely sundered; but they are bound together only in an outward, unfree way. The law cannot relax its right to rule the sinner's will; but it stands over him merely in the attitude of despotic commination. The sinner, too, can never emancipate himself entirely from the sense of the law, for that were to lose his hold upon himself at the same time; but he has it over against him only as an objective might, in whose favor he is required to renounce the separate self, which he has come to regard as his true and proper life. Hence continual rebellion only, and continual guilt. The law, in such circumstances, has no power to bring light or freedom, strength or peace, into the soul. It is necessarily the ministration only of sin and death. Emphatically it works wrath.

In distinction from all such merely outward and mechanical conjunction of the two opposing forces, liberty and authority, from which can proceed at best only a powerless, unfree morality, the true idea of human freedom, we say now, requires their internal *organic* union as constituent elements of one and the same life. The opposition of the two forces, in this case, remains in its full strength; each is left in the possession of its separate independent character; neither is permitted to exclude or overwhelm the other; but the opposition is simply that which belongs to the contrary poles of the magnet, which fly asunder only that they may, at the same

moment, be drawn together with the greater force, and whose union, as it is the result, is also the indispensable condition always of the separation out of which it grows. Such polar distinction enters, in fact, into the very idea of concrete existence. Where there is no distinction, there can be no concretion, but only meaningless and powerless abstraction, or, at best, the ideal possibility of an existence which has not yet become real. Distinction, however, involves opposition, or the setting of one thing over against another. Only where this has taken place, then, is there any room for the union that all proper reality implies. But such union shows the two sides thus sundered, to be at the same time necessary to each other. The opposition is polar only, and as such conservative and not destructional. All organized, concrete existence, physical or spiritual, will be found to carry in itself a polarity of this kind.

We may be assisted to a right apprehension of the point in hand, by referring again to the constitution of life, as we have already found it to hold in the sphere of mere nature. The ideal and the actual, a universal generic nature on the one hand, and a particular single existence on the other, enter jointly into the constitution of every plant that springs from the bosom of the earth. These two forces, at the same time, are in their own character truly different and distinct. Their distinction takes the form of actual, direct opposition. What the one *is*, the other *is not*. Each is in itself the negation in full of the other. And yet they are here brought perfectly together, in the constitution of the same life; not by mechanical juxtaposition, but in the way of mutual interpenetration and interfusion, so that each is made to grow into the other, and by such concrescence only, comes to be at last what it is found to be in fact. The two sides of the plant's life still continue to be distinct, and their opposition to each other is by no means abolished in such sense as to be taken wholly out of the way; it still exists, but it exists as something comprehended in a higher action, which is, at the same time, the perfect union and reconciliation of the forces from which it springs. The opposition is polar. The union is organic. Bring all this into the sphere of con-

sciousness, so that the union in question shall be, not blind and unavoidable, but the movement of clear, spontaneous intelligence, acting from itself and for itself, and we have the conception of Moral Freedom. The existence here is not a mere object, wrought upon by an action strange to itself, but a subject which has come to be possessed of its activity as the very form of its own being. It is as though the planet, moving in its appointed orbit, were made to awake within itself to the clear knowledge of its own nature, with full power at the same time to pursue any course through the heavens that to itself might seem best; while it should still continue true notwithstanding, as before, to the path prescribed for it, no less *bound* by objective law, but bound always only by its own consent. Should such a rational planet, in the exercise of its liberty, strike off from its orbit, affecting to play the part of some wandering comet, it must, in the same moment, become unfree; as much so, at least, as when carried forward in its true course by the force of mere blind natural law. Only the power of choice making it possible for it to become a comet, but yet spontaneously embracing the true planetary motion in fact, identified thus with the sense of law, could constitute it the subject of freedom. Neither as bound simply, nor as simply unbound, would the planet be free; but only as bound and unbound, at the same time, and in the same continuous action; the two forms of existence joined together as the power of a single fact, in the sphere of consciousness; the law coming to its proper expression only in the independence of the subject, and the independence of the subject having no reality, save under the form of obedience to the law.

What may be thus imagined in the case of a planet, to illustrate the conception in hand, is the very constitution of man in his normal state. He is formed for freedom, and becomes complete only in this character, by the possibility he carries in himself of such a living, conscious free union, as has now been mentioned, of the great polar forces of the world's life. He has a will of his own, and he is at the same time under a law which is not himself; he is conscious of both, as making realities in his existence; and, to crown all, he is capable

of so acknowledging both, that they shall actually grow into each other as the same consciousness. The union of the two powers, in such case, is not mechanical, but organic and real; as truly so as the flowing together of the ideal and actual, in the constitution of a plant or tree; only with the difference, that what is blindly necessary there, has become here the self-comprehending activity of the living nature itself. This is Freedom. In no other form can it exist for men at all. It is the action of the individual will, moving of its own accord and apart from all compulsion, in the orbit of the law, with clear sense of its authority, and clear private election in its favor, at the same time. This implies, of course, that the will is of the same nature with the law. They are thus related, in fact, as we have already seen. In obeying the law, the will obeys in reality its own true constitution; as much so as fire does, for instance, in exhibiting the properties which show it to *be* fire, and not water. So, in breaking away from the law, it necessarily becomes false to itself, to the same extent. Thus all apparent contradiction is resolved in the idea of freedom as now described. Authority involves necessity, while liberty is the very opposite; and still both are here inseparably joined together, in such way, indeed, that neither can exist at all, in its true form, without the other. Freedom, in order that it may be free, *must* be bound. But in this case it is self-bound; not arbitrarily, however, to a rule of its own invention, which would be again to be unfree, but in obedience to the law, as the necessary form of its own existence. The will of the subject is ruled by a force that comes from beyond itself, and yet it is strictly autonomic at the same time; even as the rose blooms forth always its proper single life, though it is only as filled with the general law of vegetation that it has power to bloom at all. The law so enters the subject, as to become within him a continually self-originated obligation; while his private will is so comprehended in the law, as to find in it no foreign constraint whatever.

Such is the proper theory of human freedom, whether considered as religious or as simply political. It is formed by the union of liberty and authority, so joined together that neither is allowed to exclude

or oppress the other ; the two constituting thus the force of a single life. Where this inward organic conjunction of the elements now named is wanting, one of them either excluding the other altogether, or at best enduring its presence only in an outward way, the whole idea must be to the same extent necessarily overthrown. It matters not, in such case, which of the two factors may thus prevail at the cost of its opposite, the result will be the same. In the one direction, we shall have authority turned into despotism ; in the other, liberty converted into licentiousness ; both alike fatal to all true freedom. To be wholly bound, and to be wholly unbound, come here to the same thing in the end. Either state is to be deprecated as slavery.

The world has a continual tendency to fall over, either to one or the other of these extremes. Thus we have, on one side, authority coupled with blind obedience, and on the other a spirit of insurrection against all legitimate rule, making up to a great extent the history of human life.

Our own age leans especially towards the extreme of exalting individual liberty at the expense of just authority. Time has been, when the whole civilization of the world showed an opposite character. It was necessary indeed, in the nature of the case, that the process of our modern culture, the fruit of Christianity, and the only culture that may be regarded as worthy of the name, should commence in this way. Its foundations were to be laid deep, in the first place, in the sense of law and a corresponding spirit of obedience to its authority. Long ages of discipline were required for this purpose, in the course of which it was hardly possible that wrong should not be done to the idea of freedom, by an undue depression of its opposite element, the liberty of the individual subject. The discipline became, in fact, as we all know, tyrannical and oppressive just in this way, by refusing to recognize the rights of those who were subjected to it, as the time of their minority came to an end, and made it proper that these rights should be brought into full and free exercise. Instead of making it their business to train their subjects for personal independence, the true design of all sound government, both Church and

State pursued the policy only of repressing every aspiration in this direction, and sought to hold the world in perpetual vassalage to mere power on their own side ; as though a parent, long accustomed to rule his children with absolute control, should, at last, insist on extending over their full adult life itself the same kind of rule, without any regard whatever to the wants and capabilities of their advanced state. The relation between authority and obedience became, in this manner, mechanical and altogether external. Free authority and obedience fell asunder, as though each belonged to a different sphere from the other. The authority claimed to be of divine force for itself, under a fixed outward form ; while the merit of obedience was supposed to lie in its blind, uninquiring subjection to the will thus imposed upon it from abroad. In one word, the claims of the subjective were overwhelmed, and well nigh crushed by the towering pretensions of the objective. No wonder that this extreme should at length become insupportably onerous to the ripening consciousness of the Christian world. It opened the way gradually for a powerful reaction towards the opposite side. This gave birth finally, when the fullness of time had come, to the great fact of the Reformation ; which may be regarded as a solemn *Declaration of Independence*, on the part of the human mind, against the tyranny by which it had been wronged for centuries, in the name of religion and law. A grand epoch certainly, in the history of the world's life, whose consequences must continue to fill the earth to the end of time. These belong of course, not simply to the Church in a separate view, but to every sphere, whether of thought or action, that is comprehended in our common human existence. Art, science, government, and social life, all have been affected by the change. A new stadium is in progress, for the universal life of the world ; having for its object now the full assertion of what may be styled the subjective pole of freedom, in opposition to the long historical process that went before, in favor of its opposite side. Protestantism is the fountain thus of all modern liberty, religious and political alike. Its tendency has been, from the beginning, to break the chains of authority

as previously established, and to engage the human mind to a bold vindication of its own rights in opposition to all blind obedience of whatever kind. Nor is it to be imagined at all, that the new position which has been reached in this way, can ever be surrendered again, in favor of the order which prevailed before. The period of blind submission to the sense of the objective, whether in Church or State, when priest and king were held to be superior by divine right, to the divine constitution itself by which they were created, we may well trust, has forever passed away. But it does not follow at once from this, that the past was all wrong, or that the present is all right. A just consideration of history would lead us rather to suppose, that the new direction it has taken, may itself be liable to abuse, in a way answerable to the wrong which existed before on the opposite side; which would not imply certainly, that we must fall back again to the things we have happily left behind, but only that we should so far right our course, as to steer clear of the rocks that threaten us from either side, and so press forward to the true and proper destiny of our race. That the principle of individual liberty has been, in fact, thus carried to an extreme, at least in some cases, in the progress of the Protestant era, is acknowledged on all sides; and it needs no very profound or extensive observation, to see that our own age in particular is peculiarly exposed to danger just in this direction. It leans constitutionally towards an undue assertion of the prerogatives of the individual life, over against the idea of authority as something absolute and universal.

False liberty, in this form, does not consist, of course, in the open rejection of the law in itself considered. On the contrary, it usually affects to make great account of the law; but it is always only in a mechanical and outward way. The law is not viewed as a necessary constituent of freedom itself, but simply as an outward rule and measure of its supposed rights. The subject starts with his own independence as an interest full and complete in its separate character, and obeys the law accordingly in his way, not by entering it as a life beyond himself, but by requiring it to come first into subjection to his own

private will. He has no conception of freedom as the union of liberty and authority. It is for him, at last, the exercise only of separate personal independence on his own part. By the right of private judgment, he means to assert the right of thinking for himself, regardless of the thoughts of all other men; and so also in the case of private will. He does not deny, indeed, that truth and right are universal in their nature, and as such not to be created or controlled by his particular mind. But the authority which belongs to them in this view, remains for him always more or less a mere abstraction. It does not come near to him under a concrete form, in the actual constitution of the world with which he is surrounded. He is without reverence accordingly for the powers by which it is properly represented. He sees nothing divine in history. The Church is to him the mere aggregation of a certain amount of private thinking on the subject of religion. The State is taken to be the creature only of its own members, standing by their permission, and liable of right to be taken down by them, or changed into a new form, at their own good pleasure.

All this involves, of course, an immense error; though it is one which it must ever be difficult to bring home clearly to the consciousness of the popular mind. Liberty without law is licentiousness, whether in the sphere of thought or will; and law, to be real, must be the sense of a general concrete authority, actually comprehended in the constitution of the living world to which we belong. Where this may be wanting, it is not possible that there can be any true religious or political freedom. The exaltation of private independence, the rights of the individual as they are called, at the cost of all proper objective authority, is just as fatal here as the exaltation of authority at the cost of individual rights. There is a vast amount of cant and falsehood abroad on this subject, which it is important we should understand, and against which we have need to stand continually upon our guard.

With any right conception of the nature of freedom as now explained, it will not be possible for us, on the other hand, to fall in with the views of those who would persuade us that the only remedy for the



evils of a licentious individualism, is to be found in casting ourselves once more blindly into the arms of mere outward authority. This were to fall backward to the period which preceded the Reformation, when we should seek rather to make our own period the means of advancing to one that may be superior to both. It is well to see and admit the difficulties of the present; but we are bound to remember also the difficulties of the past, that we may look for salvation only in the form of a brighter and more glorious future. It deserves to be continually borne in mind that mere authority is as little to be trusted for securing the right order of the world, as mere liberty. They are the opposite poles of freedom, and neither can be true to its constitution, except as this is made to include both in a perfectly inward and free way. The evils incident to private judgment are not to be corrected by referring us to an infallible public judgment, ecclesiastical or political, that may do our thinking for us in every case, and then make it over to us in a merely outward way, without any activity on our own part. And just as little of course are the irregularities of private will to be reformed, by handing us over to the rule of a foreign public will, as the measure of all right and wrong for our conscience. It is not in this way, that Christianity especially proposes to make us free. The imagination of a mechanical system of notions and rules brought near to the mind from abroad, to be accepted by it in a blind way, on the ground of authority conceived to be divine, is wholly aside from the true character of the gospel. Christianity is indeed a law; but it is at the same time the "law of liberty," comprehending in itself the true normal mould of our general human life, into which it must be cast in every case, in order that it may be complete; but into which it can be cast, for this purpose, only by its own consent and choice. In truth, no government can be rational and good in the case of men, that does not aim at making them able to govern themselves. The only proper use of government is to educate its subjects for freedom, if they have not yet come to be capable of its exercise; and if this be not proposed, the government becomes to the same extent tyrannical. He is an unfaith-

ful parent who seeks to hold his children in perpetual dependence upon his own judgment, and in perpetual vassalage to his own will, instead of training them as quickly as possible to think and act for themselves. So neither the State nor the Church can have any right to bind the understanding and will of their subjects in slavish obedience to mere authority. The case demands a different relation between the two interests with which it is concerned. Though the authority should be never so benevolent and wise, and the subject of it never so well satisfied to be ruled by it in this way, the result would still be slavery and not freedom. No man can fulfil his true moral destiny, by a simply blind and passive obedience to law. His obedience, to be complete, must be intelligent and spontaneous. In other words, the law must enter into him and become incorporated with his life. The remedy, then, for subjective license, is not such an exhibition simply of outward authority as may supersede the necessity of private judgment altogether. Even an *infallible* authority in this form would not be desirable; for the Divine will itself, if it were made merely to overwhelm the human as a foreign force, must lead to bondage only, and not to freedom.

The case requires, then, such an understanding of the true nature of freedom, as may serve to secure its constitution on both sides. Mere theory, indeed, will not be sufficient, here or elsewhere, to preserve life in its right form; but it is, at least, a most important auxiliary to this object. It is much to know clearly, and still more, steadily to keep in mind, that liberty and law, the activity of private will and the restraining force of authority, are alike indispensable to a right condition of human life; that they are required to enter into it always as polar forces, which organically complete each other; and that the exaltation of either interest at the cost of its opposite, must prove alike fatal to true moral order. It is much to know that the idea of freedom can never be reached by simply opposing one of these powers to the other on either side, as though to insist upon authority were necessarily to wrong liberty; or as though to press the claims of this last, required a rejection of the no less rightful pretensions of the first. That is

at all times a very shallow philosophy, though it be unfortunately very common, which can see contradiction only in the polarity now mentioned, and is urged accordingly to affirm and deny with regard to it, in such a way as to exclude the possibility of any reconciliation between the tendencies thus opposed. No authority can be moral that does not seek liberty as its end; and no liberty can be free that is not filled with the sense of authority as the proper contents of its own life.

That it may be difficult to bring this theory of freedom into practice, is readily admitted; but this forms no proper argument against the truth and value of the theory itself. The difficulty lies in the nature of the subject to which it belongs. Still, however, there is no other way in which it is possible for the end to be secured that is here in view. Man must be at once independent and bound, self-governed, and yet obedient to authority, in order that he may at all fulfil his own destiny, in distinction from the system of mere nature with which he is surrounded. For this he is to be educated and formed, under the influences which are comprehended in human society for the purpose. He comes not to moral freedom at once, but is required to rise to it by regular development, out of the life of nature in which his existence starts, and in which it continues always to have its root. In our present circumstances, moreover, the process is greatly embarrassed and obstructed by a false law of sin, which is found too plainly seated in our constitution. It becomes accordingly a most complicated problem, to bring our common human life, in this view, into its proper form; a problem, whose solution in fact runs through the history of the world's entire social constitution, from the beginning of time to its end. The family, the State, and the Church, are all comprehended alike in the service of this great design. They surround the human subject with the force

of law from the cradle to the grave, and from the rudeness of savage life onward through all stages of subsequent social refinement; but it is only that he may be educated for the full use finally of his own proper personal independence, in being set free from all bondage, whether objective or subjective, by the clear spontaneous union of his private will with the law to which it is necessarily bound.

It lies in the very conception of this vast educational process, including as it does not only all stages of the single life from infancy to old age, but all stages also of the general ethical life in the progress of nations, that the two great compound forces by which the problem of freedom is in the course of being solved, should sustain to each other, in their legitimate action, a constantly fluctuating relation; the pressure of authority being necessarily greater, and the sense of independence less, in reverse proportion to the actual development of the true idea of freedom in the subject. Here, of course, a wide field is thrown open for the exercise of political and ethical science, in determining the claims of duty and right, as related to each other in any given stadium of morality. On this, however, we are not called now to enter. It may be sufficient to conclude with the general rule, drawn from the whole subject, that no one can be true ethically to his own position, whether as a child or as a man, high or low, rich or poor, in power or out of power, who, in the use of his liberty, whatever it may be, is not ruled at the same time by a sentiment of *reverence* for the idea of an objective authority extended over him in some form, in the actual social organization to which he belongs. To be without reverence for authority, is to have always to the same extent the spirit of a slave. In no other element is it possible to think what is true, or to act what is right.

J. W. N.

## FOREIGN IMMIGRATION:

ITS NATURAL AND EXTRAORDINARY CAUSES; ITS CONNECTION WITH  
THE FAMINE IN IRELAND, AND SCARCITY IN OTHER COUNTRIES.

THE Irish famine of 1846-7 will stand out upon the page of history as one of the most striking events of modern times. It will be recorded, not merely as a calamity which has swept away a vast multitude of human beings, but equally as a providential crisis in the history of this nation, which revealed more fully than ever before, the accumulated evils of centuries of misgovernment. For it was not created simply by the sudden destruction of a large portion of the nation's subsistence; it was that almost hopeless and depressed social condition of the people, that at once paralyzed the national energy, when this energy was to be directed into new channels as the only alternative against general starvation. There was then no self-reliance; hence no moral courage. There was hope, but it was hope which trembled over a wide-spread, increasing panic, and rested only on the arm of the national treasury. There was submission, but it was that of despair. There was unexampled patience and endurance, but these gave no creative energy to the people; they produced no enlightened forecast. The subjects of that famine were those, and *those chiefly*, whose minds had been used to the severest laws of servitude, and therefore dependence upon and direction by higher orders of intelligence had become the unchangeable condition of their being. This was their birth-right—not the gift of Heaven, but entailed upon them by their masters through successive generations. And when by this signal providence, the possessions of every class became insecure, and the laws of tribute and servitude inoperative, there was to be found no method by which the soil could, at once, be made chargeable with its tenants. They had no power to fulfil legal obligation, while the burden of a higher and moral one, by reason of this inability, now rested with fearful force

upon the master. But he had neither the strength to sustain this, nor the courage to direct the energies of his dependents. There were noble exceptions; yet such was the general condition, and such the two classes of mind. When the news of this their deplorable and melancholy condition had gone forth, the sympathies of the whole human family in every quarter of the globe were excited to a degree unparalleled in the history of the world.

No famine in the history of mankind can be compared to it, unless it be the seven years' famine of Egypt. To this it bears a striking analogy, in the magnitude of the calamity, in the corresponding social condition of those who, in Egypt, were most exposed to suffering, and in the relations of the sufferers to the soil of the country.

The first year in Egypt consumed their lands, their gold and silver. During the second, the unhappy Egyptians sold not only their lands, but themselves, as the price of food. The lands of the priests excepted, Joseph purchased for the crown the whole lands of lower Egypt. After the custom of the East, he allotted it into estates, supplied the seed for its tillage, and demanded one-fifth of the crop as rent, to be paid into the royal treasury. It was held by what is now called the Ryot tenure in Asia. It was by this process that the whole people of the Delta were brought into a state of legal slavery. We find here a kindred land tenure, a social condition not dissimilar, and, if not in the duration, in their intensity, a correspondence in the two calamities.

In the last November issue of this Journal, we discussed the permanently existing causes of foreign immigration. They were, the constantly depressed condition of the poorer classes in Europe, the easy land

tenure of America, and the extent and fertility of this land: two classes of influence—the one foreign, the other domestic. The power of the first was seen in the history of the poor laws of England, and in the unequal burden and injustice of her local taxes; that of the second in the extent and richness of the great central valley of America—the Mississippi, and in the legal protection and encouragement given to settlers upon *all* the public domain of the country. In the December number we gave a succinct history of the Irish famine, as the leading extraordinary cause of increase in immigration. We detailed the action of Parliament, enumerating and explaining its score of Acts bearing on Ireland, from the incipient measures of the Executive government at the close of 1845 to the passage of the noted Poor Law, in the summer of 1847. We gave, also, an outline of the voluntary charitable measures of Europe and America, and of the methods by which these contributions were applied, following those who became the almoners of the charity, not only of these but of all nations, in their errand of mercy, through the suffering and sterile regions of that hapless country. In this, we had evidence of a foreign cause of immigration, strong enough to bring that entire people to our shores. In our present writing, we consider chiefly the home evidence of that pressure. It is to be found in the increasing and urgent demands upon our almshouse and the voluntary charities of our city. Both the spirit and the manner in which these have been met, as well as the unequalled and sublime example of charity to a famishing nation, is the highest, the most signal evidence which could be given in the history of human affairs, of the diffusive and heavenly nature of that system of truth which enjoins in the most touching manner the love of our neighbor as the love of self. It was not that thousands were falling by pestilence and disease from ordinary causes, but that they were dying from the want of that *common* bounty, which, like the light and atmosphere of heaven, a Common Parent had caused to abound by spontaneous growth and through the channels of trade over the whole habitable globe. Wherever the news had spread among the nations of Europe, in America,

or in the most distant isles of the sea, from thence, with almost the velocity of electric fire, the currents of sympathy and heaven-born charity were seen flowing forth and meeting in a mighty swelling tide over that land of suffering and death: a silent but irresistible argument, above all logic, for the power and diffusiveness of Christian love. It is an argument that proclaims the greatest truth of that love—a common brotherhood among all nations of men, having the same paternity and hoping the same heaven as a final home.

The accidents of life and the forms of misery, in a great commercial city like New York, are numerous and diversified. In no city probably in the world is there a demand for more munificent public charities. For here the nations of the world meet; it is the great entrance-door into the western hemisphere for all classes and conditions of men, whether in quest of fortune, of pleasure, or health. A full history of the charities of New York, would extend our article to undue limits. They rank among the most beneficent and well endowed charitable institutions in America. The following are some of the most important.

THE NEW YORK HOSPITAL was chartered by the Earl of Dunmore in 1771. For twenty years it was allowed \$4000 annually by the provincial legislature. It received patients in 1791. In 1806 the State granted an annuity of \$12,500 out of duties and sales at auction. Its officers are twenty-six governors, four physicians and six surgeons, with one physician and two surgeons resident. The poor are received *gratis*, and all others at a price agreed on by the visiting committee.

THE BLOOMINGDALE ASYLUM is the insane department of the Hospital. It was opened in 1808, the first in the United States, and has fifty acres of land, and cost \$180,000. Its government is under a standing committee of the board of governors, who visit weekly and direct all its affairs.

THE NEW YORK DISPENSARY was established in 1790, to relieve sick and indigent persons unable to procure medical aid. It has eleven attending physicians and an office open daily, and under the charge of an apothecary, for the reception of applicants. Twenty-two thousand patients



were attended in 1841-2 in the city proper, which is divided into three districts. Besides this there are the northern and eastern dispensaries, which together attended in the same year upwards of 27,000 patients. Of these 65 per cent. were foreigners. These institutions receive a small amount of legislative aid, and are supported chiefly by subscription and donations.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF POOR WIDOWS WITH SMALL CHILDREN, organized in 1798, for nearly a half century has been sustained chiefly by the contributions of benevolent females. The female thrown upon her own resources, with helpless children to support by her daily labor, is the object of aid. The city is divided into twenty-six districts and a manager appointed to each. This manager inserts in a book the name, residence and circumstances of every person relieved, and the age of her children. No one is assisted until inquiry is made and the character known. Immorality and street begging, when once the party has been cautioned, exclude from the favors of the Society. In 1841, 404 widows and more than 1000 children were aided.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE RELIEF OF RESPECTABLE INDIGENT FEMALES, was founded in 1814, and is directed by a board of twenty-two managers. Any respectable indigent female over 60 years of age, who by her friends pays \$50 into the treasury, is entitled to the bounty of the society, and a home in the Asylum during the evening of her days. The home was erected at a cost of \$20,000, and has nearly or about 60 inmates.

ASSISTANCE SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF AND RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION OF THE SICK POOR, organized in 1813. It is under the direction of as many managers as there are wards in the city, each ward being assigned to a manager. During the year 1841 it relieved more than 1000 families, and its auxiliary, the Dorcas Society, distributed 1450 garments. It expends nearly \$4000 per annum.

ORPHAN ASYLUM OF NEW YORK, founded in 1806. It is pleasantly located five miles from the centre of the city, and is under the direction of eleven trustees. Orphans, natives or foreigners of all nations, are received at the age of ten or under, and indentured at thirteen. None are permitted to leave without knowing how to

read and write. It has a school and library attached.

PROTESTANT HALF ORPHAN ASYLUM, established in 1835; its object is to receive such children as are left destitute by the death of one parent and by the inability of the other to support them. They are trained to habits of order and cleanliness, and receive the rudiments of a good common education. The trustees become the legal guardians of the children, and have power to bind them out at discretion. More than 1000 have been instructed.

Besides these, there are many societies whose organization and labors we cannot specify. THE LADIES' DEPOSITORY; LADIES' SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING INDUSTRY AMONG THE POOR; HOWARD SEWING SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING INDUSTRY; NEW YORK CLOTHING SOCIETY; SOCIETY OF MECHANICS AND TRADESMEN OF NEW YORK; FIRE DEPARTMENT FUNDS; NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY; ST. NICHOLAS SOCIETY; ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY; ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY; ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY; FRENCH BENEVOLENT SOCIETY; GERMAN BENEVOLENT SOCIETY; SOCIETY FOR RELIEF OF WORTHY AND INDIGENT COLORED PERSONS; INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS, of which there are 70 lodges in New York city, and 12,000 contributing members. The principle of aid in these lodges, unlike that of most other charitable institutions, limits all charity to members of the institution. Their sick and poor are visited, and in time of need each member can honorably claim aid from funds which he has contributed to raise, without the humiliation of private charity. Such are the regulations, that every member, whatever his circumstances, in sickness or death, must receive a fixed and definite amount. The duty of this association does not terminate with life; it is extended to the remains of the departed brother; it requires members to attend, if need be, the last solemn offices of the dead, whether the departed may have deceased amid the kindred of home or among strangers. No person can become a member, except between the ages of 21 and 50 years. The initiation fee is \$5 to \$30, and the payment annually thereafter \$4 to \$10. On the decease of every member, \$30 are allowed as a funeral benefit; and for the wife of a member, \$15. For the year ending June 30th, 1842, the amount of aid extended in

31 lodges, then existing in New York, was \$18,241 25; in 1847, in 70 lodges, about \$40,000. This is certainly a noble system of charity; it is, in fact, irrespective of its orders and insignia, a most valuable form of health insurance, and aid to the families of living members, and a most grateful charity to that of those departed. There are several institutions in the vicinity of New York, equal in importance to many we have enumerated. THE INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, incorporated in 1718, 3½ miles from the City Hall, has accommodations for a large number of pupils. It is well endowed, and has an able board of instruction and management.

THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND; THE SAILOR'S SNUG HARBOR, founded in 1801; THE SAILOR'S RETREAT, and several benevolent institutions under the direction of the Roman Catholic Church, may also be added to the list.

We come now to a class more entirely public in their aim and objects. The first is the New York Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor. Prior to its organization, in 1843, a committee was appointed to investigate the private and public charities of New York; when it was found that the aggregate amount expended in the previous year by twenty-four out of thirty-two of these societies was \$163,345 38, and that twenty had in the same period aided 66,000 persons. This was a large sum to be raised by private, voluntary association for the poor of a single city. "But when it is recollected," observes the committee, "how many similar institutions and religious societies there are among us of whose pecuniary disbursements we have no report, and how immense that stream of charity, which, fed by a thousand rills and flowing from a thousand unobserved sources, constantly dispenses its blessings to the needy, large as this reported sum is, it is but a fraction of the annual aggregate expenditure in the city for this object. In a pecuniary point of view, therefore, there is wanted an efficient system to direct its administration. If charity amongst us were judiciously dispensed, imposture, idleness, and beggary would be repressed, and there would be a visible improvement in the condition of the poor commensurate with our expenditure. But the reverse is

true. There has, of late years, been an actual deterioration of character and a progressive increase of pauperism and vagrancy above the ratio and increase of the population. This is shown by official statistics, and the augmented expense of their public support. It is not occasional or accidental, but results from the want of a well-organized system. A large amount of our charity is, in reality, a shield from personal pain—an expedient to escape importunity, or the result of impulse in view of misfortune. The chief end of intelligent charity, the physical and moral improvement of its objects, is defeated, and mendicity, with its usual attendants, idleness, imposture and crime, are encouraged." The defects of the system were summarily stated to be—

1st. An entire want of discrimination in giving alms.

2d. The societies acted independently of each other, and there was especially no reciprocity of intelligence between them; hence, artful mendicants often obtained aid from several societies at the same time.

3d. There was no provision for personal intercourse with the recipients of alms at their own dwellings.

This committee examined also our legal provisions for the poor. It resulted in the certain conviction that they could not embrace all the objects of private benevolence; that after the laws had done their utmost, an immense amount would remain unaccomplished. The object was to devise a better system—one better adapted to the practical exigencies of the city. An agent visited Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and by correspondence in this country and abroad gathered practical information from all available sources. With the aid of this knowledge, the association was organized. Its primary objects were to check indiscriminate almsgiving; to put an end to street-begging and vagrancy; to visit the poor at their dwellings, and carefully examine their circumstances, and extend to them *appropriate* relief; last, and not least, to inculcate habits of frugality, temperance, *industry* and *self-dependence*, and especially to unite the whole city during the winter months in prompt, systematic and wisely directed action.

This was the plan. The entire city, from the Battery to Fortieth street—which now comprises near 400,000 inhab-



## No. 1.

Ticket of Reference for the Use of Members.

Mr. W. R. G., Visitor,

No. ——— Ninth St.

is requested to visit John Gray

at No. ——— Sixth Avenue.

Geo. Griswold, Member

N. Y. Association for the  
Improvement of the Condition of the Poor.

## No. 2.

Visitor's Order.

Mr. Hayward,

No. ——— Fourth St.

Please let John Gray,

have the value of one dollar

in Groceries, List No. 1.\*

Feb. 20th, 1848.

W. R. G., Vis.

N. Y. Association for the  
Improvement of the Condition of the Poor.

A small pamphlet of eight pages entitled "The Economist; or plain directions about Food and Drink, with the best Modes of Preparation," has been published by the Association, which is presented to every family that receives its aid. The following indicates the character of this pamphlet:—

"If you would be able to purchase by the bushel, beware of buying by the quart; for every measure must make its profit, and he who buys second-hand, is supporting both the seller and himself. On this subject, a little thought will save a great deal of labor. Wisdom to-day is wealth to-morrow. He who has no care but to supply present wants, has no right to expect that he will always be able to do that.

"Be economical in cooking as well as in buying. Boiling and stewing should be in covered vessels. Boiling should be continued constantly, but moderately, for water that boils can ordinarily be made no hotter. There is great waste of fuel, and sometimes of the flavor of food, by boiling too rapidly. On the other hand, the nourishment of many articles is often lost, because they are but half cooked. Among these are peas, beans, and particularly Indian meal, which when made into mush or boiled

\* No. 1 comprises Indian meal, potatoes, beans, salt pork, salt fish, rice and molasses, and is given to the healthy. No. 2, for the sick, comprises fresh meat, black tea, sugar, flour and sago.

pudding, can scarcely be over-done. A pint of meal boiled two hours, affords more nourishment than a quart that is boiled but half an hour.

"Soups are not always proper for weak stomachs; but for a change, if not eaten too hot, they are very wholesome and invigorating for persons in health, and all who labor hard.

"To make a cheap and good Soup.

"Take a shin of beef, or two pounds from the neck, which will cost - - - 8 cents.

Take 1 pound of rice, - - - 4 "

" 6 do. of potatoes, - - - 4 "

" 1 carrot, parsley, and leek, - 2 "

" salt and pepper, - - - 2 "

" half a head of cabbage, - - 2 "

" 5 gallons of water. - - -

22 cents.

"Croton or pure rain water is best. Boil the meat in a close covered pot two hours. Now add the other ingredients, except the seasoning, when, with the addition of the salt and pepper, it will be fit for use. There will be, when done, about four gallons or thirty-two pints of good soup, which will be an allowance of three pints a day for five persons, two days; and the whole cost, except cooking, will be but twenty-two cents. This will be less than the cost of one glass of grog or beer a day, to each individual.

"The strictly temperate man has a clear head, a steady hand, and a good appetite: his temper is under his control; he is respectable, whatever be his station in society. But the man who drinks even a little, suffers in all these respects, and is pursuing a course that often ends in ruin.

"Look at the saving. Three cents a day, amount to eleven dollars and forty cents a year. This sum would supply a small family with fuel through the winter. Six and a quarter cents a day, amount to twenty-two dollars eighty-one cents in a year. This sum would furnish for winter, two tons of coal, one barrel of flour, one hundred pounds of Indian meal, and one hundred pounds of pork.

"Is there a mechanic or laborer, who finds it difficult to provide the necessaries of life for his family, and who spends twelve and a half cents a day for strong drink? let him remember that this small sum will in one year amount to forty-five dollars sixty-two cents, and will purchase, when the markets are cheapest, the following indispensable articles, viz:—

3 tons of coal, - - -	\$15 00
1 load of wood, - - -	1 62
2 barrels of flour, - - -	11 00
200 lbs. of Indian meal, - - -	3 00
200 lbs. of pork, - - -	11 00
8 bushels of potatoes, - - -	4 00

\$45 62



"Into a house thus supplied, hunger and cold could not enter. And if to these articles is added what before he has felt able to purchase, abundance and comfort would be the inmates of his dwelling."

As an *incidental* means of aid, the association has, in addition, made arrangements to loan *old stoves* to those who are unable to procure them; to give cast-off clothes and cold victuals, and depots for these things have been established in the several districts.

But scarcely a tithe of the labors of the institution are designed to be expended in ministering to those who personally claim its charity. Each of its three hundred visitors, in carrying out the plan as originally framed, should continually visit and inquire into the condition of every poor person and family within his section during the winter months. The Executive Committee hold monthly meetings throughout the year. In the winter of 1847, the district committees and visitors held more than two hundred meetings of conference, and the visitors made to the central office more than three thousand monthly reports. The rules which guide this class of officers are:—

"To give what is least susceptible of abuse. To give even necessary articles in small quantities, in proportion to immediate need. To give assistance both in quantity and quality, inferior, except in case of sickness or old age, to what might be procured by labor. To give assistance at the right moment; and not to prolong it beyond the duration of the necessity which calls for it; but to extend, restrict and modify it with that necessity."

The moral and higher aims of these officers should be, in the language of the Annual Report of 1846, "to minister to the *moral* necessities of the destitute, which are often the cause of every other, wherever his alms gain him access; and, as opportunity offers, to others beyond the cases relieved." This principle pervading the whole system, each visitor's circle of effort is compressed to a limit that will admit of his attention to those duties; and he consequently regards his work as incomplete, while the moral object is unattained. This beautiful feature of the system has already been productive of very salutary results. Where such improve-

ment is effected, it is uniformly followed by a corresponding change in the habits of families and individuals, which restores them to a permanent self-maintenance. There is a moral grandeur and interest in the enterprise, as thus contemplated, which should secure it a place in every bosom that expands with sympathetic benevolence. It indeed promises much, and great results might reasonably be expected. More than *twenty-six thousand visits* of sympathy and aid have been thus made the past year to the dwellings of the poor in New York city.

The expenses of the institution have continually increased since its organization. In 1845-6 it relieved about 45,000 persons. The aggregate expenditure to date has reached nearly \$90,000. Similar organizations have been made in the cities of Brooklyn and Albany, and with corresponding success.

This plan has in it the elements of great power. No system of the kind could be more simple, and combine the same subdivision of labor, with the same central power in the executive advice and control of this labor. Its defects, if it have such, are to be found in the difficulty of procuring visitors of sound judgment, faithful, constant and conscientious in the discharge of their duties. Could such men be induced to systematic and efficient action, not only in alms-giving, but in correcting the numerous economic derangements which so much abound with the poor, and in watching constantly and perseveringly their social and moral condition, it would be unequalled by any kindred institution existing in this country or in Europe.

The Almshouse became a separate department of our municipal organization in 1831. Prior to that, the legal expenditures for the poor were a part of the general and miscellaneous expenses of the city. From the period of this distinct organization to the present, the claims on the department, as well as its facilities, have constantly increased. As will be seen by the following schedule, they have risen from one hundred and twenty-five to four hundred thousand dollars per annum. The ratio of increase is not exact, but this may be accounted for in the necessity for a continued enlargement of the institutions under its control, and in the severity or mild-

ness of the seasons. The gross expenses

In 1830 were	-	-	-	\$125,021 66
" 1831 "	-	-	-	134,819 24
" 1832 "	-	-	-	139,484 45
" 1833 "	-	-	-	124,852 96
" 1834 "	-	-	-	135,374 26
" 1835 "	-	-	-	178,095 65
" 1836 "	-	-	-	205,506 63
" 1837 "	-	-	-	279,999 02
" 1838 "	-	-	-	245,747 35
" 1839 "	-	-	-	278,000 00
" 1840 "	-	-	-	249,958 00
" 1841 "	-	-	-	250,000 00
" 1842 "	-	-	-	238,000 00
" 1843 "	-	-	-	254,000 00
" 1844 "	-	-	-	189,002 62
" 1845 "	-	-	-	269,750 00
" 1846 "	-	-	-	350,000 00
" 1847 "	-	-	-	400,000 00

These sums include salaries and all other expenses. The aggregate is \$3,953,605 92, and up to the present date the total expense has probably reached the sum of nearly four millions of dollars.

The institutions under the control of this department, are Bellevue Almshouse, Bellevue Hospital, the Nursery, Nursery Hospital, Lunatic Asylum, Small Pox Hospital, Penitentiary, Penitentiary Hospital, City Prison, Colored Home, Office of Chief of Police for expenses for detained prisoners, Harlaem House of Detention, Police Districts for lodging and temporary aid to poor in distress, and lastly, the out-door poor. This latter class is annually increasing in all parts of the metropolis. It embraces native and foreign poor, who have a permanent residence in the city, poor foreigners in transit through it, and requiring aid in transportation.

We speak of the peculiar province and objects of these institutions, as they existed prior to the creation of the commission of emigration in 1847. That divided this province, and limited the objects. The great and swelling stream of foreign population, of which these took cognizance, is now thrown entirely upon the protection of this commission.

Bellevue Almshouse was the receptacle for all foreign immigrants arriving destitute, who could not support themselves, or be supported by their friends. At no period in its history has it been so crowded as during the years 1846 and 1847. The number of paupers received in 1846, was 26,563. The Nursery, first established on

Long Island Farms, in 1834, and now temporarily removed to Blackwell's Island, will, ere long, have its permanent location on Randall's Island in nine beautiful and commodious buildings. This is one of the most important eleemosynary institutions of the city, the home of its poor children. They now number upwards of 1000, are here instructed in the elements of a good common school education, and trained to habits of temperance and industry. The Lunatic Asylum, Small Pox Hospital, Penitentiary and Hospital are all on Blackwell's Island; the Asylum and Hospital receive the insane and the contagiously diseased of the city, while the Penitentiary is more properly a House of Correction for all ages. The City Prison, located in Centre street, and called the Tombs, is appropriated to an older and more hardened class of offenders. During 1846, the average number supported in all these institutions was 4,689. On the 1st Jan., 1847, they contained upwards of 3,000, and in the inclement season, while large numbers were arriving from Germany and Ireland, the number at one period exceeded 7,000. The garrets and cellars, the chapel, and even the dead-house at Bellevue, were converted into sleeping apartments. These not sufficing, large shanties were erected for temporary use. The nett increase above the average supported in 1845, was in 1846, about one-fifth. The great and rapid increase from Jan. 1st, to May 1st, 1847, swelled this increase to at least one-third above that of 1846. The expense of the out-door department in 1846, was \$46,064.50. From Jan. 1st, to March 1st, 1847, the cost of fuel alone distributed by this department reached the sum of \$30,500, and the number of out-door poor relieved was 45,472. The expense of this branch, says the Commissioner, is annually increasing. (See Commissioner's Report, p. 388.) The number admitted to Bellevue Hospital in 1846, was 3,600. Of these 3,000 were foreigners, and 600 native born. The deaths were nearly 13 per cent. "The almost lifeless state of many of those received," says the resident physician, "bearing with them irremediable diseases, adds greatly to the mortality; they enter the wards of the Hospital, to live but a brief space." Consumption carries off great numbers. Their physical energy

exhausted, they enter on ship-board to breathe a foul air, and to subsist on meagre food, till a fever is generated, which here soon carries them off. The condition in which the foreign pauper population came upon us at this period was most melancholy. We cannot well describe it without casting the strongest and deepest censure upon parties connected with their transportation. We designate no parties in particular. The facts existed—most stubborn facts, and they could not have existed as they did, *without a censurable cause*. Prior to the spring of 1847, our general and state laws were wholly inadequate to protect either the immigrant or the city. Large numbers were landed on the shores of neighboring states, and from thence found their way into the city to be supported at its expense; so great was the influx during the fall of 1846, and the winter of 1847; so destitute, emaciated, and diseased, were a large proportion of many cargoes; so like mere merchandise did some of them apparently come upon our shores, that our municipal authority could no longer resist public opinion, and were compelled to an investigation. But wherein was the criminality, when thousands were fleeing from starvation, and pressing in companies into our ships to reach a land of plenty? The scattered dregs of foreign poor-houses, liberated prisoners, large numbers of diseased and debauched, and some idiotic were landed, it is true, as received. If such came in American vessels, the owner and the master, we reply, knew the law, and still more, they understood the moral relations of their position, both to the immigrant and to their country; yet in view of this, there was adopted no systematic plan by which to separate the better from the *morally* prohibited class. The profits of transportation were allowed to more than balance every hazard of wrong. If this be a harsh, it is also a truthful picture. By whose plan do agents traverse the mountain-lands, and the bogs of Ireland, the destitute parishes of Germany, to make interest at every available point, even though this available point be the prison, the poor-house, or among the most degraded wherever found. Two cargoes, numbering in all upwards of six hundred immigrants, shipped late in the fall of 1846 from the parish of Grosszimern, in the

Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt, were landed in our city too destitute and enfeebled to go at large, without the hazard of becoming, at once, a public charge. The plan of their shipment was soon after developed by a correspondence between the Burgo-master of this parish, and the overseers of parishes in other Duchies, for the avowed purpose, on the part of the latter, of learning the expense and the method by which it was done, and with an intimation, that the same course would soon be adopted by every other parish which felt itself burdened with its paupers. The entire population of Grosszimern amounted to 4000—674 of whom, chiefly paupers, embarked for the United States at the expense of the parish. Besides this, each received \$1.50 or \$2.00, for his immediate necessities on arrival at New York—the whole cost amounting to \$16,850. By this enterprise, says the correspondence, the parish saved a yearly expense of 2500 florins or \$833.33. These were the identical paupers, which, added to the native poor of our city, compelled the Commissioner of the Almshouse to transform its work-house, its garrets, and even its dead-house into dormitories. Destitute as they were, the greater proportion were about to be transferred in different directions into the interior, that, if they came back upon the city for support, they might come singly, or in small numbers, and thus, with greater difficulty be identified and made chargeable to their shippers. The Commissioner, with praiseworthy firmness and energy, promptly transferred the entire body to the Almshouse, crowded already as it was. These shippers as promptly compromised the matter, by paying \$5000 into the city treasury; thus virtually confessing their knowledge of the legal, if not of the moral nature of the transaction.

The condition of embarkation and of transit has often heretofore been most melancholy for the immigrant. Stimulated by the love of gain and shielding their consciences under the cover of philanthropy, many shippers—*we do not say all*—in transporting the almost naked poor, and sometimes even the very dregs of society from a land of famine, and a country in which they were generally oppressed, have oftentimes crowded them into their vessels without distinction or discrimina-

tion, so long as they could receive an equivalent for freight. Had we space, we could produce evidence of the wretchedness and horrors of some of these voyages, equalled by nothing, or transcended by nothing save in the African slave trade. Crowded together with no regard to sex, and with no proper sanitary care or medical advice, they breathe an atmosphere, which, under any circumstances, must generate the worst diseases. How many vessels come into our port, the one fourth, one fifth, or the sixth of their passengers having found a final home on the deep; with a like number, it may be, prostrated by disease, when a small expense would have saved this suffering and mortality; and yet some of these owners are men of large experience in business, possessing a high order of intelligence, and enjoying in their own dwellings all the luxuries and refinements of life, which science or art can give. Is he not morally and deeply culpable who employs the highest skill, and spares no expense in the model of his ships, while his fellow beings die by scores in a single passage, because there is applied, neither science nor skill to the ventilation and the regimen of these ships? Is he not culpable who permits 300 passengers to be crowded into the steerage of one of these vessels with no suitable companion-way for egress to the deck, and with but one fire and one caboose for all their dietary, when the inevitable result must be disorder, personal filthiness, half-cooked food, and contagious fevers?

In the fall of 1846, with the number of arrivals, all these evils were rapidly augmenting. But pauperism increased in a still greater ratio. The city enjoyed but a nominal protection. The increment of foreign population, was adding a most extraordinary sum to its expenses. The bonding system, by which, instead of a per capita tax, the shipper gave bonds to make good to the city, all expenses incurred on account of immigrants landed by his vessels, was carried on by proxy. His agent, in most cases, and not the ship owner himself, gave bonds. This agent could swear to his own solvency. His evidence was admissible and conclusive. By this process one individual is said, within a few years, to have given bonds to an amount exceeding one million of dollars.

The city becomes the plaintiff. The issue is uncertain; for the case, if not clearly made out, is dismissed; if not dismissed, delayed; and in either case the city bears the burden of the costs. On 90,000 immigrants bonded in 1846, there was paid into the city treasury only \$12,000; and the whole sum paid under bonds and for commutation amounted to but \$22,000. Such was the state of things at the opening of 1847, when the Common Council of the city, by a Committee, represented to Congress the necessity of some legislation by that body for the protection of both immigrants and the city. It resulted in the passage of a bill entitled, an Act to regulate the carriage of passengers in merchant vessels, approved March 22d, 1847. It requires a far better provision for their health and comfort than was ever before made.

Sec. 1 provides:—That no vessel shall take more than one passenger to 14 superficial feet, if the voyage pass not within the tropics; if within them, she may take one for every twenty superficial feet, and if any on the lower or orlop deck, one for every thirty feet. Any master violating these provisions shall be fined fifty dollars, and may be imprisoned one year.

2d. If the number taken exceed this limit by twenty, the vessel shall be forfeited to the United States.

3d. If any vessel shall have more than two tiers of berths, or if these berths are not well constructed and at least six feet in length and eighteen inches in width, for every passenger carried in such vessel, a fine of five dollars shall be paid.

4th. The amount of all these penalties to be a lien on the vessel.

This law had the effect at once to reduce the number taken in each vessel; it obliged shippers to charge higher rates for passage, and was in most cases the means of bringing into the country a better class of immigrants.

The Common Council soon after deputed its Committee to the Legislature of the State, with the basis of an Act which has since become a law. It constituted an independent Commission of Emigration, and transferred the entire control of foreign immigrants from the Almshouse to this body.

It provides, 1st. That for every immigrant passenger, arriving at the port of



New York, one dollar shall be paid to the Chamberlain of the city, and one half said sum for the use of the Marine Hospital, where all the sick are provided for.

2d. Every Master of a vessel shall report under oath to the Mayor on his arrival, the name, place of birth, last legal residence, age and occupation of every immigrant passenger in his vessel, and he shall forfeit seventy-five dollars for every passenger in regard to whom such report is omitted or falsely made, and for refusal or neglect to pay such money, the owner or owners shall be subject to a penalty of three hundred dollars for each passenger.

3d. It constitutes a Commission of Emigration, consisting of the Mayors of New York and Brooklyn; President of the Irish and German Emigrant Societies, besides six responsible and disinterested citizens; these six to form three classes as to time, of two, four and six years, and all vacancies afterward to be filled by the Governor and Senate.

4th. The Act gives to said Commission full power to employ all necessary agency, to provide for the comfort and support of all sick or those likely to become a charge to the city out of this commutation fund; to require bonds from the shipper for all likely to become a permanent charge; to sue and to be sued.

5th. The Commission shall prescribe all rules by which indemnity for care of immigrants shall be claimed in any other part of the State.

6th. All penalties and forfeitures shall be a lien on the ships or vessels bringing immigrants.

In accordance with this law, the Board of Commission was organized on the 8th of May, 1847. Robert Taylor, Esq., was appointed general agent, and Hon. Wm. F. Havemayer, Ex-Mayor, President. Its first duty was to furnish large accommodations for the destitute and sick. The Quarantine Hospitals were already entirely filled. Temporary use was therefore made of all the spare room in the Hospital and Almshouse belonging to the city. As the fever increased at Quarantine, the convalescent were removed to the Almshouse at Bellevue, till from fear of the contagion both in that institution and in the surrounding neighborhood, the Board of Health opposed further admittance. Notwithstanding they

had erected a building at Quarantine, one story high and six hundred feet long, the sick so increased that the Marine Hospital, the City Hospital, and the Almshouse were entirely inadequate. They were compelled to lease the large building formerly used as a nursery on Long Island Farms. These were furnished and a physician appointed, yet so greatly was the vicinity excited, that in a few days it was burnt to the ground. Dr. Wilson's private hospital at Bloomingdale, the New York Hospital, and two large government stores, within Quarantine enclosure, were now added to the apartments occupied, till the 12th of June, when further admission to the Almshouse was entirely refused. The out-buildings of the old Almshouse were now fitted up for temporary use, till boats and carriages could be procured for the use of the Board.

“‘The state of things,’ said the Commission, ‘had now become truly appalling—the Health Officer stated that he could not receive any more into the Hospital; admittance could not be obtained for either sick or destitute in the Almshouse; the City Hospital and Dr. Wilson's Hospital were full, and the out-buildings of the old Almshouse were constantly occupied by the sick daily brought in, whilst cases of ship-fever appeared in many parts of the city. Owing to the excited state of the public mind, it became a subject of the utmost embarrassment to know where any shelter could be found for the great number of persons to be immediately provided for. In this emergency the Commissioners fortunately obtained the use of a large unoccupied stone building on Ward's Island, in the East River, about six miles from the city. This building, originally intended for a factory, is one hundred and forty feet in length, forty feet wide and five stories high. On the 13th June, a steamboat was sent to it loaded with bedding, provisions, &c. and with the immigrants who remained unprovided for.’”

As early as June 4th, the Staten Island ferry boats refused to carry patients to the Quarantine. The Board then chartered a boat and purchased carriages which are still kept for this special use. By the arrangement at Ward's Island and the extension at Quarantine, they are now able to meet all the demands upon them. During a part of the season so great was the demand for bedding and clothing for the sick, that upwards of 200 women were

kept at work on these articles, and as early as July 17th there had been purchased and made up for the Marine Hospital and Ward's Island, 10,308 articles of clothing and bedding. Since the organization of the Board, now nearly a year, over 8000 patients have been treated for fever and other diseases, and there have been more than 1000 deaths. Justice Taylor, the General Agent, who was for many years most favorably known and highly appreciated in his connection with our city affairs, and several of the physicians, became victims of the disease. Mr. Taylor is succeeded by Dr. John H. Griscom, a medical gentleman of eminence and sound practical experience.

The following is the number of immigrant arrivals at the port of New York, in the last five years:—

In 1843,	-	-	-	-	42,989
" 1844,	-	-	-	-	59,838
" 1845,	-	-	-	-	78,789
" 1846,	-	-	-	-	112,479
" the first four months of 1847					
to 1st May,	-	-	-	-	100,000

From the 5th of May, 1847, to January, 1848, 129,062. The number treated for fevers and other diseases in the last period is 8,354; the number of deaths 1,066, and the total number for whose relief money was expended by the Commission, 10,066. For commutation fees and Hospital fund, the receipts of the Commission on these 129,062 arrivals were \$176,000; their expenditure, \$125,000. One half of the arrivals of the current year are Germans, few of whom have been a charge to the board.

The number which reached the province of Canada in 1845 was 25,575; in 1846, 32,755; in 1847 to November 1st, 92,000. The total of deaths in 1845-6 on the voyage and at Quarantine was 272, whereas in 1847 the deaths reached the alarming number of 10,000, besides large numbers that died on their way to Upper Canada. These were almost exclusively Irish.

In addition to the number reported by the Board of Emigration, it is estimated that more than 25,000 have during 1847 passed into the United States from Canada. From this source, says the Almshouse Commissioner, the city are now supporting more than one-half as many as are aided by the

Commissioners of Emigration. Since the 5th of May, about 500 have been received into the Almshouse from the Canadas alone, and not one dollar has been paid on their account. Besides there are a large number of this class receiving out-door relief, and all chargeable to the city. In his opinion, the law of the 5th of March has not entirely fulfilled the high expectation of its advocates, and needs amendment. But whatever its defects, if it has done nothing more, to have entirely separated these 8,000 fever patients from the city, and thereby prevented the spread of ship-fever among its citizens, and to have dispensed the best medical aid to so great a number, is a work which infinitely transcends, in importance, any amount which it might have cost.

There are other evils connected with the condition of the immigrant which add to the expense of the city. By an order of the House of Assembly of the 11th of October last, we have before us a pamphlet of 156 pages, 12mo. the result of a searching and faithful investigation of a committee of that body into frauds upon immigrants. These are of the most gross and flagrant nature, committed by boarding-house keepers, runners and forwarding agents. Many of the agents, by deceiving, by spurious and artfully worded tickets, make a profit of from \$3 to \$6 out of each passenger. By this testimony it appeared that the gross receipts of one forwarding house in New York in 1847, were about \$125,000. This committee reported a bill which is now before the House, giving the Board of Emigration full power to purchase or lease docks, with enclosures where all immigrants shall be landed; requiring a license from runners and agents, and imposing a severe penalty for the violation of law. The Board of Emigration urge its passage; for the sake of humanity and justice, if not for the credit of our Legislature, it should immediately become law. By the testimony before this committee it appears that the 150 poor Hollanders who found their grave on the lake by the loss of the *Phoenix*, were not only defrauded, but kept two days on board that propeller at Buffalo, when that vessel was already overloaded, and they had a clear right to a higher class steamer. This pamphlet is filled with startling facts.

For the further protection of the immi-

grant, the Hon. Mr. Grinnell, from the Committee of Commerce, has lately reported to Congress a most important bill. It provides that all vessels of the United States, or of other countries, if employed in the transportation of passengers between Europe and the United States, shall be thoroughly ventilated by companion ways and venteducts; if carrying over two hundred passengers, shall have two cooking ranges; if over four hundred, four ranges; it requires provision, for each passenger on leaving port, of 35 lbs. navy bread, 10 lbs. each of rice, oat meal, wheat flour and corn meal, 35 lbs. of potatoes, 30 lbs. of pork, one gallon vinegar, and 60 gallons of fresh water; that, if not so provided, and passengers are put on short allowance, each may recover by law three dollars for every day so kept; that the Captain shall post up regulations for the health and cleanliness of his ship, and shall have full power to maintain a corresponding discipline; and that, for every violation of the provisions of the Act, the owner or owners shall pay two hundred dollars.

In reviewing these facts, we find, that there has been a most extraordinary demand upon the legal charity of the city during the past two years. Nothing has heretofore equalled it, in the history of these institutions. The demand on its voluntary charity also has been, in like

manner, urgent; for, although the current of benevolence has flowed bounteously and freely, there has, at no period, been a greater want of funds; in none have the applications been so numerous beyond the ability to meet them. The numerous local associations we have described still exist. If, at a fair estimate, we sum up their annual charity, with that of the city organization of a later date, at \$200,000; if for the Almshouse and the Board of Emigration we add \$600,000, in accordance with their reports, a true account; and then add that which never comes to the eye of the public, but finds its way through private and diversified channels, the total amount of our disbursement for the year just closed, can fall but little short of one million of dollars—an extraordinary sum indeed, if it were all expended to alleviate the misfortunes of only 400,000 people, and these, too, forming the first commercial city in America. But the analysis of this sum explains the cause of its demand; it shows the external pressure. We are literally the gate-way for the entrance of the oppressed of the earth into (to them) the land of better promise. It is their resting-place, *in which* to die, from the exhaustion of a previously hard, toilsome existence and famishing voyage, or *from which* to survey the land and to seek out some spot whereon the battle of life shall be less hopeless and severe.

## FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

For the sake of preserving uniformity in arrangement, for the convenience of our readers we shall first dispose of the less exciting topics which refer to Great Britain. The Parliament met on the 3d February. A bill to establish diplomatic relations with the Court of Rome was introduced into the House of Lords, and passed through all stages but the final reading. In the House of Commons, a bill for the relief of Roman Catholics, from the legal disabilities to which they are subject, has been twice read, and is referred to a Committee of the Whole House. On the 17th February, Lord John Russell brought forward the annual Financial Statement. The expenditures for the ensuing financial year, he stated as follows: Funded debt, £27,788,000; the unfunded debt, £752,600; the consolidated fund, £2,750,000; the expenses of the Kaffir war, £1,100,000; the excess of navy expenditures, £1,100,000; the navy estimates, £7,726,610; the army estimates, £7,162,996; the ordnance, £2,974,835; the miscellaneous estimates, £400,600; the militia, £150,000; making a total of £54,596,500. The income being estimated at £51,250,000, there would be a deficiency which must be met by reduction of the military and naval estimates, or by increased taxation. Looking at the great increase of the French navy, although not apprehending any collision, the ministry could not recommend reduction, and therefore proposed to continue the income tax for five years, and to increase it from three to five per cent. for the next two years, which would leave a surplus of £113,000. This proposition will undoubtedly meet with a most decided opposition in Parliament, and throughout the country: immediately upon its announcement, meetings were held in the metropolis, and at other places, and resolutions passed condemning the scheme. The post office revenue is estimated at £923,000. The returns of the mortality in 117 districts in England, for the quarter ending December, 1847, have been published, and present several curious particulars, relative to the late epidemic. The mortality in childhood was raised 83 per cent.; in manhood 104 per cent.; in old age 247 per cent. From the age of four to twenty-five, the mortality was, comparatively, not much increased; at the age of ten to fifteen, the healthiest period in life, it was scarcely increased at all—in girls. In cases of old age, and where chronic diseases existed, the influenza was generally fatal. The poison permeating the whole system, fastens chiefly on the mucous membrane, lining the sinuses of

the face and head, and the air-tubes of the lungs. The country districts do not appear to have been affected to any extent, a fact which shows how much the purity of the air has to do with epidemic diseases. Dr. Howley, late Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, died at Lambeth Palace, on the 11th February, aged 83. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford; in 1809, he was Regius Professor of Divinity in that University, afterwards Bishop of London, and for the last fifteen years, Archbishop of Canterbury. His successor is Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Chester. In the case of Dr. Hampden, mentioned in our last, no decision has been given, the Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench being equally divided. Lord Denman and Justice Earle delivered opinions sustaining the prerogative of the Crown, and the other two Judges were in favor of the application; the result is, that the Court will not interfere, and the Bishop takes his office. The members of the Metropolitan Sanatory Commission have lately made a report, in which they state, that having received much additional information, as to the progress of the cholera towards Europe, as to the means of its prevention, they find that the disease, as it has lately appeared, in Persia, Trebizonde and Russia, is unchanged in its general character. That the more recent experience in Russia, has led to the general abandonment of the theory of its propagation by contagion; a conclusion in which, after a full consideration of the evidence presented to them, the Commissioners concur. That the views adopted by them of the inexpediency of special Cholera Hospitals, except in cases of peculiar necessity, have been confirmed by coincident adoption of the same conclusions in Russia. That they have received much information tending to establish the conclusion, that cholera is not the sudden disease which has hitherto been supposed; that the commonly known form of the malady is, in reality, its second stage; and that its first stage is manifested by the premonitory symptom of diarrhea, which is commonly unattended to; but which, if met by the strict observance of proper regimen, and by appropriate medicine, may be arrested, before passing into the more violent and fatal stage of the disease. They recommend, as one of the most important measures of alleviation, the establishment of local dispensaries, where persons affected with the first stage of the disease, as manifested by the premonitory symptoms, may be immediately placed under the proper treatment, for arresting



its farther progress. On the 26th February, the amount of notes issued by the Bank of England was £27,890,705; the active circulation £18,084,695; the bullion in both departments is £14,569,649. The money market was in rather a feverish state, in consequence of the news from Paris. On the 25th February, consols opened at 88½ and fell to 87¾, but rallied to 88.

The Pope has caused a rescript to be addressed to the Roman Catholic prelates in Ireland, demanding an explanation of the charges preferred against certain of the clergy, of fomenting crime by the practice of denouncing from the altar, and admonishing the clergy to abstain from political agitation, and in future to confine their labors to spiritual instruction of the people.

The intelligence from the continent of Europe is of a most important character.

The discussion in the Chamber of Deputies, on the address, in reply to the King's speech on the opening of the Parliament, has been stormy and protracted. It was brought to a close on the 12th February. M. Guizot having declared that he would make no concession, the Chamber divided on the last amendment which had been proposed to the paragraph respecting Reform, when the members were 189 for the amendment and 222 against it; giving a ministerial majority of 33. The address was then carried; the Opposition, in a body, refusing to vote. At this time, all minds in Paris appeared to be occupied with the probable result of the situation of political parties. The ministry, moved by the manifestations within the Chamber, and the excitement throughout the capital, appear at this time to have resolved to yield to the pressure, and M. Guizot, at the close of the debate, delivered an address, which his organ, the *Journal des Débats*, interpreted as a distinct pledge of the government, at a convenient time, to bring forward to the present (late) Chamber a measure of Parliamentary Reform.

Meanwhile another question had arisen out of the incidents of the debate. The menaces of the Government had assailed the right of public meeting, an imprescriptible public right of the people of all constitutional states. The Opposition, putting aside for the moment the Reform question, determined boldly to oppose this pretension of the Cabinet, which they pronounced monstrous. They therefore determined at once to brave the threat, and to hold, in the very heart of the capital, one of those meetings which the Government denounced, but to accompany it with every constitutional precaution which could tend to throw the Government in the wrong, and cover with odium any attempt to suppress it. A Committee of Opposition Deputies was appointed to concert with the Central Reform Committee of the Seine, as to the management of the projected Reform banquet. With the

further view to the same object, a meeting of above a hundred Deputies of the Opposition was held on Sunday, the 13th February, at which a public manifesto was agreed on, stating that "they have recognized that the address, as it has been voted, constitutes on the part of the majority, a flagrant and audacious violation of the rights of the minority; and that the Ministers have, by drawing their party into so exorbitant an act, at once infringed one of the most sacred principles of the constitution, violated, in the persons of their representatives, one of the essential rights of the citizens, and, by a measure of ministerial safety, thrown over the country the most pernicious seeds of division and disorder."

"In such circumstances, they have found that their duties acquired a graver, a more imperious character, and that in the midst of those events which now agitate Europe, and pre-occupy France, they could no longer abandon for a single instant the guardianship and the defence of the interests of the nation."

"As to the right of meeting of the citizens, a right which the Ministers seem willing to subordinate to their good pleasure, and confiscate to their profit, the meeting, unanimously convinced that this right, inherent in every free constitution, is, moreover, formally established by our laws, have determined upon resorting to every legal and constitutional means of maintaining it intact, and of consecrating it."

The resolution to hold the banquet was adopted by all the Deputies present, and invitations were given to, and accepted by six members of the Chamber of Peers. It is stated that the Government experiencing much uneasiness at these proceedings, General Jacqueminot called together the colonels of the National Guard of Paris, and interrogated them as to the dispositions of their respective legions, and received answers no way calculated to assure a Cabinet which contemplated an armed repression. It is also said that General Sebastian made similar inquiries of the superior officers of the garrison of the capital, who gave no assurance, but that the troops of the line would support the National Guard, and that their independent action could not be relied on, in case of a popular movement.

The banquet was originally proposed to be held on Sunday, the 19th February, but was postponed till Tuesday, that the population, being engaged in work, might not congregate in such numbers as would give an appearance of menace, and afford an excuse for interference, by force, on the part of the authorities. In the mean time, addresses of support were continually arriving from the provinces, to the members of the Opposition. The Government, on Sunday, after consultation, resolved to allow the banquet to take place, and then to prosecute, in the civil tribunals, the persons who should be prominent in it. On Monday morn-

ing, a programme of arrangements appeared in the Opposition journals, in which it was announced that in consequence of the number of invitations issued, the banquet would irrevocably take place, and proceeded to invite the soldiers of the National Guard, its officers, the students of the schools, &c., to form two parallel lines, between which the parties invited were to place themselves; the *cortège* to be headed by the superior officers of the National Guard, who might present themselves to join in the demonstration. Immediately after the persons invited and the guests, were to be placed a rank of officers of the National Guard; behind the latter, the National Guards formed in columns, and between the third and fourth columns, the young men of the schools, headed by persons chosen by themselves. M. Odillon Barrot, in the Chamber of Deputies on Monday, stated the intention of the banquet to be the assertion of the right of citizens to assemble for political discussion, denied by the Ministry, and so to afford an opportunity to settle the question before the legal tribunals. M. Duchatel replied, that the intention of the government, till that morning, was to have allowed the banquet to proceed, under protest, and let the question be tried before the ordinary tribunals; but the manifesto issued by the Banquet Committee that morning had changed everything. The Government were inclined to allow the question to be settled judicially, but could not allow an *imperium in imperio*, and they therefore resolved to suppress the meeting. The Chamber, upon this declaration, broke up in great excitement.

In the evening of Monday, there appeared various proclamations. First came one from General Jacqueminot, addressed to the National Guard, of which he was commander, indicating the terms of the law, "which prohibited all deliberation of affairs of state by the National Guard, as an attack against public liberty, and a misdemeanor against the Commonwealth and the Constitution;" also protesting against the usurpation of his authority by strangers, who sought to convoke his officers and soldiers, and to array them against the government, of which they were the natural supporters. This was followed by another from the Prefect of Police of the city, addressed to the inhabitants of Paris, in which, after alluding to the disquietude which existed in consequence of the manifestations in preparation, it proceeds:—"The government, from motives of public order, but too well justified, and exercising the right invested in it by the laws, and which has constantly been brought into use without dispute, has interdicted the banquet." Here follows a statement of the original intentions of the government, and their reasons for change, as we have before set forth.

These proclamations were posted everywhere throughout the city. Crowds of people assembled, the proclamations were in many

cases pulled down, and general excitement prevailed. In the mean time the Opposition Deputies assembled and resolved *not to go to the banquet*, and in the morning papers of Tuesday, there appeared an address signed by Odillon Barrot and most of the Opposition Deputies, from which we extract the substance, as follows:—

"This tardy resolution of Government would not allow the Opposition at so late an hour to change the character of the demonstration. It finds itself, therefore, placed in the alternative either of encouraging a collision between the citizens and the public force, or of renouncing the legal and pacific protests upon which it had resolved. In this position, the members of the Opposition, personally protected by their quality of Deputy, could not willingly expose the citizens to the consequences of a struggle so injurious to order and liberty. The Opposition has therefore thought that it ought to abstain, and to leave to the Government all the responsibility of its measures. It requests all good citizens to follow its example.

"In thus adjourning the exercise of a right, the Opposition engages itself to the country to establish this right by all constitutional means. It will not be wanting in this duty, and it will pursue with perseverance, and with more energy than ever, the struggle which it has undertaken against a corrupt, violent, and anti-national policy."

It is said there were 100,000 troops of the line in Paris and its neighborhood, and orders had been given for them to occupy the necessary posts, to enforce the determination of the government; but as soon as it was known that the meeting was abandoned, these orders were countermanded, though the troops were kept under arms, and several bodies ordered to patrol the streets.

On Tuesday morning affairs were tranquil, but about 11 o'clock a crowd began to congregate until it swelled to about the number of 20,000. Numbers of workmen, and men in blouses, were also to be seen, marching in order, and apparently under leaders. A large number of students also paraded, singing the *Marseillaise*, and shouting, *A bas Guizot! Vive la reforme!* Among the crowd were a great number of those scowling, or as the French call them, *sinistre* faces, only seen in public by daylight, at times of great popular commotion. The populace was driven from several places by the military, but no serious collision happened. The Chamber of Deputies was slow in assembling, but commenced business about 2 o'clock, with a debate on the Bordeaux Bank Bill. During the discussion M. Odillon Barrot, with great solemnity, presented a folded paper to the President, and shortly afterwards the Abbé de Genoude presented another. The discussion, meanwhile, drew to a close, and about a quarter to five, M. Sauzet, the Presi-

dent, declared the sitting at an end. M. Odillon Barrot complained that the President had failed in his duty, and been wanting in respect to the Chamber, in not announcing the nature of the documents handed to him. The President replied, that by the rules of the Chamber, he was not bound to make any declaration, until the documents had been submitted to the bureau, which would be done on Thursday, and the contents would then be made known. At the instance of M. Barrot, he acknowledged the receipt of the papers, which related to the impeachment of the Ministers. That presented by M. Barrot, was signed by 53 Opposition members, and was as follows :

"We propose to place the Minister in accusation as Guilty—

"1. Of having betrayed abroad the honor and the interests of France.

"2. Of having falsified the principles of the constitution, violated the guarantees of liberty, and attacked the rights of the people.

"3. Of having, by a systematic corruption, attempted to substitute, for the free expression of public opinion, the calculations of private interest, and thus perverted the representative government.

"4. Of having trafficked for ministerial purposes in public offices, as well as in all prerogatives and privileges of power.

"5. Of having, in the same interest, wasted the finances of the State, and thus compromised the forces and the grandeur of the kingdom.

"6. Of having violently despoiled the citizens of a right inherent to every free constitution, and the exercise of which had been guaranteed to them by the Charter, by the laws, and by former precedents.

"7. Of having, in fine, by a policy overtly counter-revolutionary, placed in question all the conquests of our two revolutions, and thrown the country into a profound agitation."

[Here follow the signatures, M. Odillon Barrot at the head.]

M. de Genoude's proposition was in these terms :

"Whereas the Minister, by his refusal to present a project of law for electoral reform, has occasioned troubles, I propose to put in accusation the President of the Council, and his colleagues."

During the latter part of the day, the people erected barricades in several streets leading into Rue St. Denis, and Rue St. Martin, by tearing up the paving-stones, seizing carts, omnibusses, &c. Most of these were carried by the troops of the line and the Municipal Guard, and at some places severe engagements took place. All Paris presented an aspect of civil war, and the troops remained under arms all night.

In the morning of Wednesday, fresh bodies of troops arrived in the city ; and the populace destroyed the electric telegraph in several

places, to prevent the transmission of orders to the military, and tore up the rails of the railroads to hinder their approach. During the night the barricades had been removed, but they were re-constructed in the morning, and were defended with such vigor that up to 11 o'clock the troops had failed to take them. The *rappel* was beat, for calling together the National Guard, and but few answered the call till the afternoon, when several legions mustered strongly, shouting, *Vive la Reforme ! à bas Guizot ! à bas le Ministère !* Sharp firing was kept up between the insurgents and the Municipal Guard.

In the Chamber of Deputies, M. Vavin (of Paris) put some question to the Minister of the Interior, respecting the passing events. M. Guizot rose and said that the king had sent for Count Molé, who was empowered to form a ministry, which was received with loud cheers. He then added that until their successors were appointed, the ministry considered themselves responsible, and should act according to their best judgment for the interests of the country. M. Odillon Barrot proposed to adjourn his proposition for impeaching the Ministers, and the Chamber concluded its sitting amid the greatest excitement. The announcement of the change of ministry appeared to produce a calm, but it was of short continuance. The night was one of intense excitement and alarm ; the work of erecting barricades went on without ceasing. All the trees in the Boulevards were felled, and the lamp-posts thrown down. The appointment of Count Molé having failed to appease the people, MM. Thiers, and Odillon Barrot were appointed ministers, and at 12 o'clock, on Thursday, the latter, accompanied by General Lamoricière, repaired from the Chamber of Deputies to the Ministry of the Interior, where he was formally installed into office, and Gen. Lamoricière invested with the command of the National Guard. The following proclamation was posted on the walls of Paris :

"Citizens of Paris !—The King has abdicated. The crown, bestowed by the revolution of July, is now placed on the head of a child, protected by his mother. They are both under the safeguard of the honor and courage of the Parisian population. All cause of division amongst us has ceased to exist. Orders have been given to the troops of the line to return to their respective quarters. Our brave army can be better employed than in shedding its blood in so deplorable a collision.

"My beloved fellow-citizens !—From this moment the maintenance of order is intrusted to the courage and prudence of the people of Paris, and its heroic National Guard. They have ever been faithful to our noble country. They will not desert it in this grave emergency.

"ODILLON BARROT."

The abdication took place about one o'clock, and the king immediately proceeded to Neuilly,



under an escort of cuirassiers. At the same hour, in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Sauzet took the chair, in presence of about three hundred members. Shortly afterwards the Duchess of Orleans, in deep mourning, arrived at the Palace, with her two sons. The Princess appeared at the left door, accompanied by the two Princes, and the Duke de Nemours and Montpensier. The young Count de Paris entered first, led by one of the members of the House. He penetrated with difficulty as far as the semicircle, which was crowded with officers and soldiers of the National Guard. His presence produced a lively impression on the assembly. Almost immediately afterwards the Duchess entered, and seated herself in an arm-chair between her two sons.

The hall was then forcibly entered by a multitude of armed men of the lower orders and National Guards. The Princess and her children then retired to one of the upper benches of the centre, opposite the Presidential chair.

The greatest agitation and uproar prevailed, and when silence was restored, M. Dupin rose and announced to the assembly that the King had abdicated in favor of his grandson, and conferred the regency on the Duchess of Orleans.

A voice from the public gallery—"It is too late."

An indescribable scene of tumult ensued. A number of deputies collected round the Duchess and her children, and the Dukes of Nemours and Montpensier. National Guards also rallied round the royal family.

M. Marie then ascended the tribune without being able to speak, his voice being drowned by deafening cries. When silence was restored, M. Marie said, that in the critical situation in which the capital was placed, it was urgently necessary to adopt some measures calculated to calm the population. Since morning the evil had made immense progress. Shall we proclaim the Duke de Nemours or the Duchess of Orleans regent? M. Cremieux, who followed, was of opinion to uphold the new Government. M. Genoude thought that an appeal ought to be addressed to the people. M. Odillon Barrot next ascended the tribune, and advocated the rights of the Duchesse d'Orleans. M. Larochefauquet supported the appeal to the people. M. Lamartine and M. Ledru-Rollin, insisted on the necessity of appointing a Provisional Government. M. Sauzet here put on his hat, and concluded the sitting. The Princes retired, followed by all the members of the Centre, those of the Left alone remaining in the hall. The insurgents then called, or rather carried M. Dupont de l'Eure to the Presidential chair. The tribune and all the seats were occupied by the people and National Guards, and a Provisional Government was proclaimed amidst a scene which has not been witnessed since the Convention.

"The Provisional Government" issued a proclamation, stating its desire for a republic; adding, that neither the people of Paris, nor the Provisional Government, desire to substitute their opinions for those of the citizens at large, upon the definite form of government which the national sovereignty shall proclaim. It is signed Dupont, (de l'Eure,) Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin, Bedeau, Michel Goudehaux, Arago, Bethmont Marie, Carnot, Cavagnac, Garnier Pagès. The death of several persons, who were fired on by the troops in defending themselves against an attack at the Hotel of the Foreign Ministry, seems to have infuriated the people. The palace of the Tuilleries was sacked by a mob, and the furniture thrown out of the windows and burned. A successful attack was also made on the Palais Royal, in attempting to repel which, Gen. Lamoricière is said to have been severely wounded if not killed. The excitement in Paris was intense. A rising in the towns of the north is confidently expected. Such are the latest accounts. Whether the Provisional Government will be sustained in the power which it has thus assumed, is yet unknown.

In Naples a revolution was effected in a single day. It commenced on the morning of the 28th January, with a mighty crowd in the street of Toledo, and ended in the evening by chorusses sung in the opera house, in praise of the constitution! The sincerity of the king, who had resolutely refused to grant any concession, or to join the customs league, appears rather dubious, but the grant appears to have made him extensively popular. The Roman Catholic religion is to be the only one permitted. It was proposed that one constitution should include Naples and the Island of Sicily, but the inhabitants of the latter, having completely routed the Neapolitan troops sent to subdue them, refused the offer, and the king was compelled to grant to them their constitution of 1812, which has been accepted on condition, that the Prince Royal shall be Viceroy, and a separate parliament established at Palermo. The French Constitution is the model of that of Naples, with the addition that no religion but the Roman Catholic is to be permitted. The King of Sardinia has also granted the French Constitution to his subjects. In Rome the people, excited by the announcement of constitutions having been accorded to the other Italian States, had demanded a constitution from the Pope. His Holiness had invited the Dominican friar Boerio to examine, in a theological point of view, how far the constitutional form of government was consistent with the temporal power of the Sovereign Pontiff. Father Ventura had already replied to that demand, that if the Pope wished to transmit to his successors the patrimony of St. Peter, he should grant the concessions necessary to preserve it.



## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*The Pictorial History of England: being a History of the People, as well as a History of the Kingdom.* Illustrated with several hundred wood cuts. Vol. IV., Nos. 42, 43 and 44. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The present numbers of this work conclude the fourth volume, which comprises the period from the Revolution to the accession of George III., A. D. 1688—1760. They are devoted to sketches of the National Industry, Literature, Science, the Fine Arts, Manners and Customs, and Condition of the People; the Civil and Military Transactions, Religion, Constitution, Government and Laws, occupying the previous numbers of the volume. With the general merits of this compilation our readers, it is presumed, are sufficiently familiar.

These last numbers are particularly interesting, on account of the many illustrations they afford of the progress in knowledge which has been made in the last century and a half, and of the singularities of by-gone fashions and manners. The state of physical science in the middle of the seventeenth century is said to be not unfairly represented by some extracts from the "Archæologia Nova, or New Principles of Philosophy," published in 1663, by Dr. Gideon Harvey, physician to the forces in Flanders. He attacks Descartes for "assuming the erroneous opinions of Copernicus." In another place he says, "In grinding any substance, if you continue the operation beyond a certain point, you shall soon grind it into clods and bigger pieces than lesser." In like wise he deduces the formation of the universe out of chaos. The true reason, he tells us, why a man living is heavier than when dead had never been given. That such is the fact, he assumes from the sinking of a living man at first when he falls into the water, and rising again to the top after having been dead some time. "The reason is, because, through the great heat which was inherent in that man, the heavy and terrestrial parts were the more detained from the centre; they, again, being thus detained, moved stronger toward the centre, and, therefore, make the body heavier during the violent detention, through the great heat which was in the said man when alive; so that, through this great weight, the alive body sinks down to the bottom. Now, when the man is suffocated, and the heat squeezed out of him by the thick compressing parts of the water, then he is rendered less heavy, and immediately leaves the inferior parts of water, as being less weighty than the said profound parts." Women, he thinks, being less compact, are lighter: "Weak and

tender women have fallen into the river and have swam upon the water until watermen have rowed to them, and have taken them up; and many weakly women, that were suspected to be witches, being cast into the water for a trial, have been wickedly and wrongfully adjudged to be witches because they were long in sinking; and, alas! it is natural." "No doubt," he *naively* adds, "but their clothes conduced also somewhat to it." In the same profound manner he reasons upon the universe, the earth, tides, &c.

In 1701, it was the fashion for both sexes to carry muffs. They were made very small and ornamented with bows and ribbons. The fashion of patching the face began about 1680. Afterwards, when politics ran high, the party to which a lady belonged, was known by the arrangement of her patches. The *Spectator* gives a humorous description of the annoyances of a Whig lady who had a natural mole on the Tory side of her brow.

The origin of many odd signs is curiously shown: thus the Boulogne mouth became the Bull and Mouth; the Satyr and Bacchanals was metamorphosed into the Devil and Bag of Nails; and the pious Puritan motto, "God encompasseth us," underwent a singular transformation into the Goat and Compasses! In the reign of George the Second, there was a rage for splendid signs, many of which were made to cost several hundred pounds. Thimble-rigging was then openly practiced in London streets, which were for the most part unpaved. Drinking houses and drinking stands were quite as common as now. In wet weather, the strongest took the wall, the numerous pent-house lids affording the only shelter. Sedan chairs were then used to a great extent. In theatrical representations in Garrick's day, great attention was paid to scenery, but the actors wore the dress of the time. Thus Cleopatra or Semiramis appeared in a powdered commode, a hooped petticoat, a stomacher, and a fan. Even Cato in 1712 was introduced on the stage in a "long wig, flowered gown, and lackered chair;" and Macbeth figured in a court dress of sky-blue and scarlet! Prize fighters with broadsword, sword and dagger, and single stick, were common, and used to "cut collops out of one another to divert the mob."

One of the favorite cures for consumption in the country, was "a peck of garden shell snails, washed in small beer and fried in a frying pan, shells and all, with a quart of earth worms, and mingled with abundance of strong ale, spices, and drugs."

The English roads were such in 1703, that it took fourteen hours to go from Windsor to London, forty miles. The population of the entire kingdom, at the time of the Revolution, is estimated at seven millions. In the rural districts there were thousands of superstitious notions among young people, relating to courtship and marriage, some of which yet remain.

"Thus a young damsel who was anxious to know something of the husband whom fate had destined for her, was directed to run until she was out of breath, as soon as she heard the first notes of the cuckoo; after which, on pulling off her shoe, she would find in it a hair of the same color with that of her future mate. If she wished to see his full appearance, she was to sow hemp seed on midsummer eve, and command her lover, in a rhyming couplet, to follow and mow; and behold, on looking over her shoulder, she would see him at her heel, scythe in hand! On Valentine's morning, the first bachelor whom a girl accidentally met, was supposed to be her destined husband.\* Another way was for her to pare a pipkin, and throw the rind over her head; on falling it would show his initials. Or if she had two lovers, she could decide between them by burning two hazel nuts or sticking pipkin seeds on her cheeks, to see which would remain longest."

All these things make pleasant reading, and serve to keep up the good old family feeling. Conceited and disagreeable as Englishmen, or rather English *snobs*, sometimes make themselves, it creates a warming of the heart towards that uncomfortable people, to consider how very simple the "old folks," our common great-great grandfathers and grandmothers, used to be, a few hundred years ago. We think it argues no want of nationality in us to look with particular kindness on the manifold infirmities of Queen Victoria's subjects, and still to cherish towards them a becoming brotherly regard. Compared with the M—but there is no need of making a comparison so odorous.

*The Library of American Biography.* Conducted by JARED SPARKS. Second Series. Vol. XV. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1848.

This volume contains the lives of William Richardson Davie, by Fordyce M. Hubbard, and of Samuel Kirkland, by Samuel K. Lothrop. Governor Davie was, as none of our southern readers will need to be informed, one of the most distinguished men in the early history of South Carolina. He was born in England, his father emigrating to the Catawba country in 1763, when his son was seven years old. He studied at Nassau Hall, and in 1776, while a student, served as a volunteer in the vicinity of New York. He afterwards became

a lieutenant of a company in Pulaski's legion; then a major, and colonel; distinguishing himself in the various battles of the Revolution which were fought in the South. Towards the close of the war he was appointed Commissary-general of his State; and when the Convention met at Philadelphia, for forming a constitution, he was present as a delegate. At length he was elected Governor, and was afterwards appointed Minister to the French Directory, with Ellsworth, in place of Patrick Henry. He was a man of commanding person, dignified manners, an eminent lawyer, and an unblemished gentleman. In 1803 he was a candidate for Congress, and lost his election by not being in favor of Jefferson. The remainder of his life was passed on his estate, where he died in 1820.

Samuel Kirkland was the father of John Thornton Kirkland, for several years President of Harvard University. He was born in 1741, and after graduating at Princeton, became a missionary among the Indians, within the limits of New York, chiefly among the Oneidas. In this work, and its perils and vicissitudes, he spent the whole of the active part of his life. He died at Clinton, in this State, in 1808.

The second series of Mr. Sparks's work, which this fifteenth volume concludes, shows that the materials for American biography are yet by no means exhausted. The list of the lives at the end, exhibits names respecting which there is no less curiosity than attached to those which were selected for the previous series; and there can be no doubt that another series might be made, without at all encroaching upon the boundary that separates the present from the past, which would be equally popular and instructive. It is intended, probably, that the work shall go on as heretofore.

We have need enough, as a people, in the rapid fluctuations of events, to keep an eye backward, in order to preserve our identity. For, as when stout vessels sail before the wind, over the stormy ocean, they seem to be riding faster than the waves, when, in reality, it is not so, and sometimes a heavy roll overtakes and bears them down—so it may be with nations, sailing with the wings of Time, over the restless commotion of human Passions, (and intent on Progress,) suddenly, if the helmsmen regard only the dim light in the binnacle of Reason, and do not consider the mountains of Ambition, ever outstripping their speed, the ship of State is driven under, or lies at the mercy of the raging billows. Hence it is necessary to the prosperity of a state, it might be argued, to treasure the lives of its distinguished men, as well as proper in individuals to desire to read of them.

The present volume is embellished with a well engraved portrait of Mr. Kirkland, from an old picture, and is marked by the neatness and typographical accuracy by which the books of the Messrs. Little and Brown can be generally distinguished.

\* The reader will remember the Fair Maid of Perth.



Engraved by A. H. Ritchie, N.Y.

J. P. Barnard

FORMERLY REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS FROM THE STATE OF NEW YORK

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